DECEMBER 25c

Coronet

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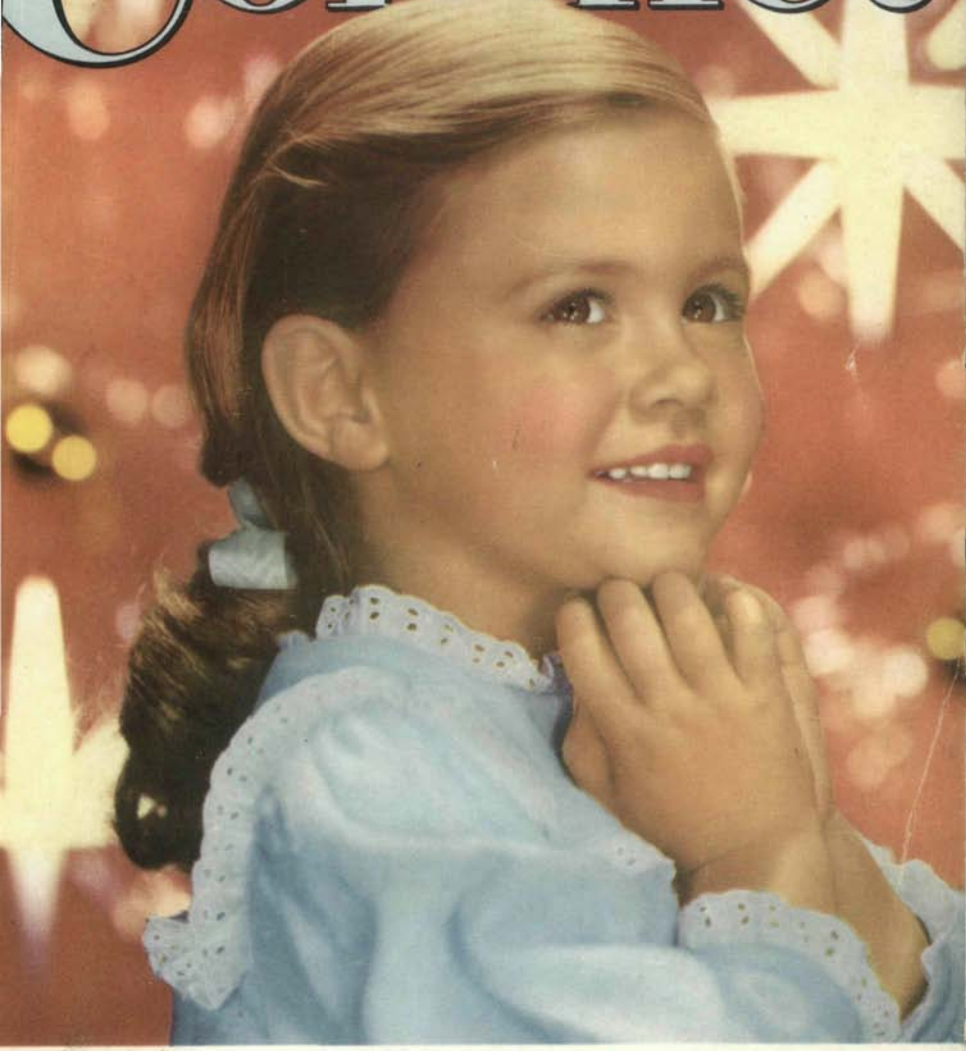

A New Enchanting Christmas Story

the Author of *THE LITTLEST ANGEL*

"If I Were 21"

by Adlai Stevenson

"Joy
to the family"
THIS CHRISTMAS
Say it with
Flowers-By-Wire
TRADEMARK

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

Simply leave your Christmas list with your F.T.D. Florist . . . the shop with SPEEDY and the famous MERCURY EMBLEM. He guarantees delivery worldwide, telegraph-fast — even of last-minute remembrances.

Phone or Visit Your F.T.D. Florist

Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

HERE we are, living in California. We've a little house just a few minutes from the beach. For, you see, I've retired with $250 a month as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that $250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, by chance in 1930. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to a show. While she dressed, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire."

We'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

This ad told of a way that a man of 40 could get a guaranteed income of $250 a month starting at 55 or 60. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it,* I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. I mailed it on our way out to the theatre.

The years slid by fast. Times changed . . . depression came . . . and war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I was always glad about!

1945 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired.* We sold the house and drove west. We're living a new kind of life out here—with $250 a month that will keep coming as long as we live.

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

OVER 100 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION FOR BUSINESS AND FAMILIES

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PLAN FOR MEN

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Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
158 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name____________________

Date of Birth____________________

Business Address____________________

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Home Address____________________

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR THE STUDENT . . .

WANTED BY STUDENTS . . . because surveys prove that boys and girls who use a typewriter get up to 38% higher grades, are better prepared for success after graduation . . . and no other portable can match the Remington Quiet-riter for speedy, accurate typing that makes short work of book reports and themes!

USED BY THE ENTIRE FAMILY . . . because the Remington Quiet-riter has every feature needed to make writing a pleasure instead of a chore...whether it's club notes, social correspondence or business work at home!

Start your Christmas shopping by visiting your local Remington dealer today! See the Exclusive Miracle Tab, that sets and clears tab stops right from the keyboard with a flick of the finger, and all the other features of the Remington Quiet-riter. A demonstration will convince you that when you give the Remington Quiet-riter, you are giving the finest portable on the market...a portable typewriter that is unmatched for convenience, speed and durability! Sturdy Carrying Case and Touch Method Instruction Book included.

A PRODUCT OF **Remington Rand** DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY
Remington
Quiet-riter

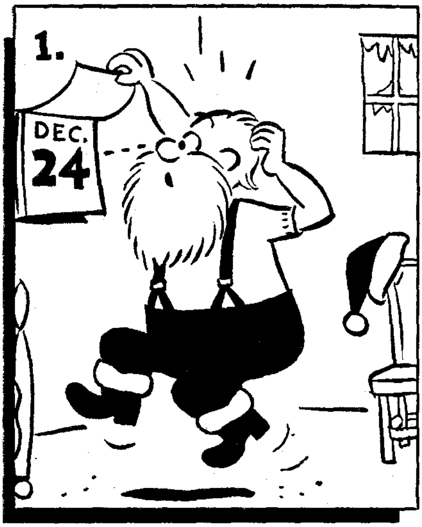
THE REMINGTON *Quiet-riter*

Small Down Payment puts it in your home for Christmas—pay nothing more until February and then as little as $1.00 a week

Only $1^{00} A WEEK after small down payment

LOOking for Something?

1.



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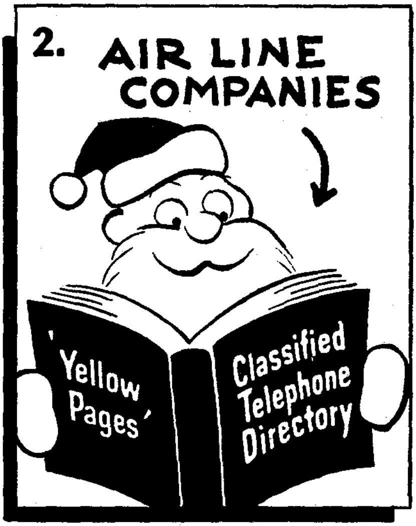
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'Yellow Pages'
Classified Telephone Directory

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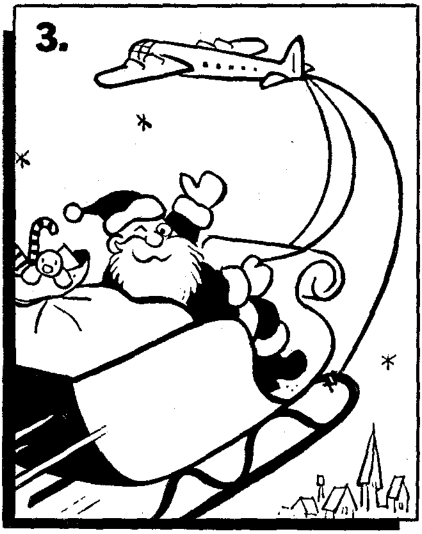


FROM TRAVEL TO TOYS

WHATEVER YOU NEED

Find It Fast
In The
'Yellow Pages'

Dear Reader:

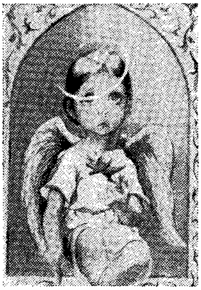
As the candy-striped world of Christmas rolls around, we can't help thinking dreamily of "The Littlest Angel," Charles Tazewell's Christmas classic which wove its magic about the hearts of millions who read it in these pages six years ago. Rarely has any story won such acclaim—made into a Decca album, produced as a Coronet film, narrated on radio by Helen Hayes, published as a book now in its 14th edition. Because Tazewell's Christmas stories are one of Coronet's pleasantest traditions, we're delighted to present his very latest, "The Littlest Snowman's Christmas Gift" beginning on Page 95. (New Yorkers will see the story's hero, an animated "Littlest Snowman" in Macy's Christmas window this month!)

The man responsible for all this is a shy, puckish man in his late 40s with a rather far-off gaze, as befits one who communes with leprechauns and lives so easily in the enchanted world of childhood. He and Mrs. Tazewell live in a 175-year old house in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, surrounded by three cats named Mr. Hunni Bunn, Uncle Spice and Miss Preshus, and a strong-minded black shepherd dog called Nancy Humphrey Dick Tazewell. Explains Mr. Tazewell: "She divorced the Humphreys because she was chased by a pet goose; she separated from Mr. Dick because he didn't have a car; she adopted us because meals were regular and plentiful."

As Mr. Tazewell, a former actor and radio writer, puts it: "The paper I've used and the words I've worn out!" We're sure our readers hope with us that he uses up much more paper and many many words for a long time to come.

The Editors

Charles Tazewell . . .



and his "Littlest Angel"

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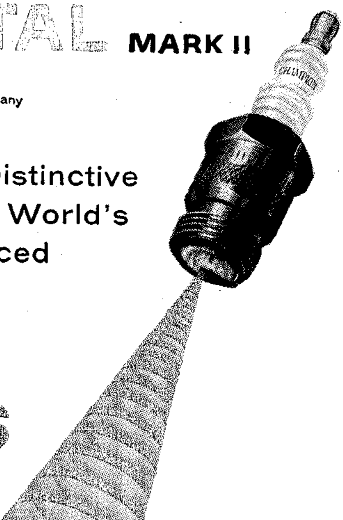

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The Littlest Snowman's Christmas Gift
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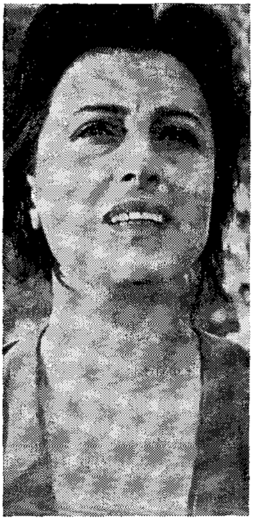
Photograph by . . . . JOHN MECHLING



Magnetic Magnani

Italian Tempest Overwhelms Hollywood

WHEN ACADEMY TIME rolls around, high on the list of contenders will be Anna Magnani for her incredibly realistic performance in *The Rose Tattoo* (Paramount). Producer Hal Wallis, who introduced Shirley Booth in *Come Back, Little Sheba,* has served a full helping of another rich talent.

Magnani's gestures and growls, aimed most often at Burt Lancaster as her buffoonish suitor or Marisa Pavan as her spirited daughter, will be talked about—and imitated—for months.

In the role especially written for her by Tennessee Williams—a brooding, love-starved widow—Magnani displays more passion than the screen has seen in several decades. William Dieterle, who once directed her, exclaimed: "She is a shameless emotionalist, the direct opposite of today's actors who underplay so much. Magnani pulls out all the stops." She has a simple explanation for this: "I have so much boiling inside; if I hadn't chosen acting, I think I would have been a great criminal."

Often described as "the most beautiful ugly woman in the world," Anna Magnani scorns hairdressers clawing to tame her wild, jet-black hair and snarls at beauty experts who seek to corset her *pasta*-plump figure. "Nature is nature," she says emphatically; "let's be realistic."

Born out of wedlock and battered into maturity on the slum streets of Rome, Anna Magnani lives at the top of her emotions off-screen. An extremely melancholy woman, she wears black usually and indulges in wild superstitions. Her life has been marked by tragedy: her 13-year-old son was severely stricken by polio in 1944 and her romances since her marriage dissolved, 13 years ago, have all ended unhappily. The most famous—with Roberto Rossellini—brought two volatile personalities together; in quarrels, they hurled dishes at each other.

Now 46, Magnani learned to project emotionally in Italian music halls, fighting to register against the clatter of crockery. "They heard *me*," she once said with grim pride. Gradually parts in Italian films like *Open City* brought her fame; *The Miracle* and *Bellissima* secured it. Sensitive to the slightest ache or fever, Magnani always has a thermometer nearby. When a co-worker once asked casually, "How are you today, Anna?" her reply was: "Ninety-eight point nine."

(Continued on page 10)

"They've both stopped coughing already!"

VICKS COUGH SYRUP

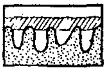
Here's relief from cough of colds, so different it will change all your ideas about cough syrups!

Cetamium is one reason why new Vicks Medi-trating Cough Syrup is so different from others—why it gives so much *more* relief. This remarkable penetrating ingredient has spreading powers far beyond that of ordinary liquids. It carries soothing medication right to the cough-irritated membranes of the throat. That's why Vicks Cough Syrup is named Medi-trating. It *medicates* as it *penetrates*.

After extensive clinical tests, Boston doctors reported in a Medical Journal that this new cough syrup relieves coughs of colds faster and more completely...actually cuts duration of coughs by days. Was superior in every major respect to other leading cough preparations tested.

Works as effectively on adults coughs, and everybody likes the flavor. Try it today!

LOOK WHAT HAPPENS IN THE THROAT WHEN COUGH SYRUP IS TAKEN:



Magnified cross-section of throat membranes, showing tiny crevices. A cough syrup that misses these brings only partial relief.

Vicks Cough Syrup gets into these crevices, works direct on cough-irritated membranes.

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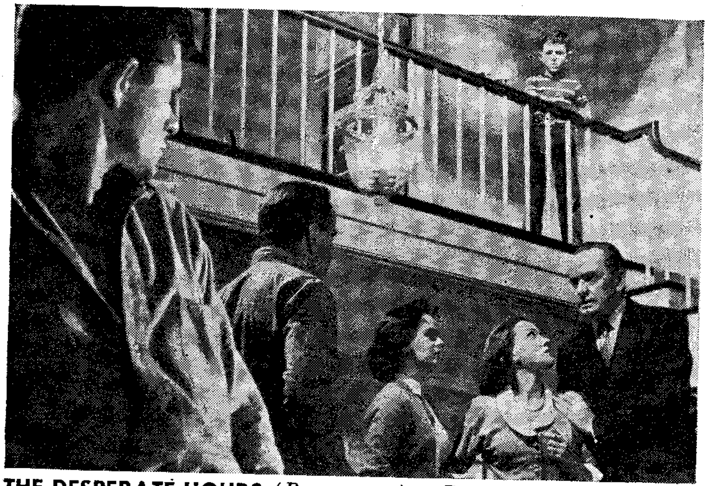
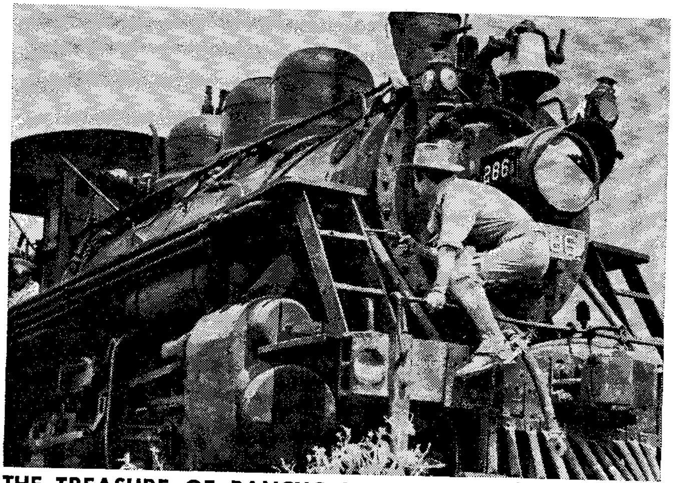
. . . *for thrills, suspense and high adventure*

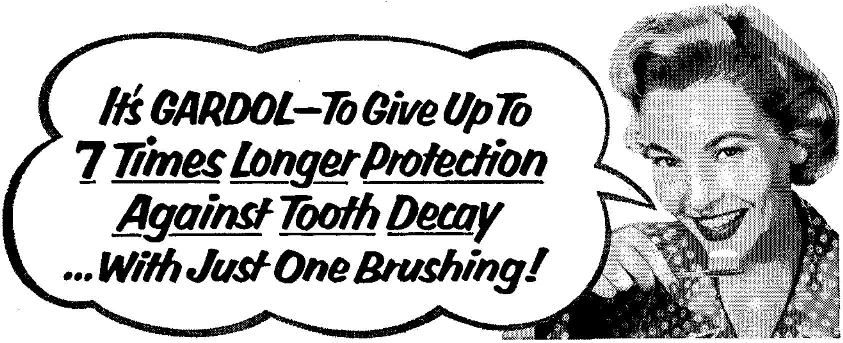


THE DESPERATE HOURS (*Paramount*) poses a terrifying question: What would you do if three escaped convicts seized your home for a hideout? Directed by William Wyler, a top-notch cast—Fredric March, Martha Scott, Humphrey Bogart, Robert Middleton—tensely builds the answers.



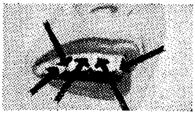
THE TREASURE OF PANCHO VILLA (*RKO*) sets four people (Shelley Winters, Rory Calhoun, Gilbert Roland, Joseph Calleia) on an explosive mission: transporting captured gold to Villa for his revolution. When Villa fails to keep the rendezvous, double-crosses pop all over.—MARK NICHOLS

What's New
in Colgate Dental Cream that's
MISSING-MISSING-MISSING
in every other leading toothpaste?


It's GARDOL—To Give Up To
7 Times Longer Protection
Against Tooth Decay
...With Just One Brushing!

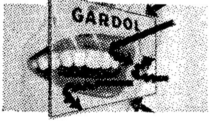
GARDOL MAKES THIS AMAZING DIFFERENCE!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE



DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS



STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting decay 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Urge your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!

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DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL
COLGATE

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream with just one brushing!

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

MINIATURE MATISSE

Applying paint with left hand, Bobby . . .

WHEN a Los Angeles art gallery opened a touring Matisse collection to young art students, hordes of pint-sized painters set up canvases to emulate the master. Matisse's simple lines and bright colors aroused immediate response from the children. For the gallery, Bobby Bucci, the 11-year-old shown at work on these pages, donned costume *d'artiste*: beret, sweater and sandals. Surrounded by art at home (both parents paint), Bobby took to brushes and pigments early.

. . . assumes professional stance for survey

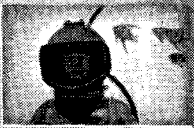
. . . and works, impervious to on-lookers.

(Continued on page 14)

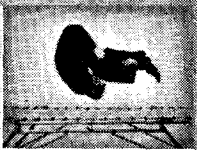
*Gyromatic

* SELF-WINDING

* WATER-PROTECTED



* SHOCK-RESISTANT



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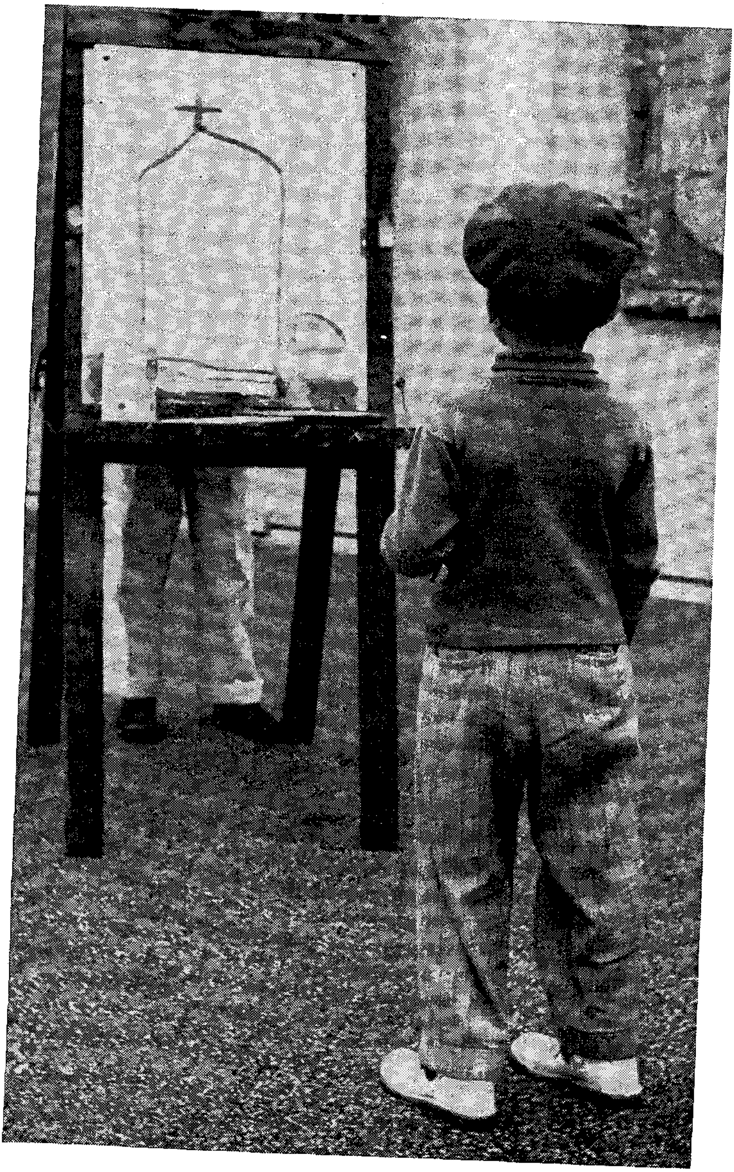
Finished, Bobby regards his canvas critically.



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2.
1.

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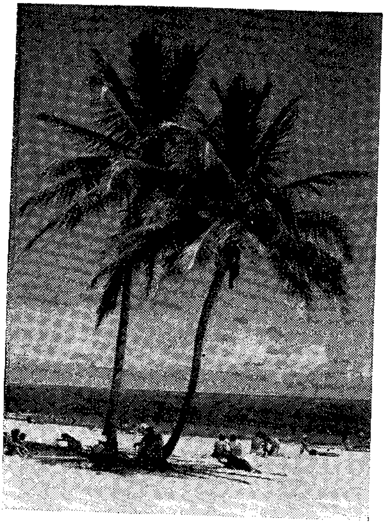

Fun in the Sun

Down among the sheltering palms, Florida dangles sub-tropical charms, with water temperatures hovering around 70°. Most famous of its sunny playgrounds for December fun, of course, is Miami Beach, where hotels package sun and surf with glamour and luxury. But Florida's shore line, stretching over 1,200 sandy miles, offers travelers a dazzling array of resorts.

Underwater play—swimming, deep-sea exploring, spear-fishing—is enhanced by Florida's clear waters. Brooksville's unique Underwater Theatre stages ballets in Weekiwachee Springs. Two ballet swimmers (right) remove masks and hoses to pose feeding friendly fish.

For relaxation and sport, outboard motor-boating has zoomed in popularity in recent years. Cruising in Florida's coastal waters, vacationers combine winter sun-tanning with the pleasures of fishing . . . and set their bait hopefully for tarpon, bonita and sailfish.

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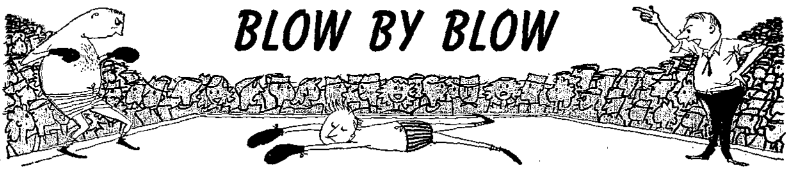
BLOW BY BLOW



KINGFISH LEVINSKY, a heavyweight prizefighter whose exploits in and out of the ring added so much hilarity to boxing lore, made a trip to England where he positively captivated the natives with his manhandling of the English language.

When his tour came to an end, his English friends invited him to a formal banquet in his honor. As soon as the glittering guests were seated, the host rose to his feet to propose the customary toast that opens all English banquets. Only Levinsky remained seated.

"To the King!" cried out the host, raising his glass aloft. "To the King!" echoed the others.

At this point, Kingfish Levinsky climbed slowly to his feet, a shy smile spreading on his battered face. "Gee, fellas," he gulped, "thanks a million!"

BALD-HEADED, QUIET-SPOKEN Jack Blackburn is given most of the credit for making Joe Louis a great fighter. One thing Blackburn tried to teach the Brown Bomber was the importance of taking a count. The champion didn't like it a bit.

"But, chappie," Blackburn would insist, "I know how proud you are and how you hate for anybody to see you on the canvas. No matter how fast you get up after being dropped, you can't make it quick enough for no one to know you've been down. Stay down for nine."

Nobody can dispute the soundness of this advice, but there was a time when the Bomber refused to follow it, and Blackburn was forced to admit the champion was right. It happened during the terrific battle with Tony Galento. The barrel-shaped tavern-keeper had been taking a fearful battering from the hammer-like fists of the champion when suddenly he let fly with a wild left hook that caught Louis on the jaw and dropped him to the canvas. Before the referee could even begin the count, Joe had bounced up off the floor and was ready to go again.

At the end of the round, Blackburn looked reproachfully at his boy. "I've been teaching you and teaching you, chappie," he said unhappily. "Why didn't you take a count of nine like I've always told you?"

Joe looked up at his friend and trainer and snapped back: "Why let him get all that rest?"

THE TOP CLASSIC crack heard from the lips of a loser in a bout for the heavyweight championship of the world, came from a character known to fistiana as Jack Roper, when he tried to lift Joe Louis' crown. The Brown Bomber knocked him out in the first round.

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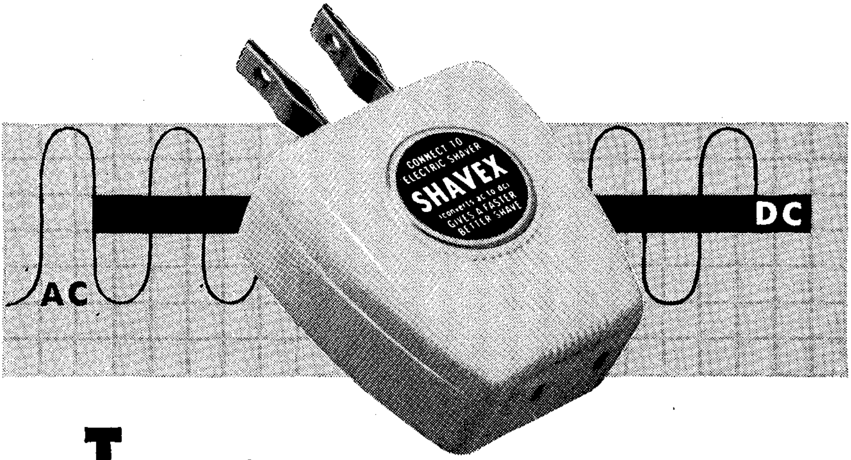
—*Say It Ain't So*, by MAC DAVIS, Dial Press, New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by Mac Davis.



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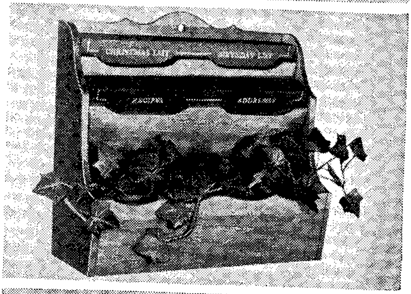

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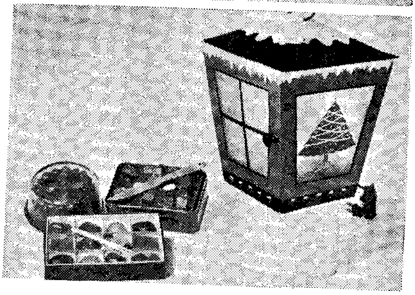

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(*Continued on page 22*)

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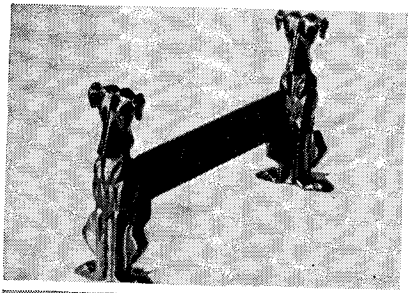

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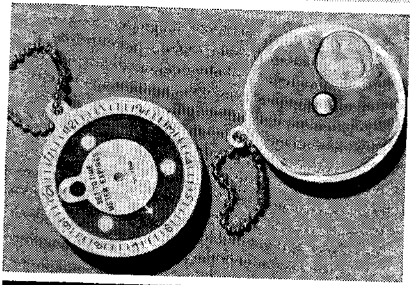

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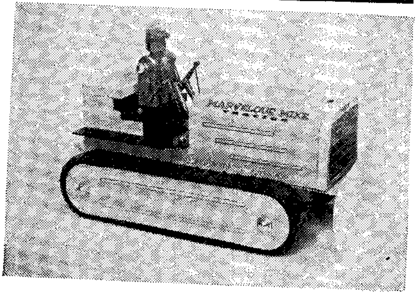

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(Continued on page 24)

luxury that goes to his head

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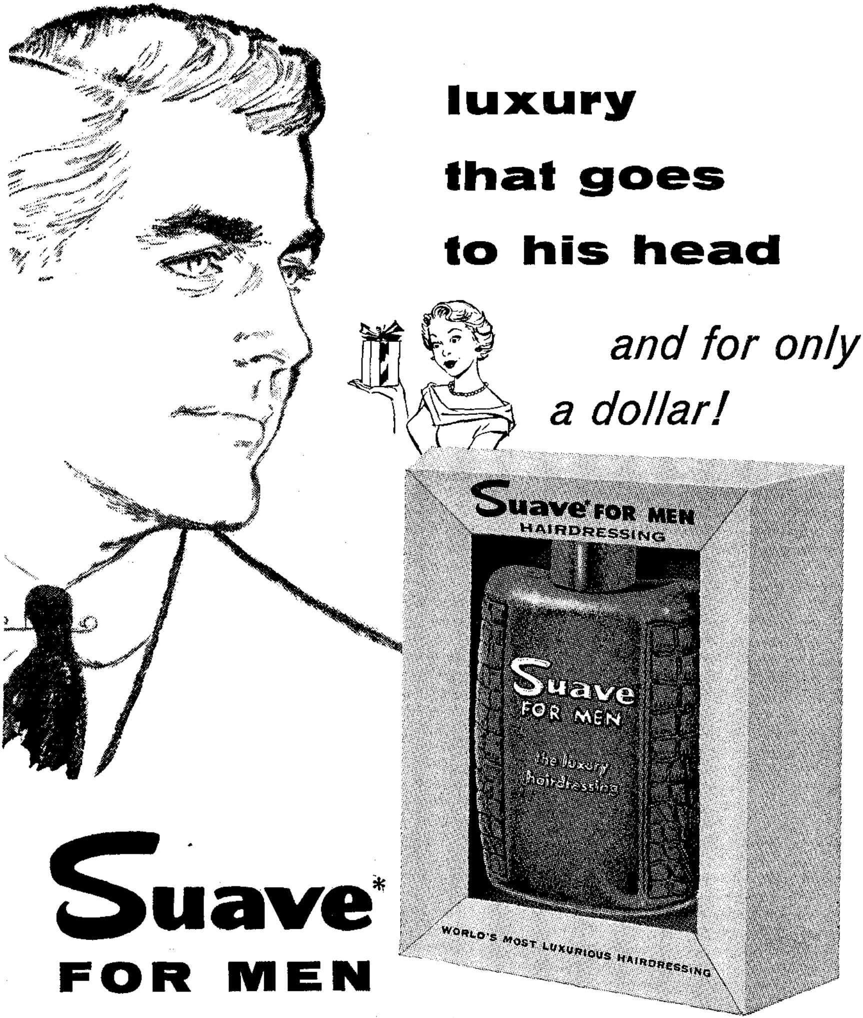
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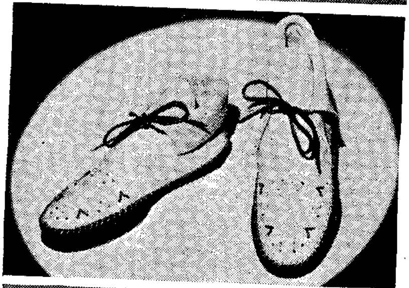

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Susan
Susan

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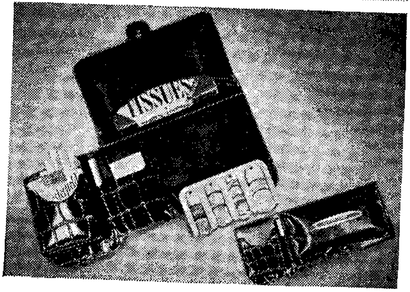

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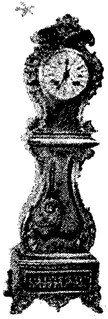
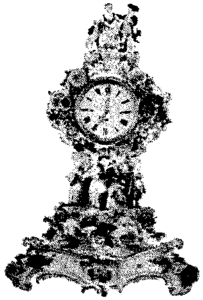
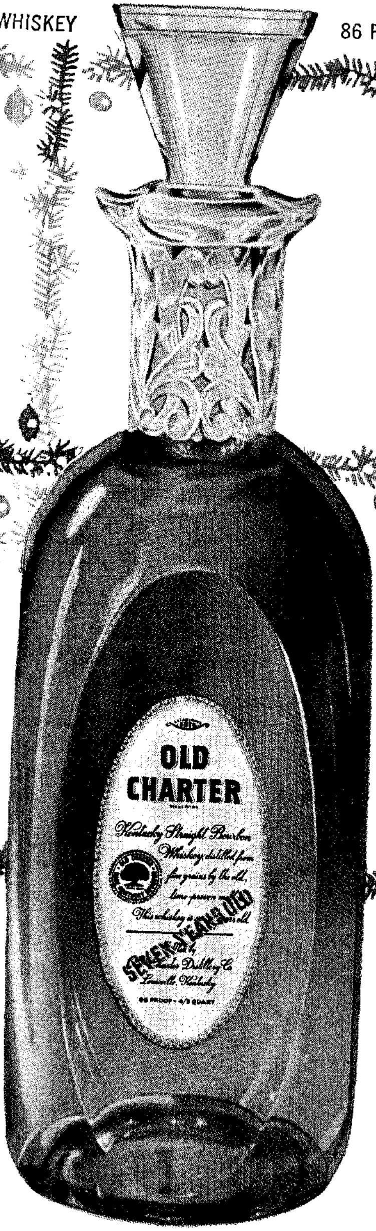


MINIATURE TALL CLOCK. CIRCA 1840



MEISSEN PASTORAL CLOCK. CIRCA 1790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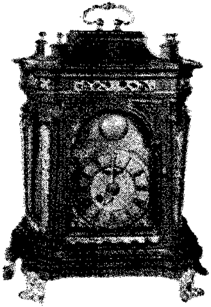
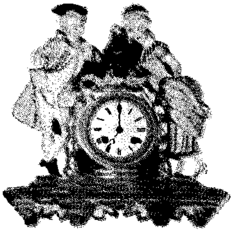
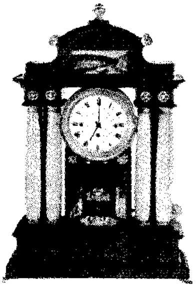
7 YEARS OLD • OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



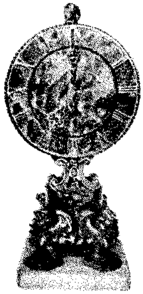
ITALIAN BRACKET CLOCK, CIRCA 1840



FRENCH TEA TIME CLOCK, CIRCA 1810



VIENNESE FOUNTAIN CLOCK, CIRCA 1810



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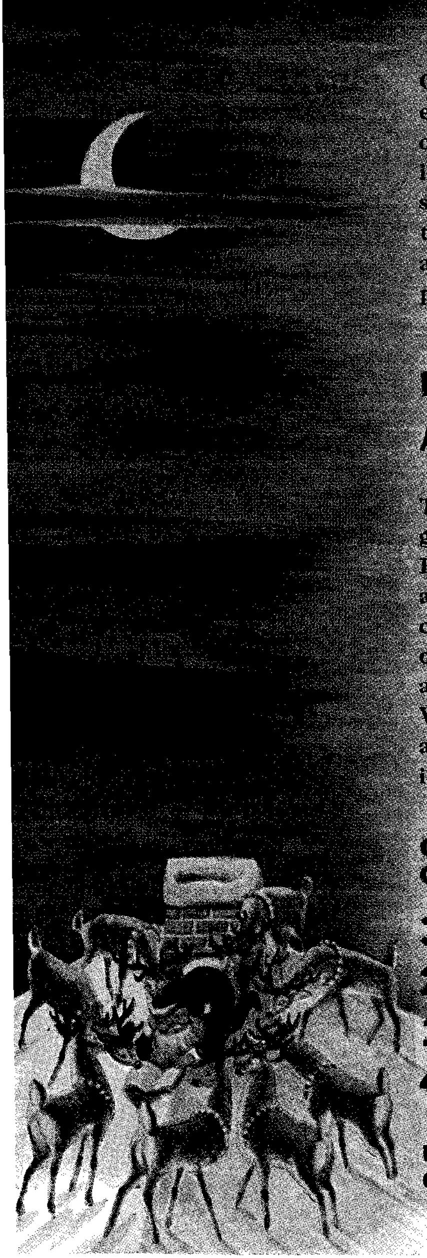

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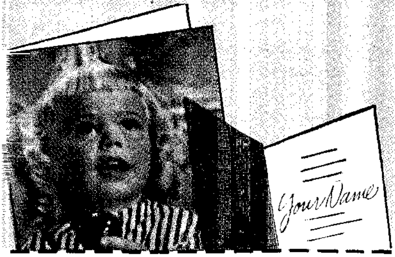

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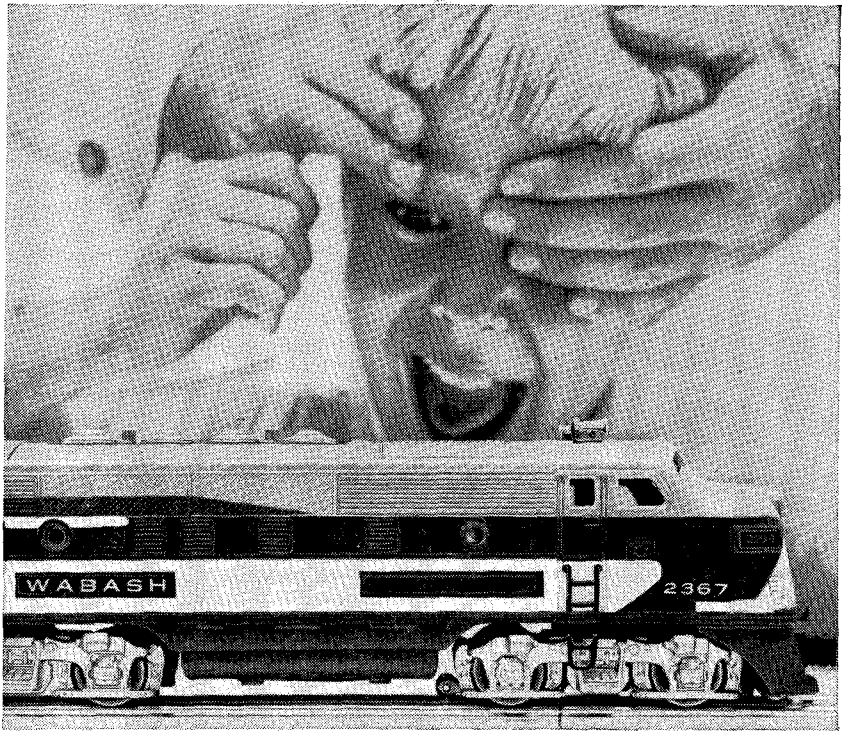

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Gee, Pop, get 'em! Visit your favorite dealer's Lionel train set-up right away... so you'll be all set to conjure up that "Lionel look" on *your* boy's face this Christmas.

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TWENTIETH YEAR ♛ Coronet ♛ DECEMBER 1955

Our Amazing Chinese Kids

by JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

Juvenile delinquency in American cities is at an all-time high—yet one group remains remarkably untouched by it

WHEN, NOT LONG AGO, a small Chinese boy at play accidentally smashed a barber shop window in New York's Chinatown, his father did more than pay for the damage. He used the misfortune to help train his son.

To the shop next day, Chinese from all over the city came to have their hair cut. Though not related by blood to the little offender, they bore the same family name and so were "cousins"—*hing dai*. Word of family embarrassment had flashed out on the Chinatown grapevine while the glass was still being swept up.

This was the clan's way of saving face. Since the boy had to pay for all those haircuts, it was also the father's way of teaching him responsibility.

Recently a Chinatown 14-year-old, who thought long pants made him a man, was seen entering a pool hall by his father. The place was legally off-limits for a juvenile, so the father had a policeman arrest his son. By arrangement with the law, the son was left to think things over for a while in a cell. Then the father got him out on bail.

But that was only the start of the youth's ordeal. When he got home everybody was coolly polite. No one so much as mentioned his disgrace—a particularly biting rebuke for a Chinese. Furthermore, he was made to pay back every cent of the bail money.

"I saved it for his college tuition, of course," said the father later, "but the incident itself was an education for him in the rules of good behavior. It taught him that it takes more than long pants to make a man."

This high moral sense is the key to the amazing record, in New York's Chinatown, of practically no juvenile delinquency at a time when, in other sections of the city, adolescents seem to have run amok.

Many an American community would be greatly relieved if it could boast of such a record. For over 1,100 U.S. cities have reported to the FBI that roughly half their car thefts and burglaries, and about a fifth of their robberies and rapes, are committed by youngsters not yet 18.

But what is the secret of the Chinese success with their young? The Honorable P. H. Chang, Chinese consul-general in New York, sums it up in two words: filial piety.

More concretely, he says, young Americans of Chinese descent see *practiced* in their homes from childhood the 2500-year-old teachings of K'ung Futze (Confucius), philosopher of how to live with your fellow men.

Before Chinatown children take any step whatever, they are trained to pause and consider what effect it

In family atmosphere rich with humor, Chinese kids learn art of joyful living.

will have on their parents. "A Chinese youngster has to ask himself only one question," Mr. Chang points out. "It is: *Will my parents be proud of me for doing this . . . or will they be ashamed?*"

"Filial piety," said Confucius, "begins with serving one's parents, leads to serving one's kind, and ends in establishing one's character."

But, in applying this wise doctrine to achieve their enviable civic record with young people, what methods do the Chinese employ?

UNTIL ABOUT AGE SIX, children are let enjoy themselves, though not in the brat-fashion so widespread elsewhere. The Chinese believe childhood should be as happy as possible and they go out of their way to make it so. Adult life, they feel, is hard enough without breaking a child in for it prematurely.

Therefore the father, who must bear responsibility for his children's behavior, will also find a tonic for himself in playing with them at their level, fixing their toys, acquainting them with the classic fairy tales of China, listening to their little triumphs, and soothing their heartaches.

He will try to do this even if he is a cook in a restaurant uptown from 11 in the morning until 11 at night. And he will do it for a generous period of time (before they leave for school, if he must)—not just once in a while.

Even for toddlers, of course, there is still such discipline as spankings when needed, but love and fun are the order of early life. From then on the important rules of family and social conduct are enforced without letup till the early teens.

It is pure delight and highly instructive to see how a Chinese father handles the little pest who keeps spinning a noisemaker in a visitor's ear.

Instead of using the American inanity, "Ah, ah! Mustn't do that!" —without any real attempt to stop it—the calm Oriental quietly takes the noisemaker away, sets out some little lead cars and murmurs, "Play with those, my son, and have more fun." With a wink he adds, "And give us more peace."

The respect the Chinese father gets from his children he shows them in return. There is no browbeating. The unfailing politeness of the Chinese adult is merely a reflection of the good manners that ruled the home he grew up in and now rule his own, however humble.

Terms of extreme courtesy mark even the most casual family exchanges. When an adult speaks to a child about others in his family, he will always refer to them as "Esteemed elder brother," "Honored father," "Serene great aunt," "Worshipful mother," "Devoted younger sister." These amenities keep everyone aware of precious family relationships.

Even the term "uncle" in a young Chinese mouth has a subtle double significance. It means not only that he respects you and wants your advice, because you have so much more experience than he has, but also that if you do anything unethical he may be influenced by it.

Thus the young, even while they are being taught to live right, in their turn help their elders continue to do so themselves. A snug system.

Chinese fathers know that their

greatest wealth is a properly raised son—an accomplishment they feel must be first taught in the home.

Chinese mothers are every bit as conscientious. Even if they must work, and many have no choice, they try to accept jobs that give them time to escort their children to and from school, three times a day.

After an hour home for milk and cookies, the little ones are marched back at four in the afternoon for their "school after school," a daily affair that keeps them busy until six or seven studying Chinese brushstroke technique for writing as many of their language's 24,235 characters as can be mastered, Chinese manners, and Chinese history.

After the evening meal the children listen to long, drowsy tales of old China till slumber comes. "As far as juvenile delinquency is concerned," says Father John M. McLoughlin, pastor of Chinatown's Church of the Transfiguration, "these kids just don't have the time."

Nor are they given any of the other opportunities to get out of hand that modern society offers. Babysitters, for example, are rare in Chinatown. A Chinese parent would ask: "Are you going to let your most precious possessions learn respect for their elders and our code of honor from hired help?"

With older children another factor influences good behavior. "Many of them find jobs after school," says lawyer Edward Hong. "Many work hard in the family store. When a kid has a dollar in his pocket that he's earned with his own sweat, he has neither the itch nor the energy to go out and knife somebody for money."

The boy or girl who, in addition to earning his own allowance, sees his father and mother living out the truth that if you are not happy with what you have, you can hardly expect to be happy with what you haven't got, is not likely to develop lusts for convertibles and fancy clothes that murder and mugging can satisfy.

Of the 10,000 people in New York's Chinatown during the Depression years, only seven were ever on relief and only four of the seven were *China* Chinese—the rest were Koreans, a distinction you will always hear made in Chinatown. Boston and Philadelphia Chinatowns had proportionately low rates, and San Francisco had only two in 10,000.

THE CHINATOWN HOME that produces people of such independence may not look like much from the outside. It may have only two or three tiny rooms for a family of five, six or seven. But these rooms are kept so neat and clean you seldom feel crowded or uncomfortable.

In two tiny rooms one can live in peace if he remembers, "What good are 10,000 rooms in my house if I get no sleep in any of them?"

Another factor that militates against delinquency: since everybody in Chinatown is related in one way or another, the growth of rival gangs that plague other neighborhoods does not even get off the ground there.

Such slight feeling as does shape up from friction with other races is squelched a-borning by punishment of the *first* offense—or sign of it.

The schoolteacher's position among the Chinese is backed up by

Chinese grandmother will help teach her grandchild courtesy and love for family.

the parents of their students, and "No fool like a *young* fool," Chinatown's shrewd variant on the old saying, shows where the teachers stand.

To command instant obedience in class all a teacher has to say is, "I shall tell your father." When a teacher is present at any social affair one of the first toasts is always *Sin king lo sz sin*—"Honor to teacher, above all."

When a Chinese child misbehaves people ask, not "Why did you do that?" but "Who is your father that he has so poorly trained you?" If a father fails with his son he will be spoken to by his *hing dai* or "cousins." If he still does not comply, or finds himself too busy, he could be ostracized and nobody would do business with him.

Hence the popularity of Sundays in New York parks or nearby countrysides, with Chinese fathers and sons flying kites or making moneyless bets on how long it will take two clouds to pass each other—a game that gives ample room for philosophizing.

"He who does not pause to enjoy the beauty of the rainbow," said one such father, caught in a shower, "stands no chance at all of finding the pot of gold, ever."

Unifying the Chinese community on a most practical level is the *Kung Saw*, or family association. It is composed of all who bear the same name—Wu, Lee, Chang, some 60 all told in America and over 200 in China—and are thus *hing dai*, i.e. sworn to uphold above all else the honor of the clan.

Each member pays nominal dues yearly which, in a crisis like the Depression, enabled every *Kung Saw* to support jobless dues-payers till they could find work. Any violator of the law may be ousted from his family association without delay.

Thus, security and sense of honor combine with early training to keep even the adult Chinese in line.

If one looks at the Chinese attitude toward marriage, he will find further reason to explain the stability of their youth. They have tried-and-true rules for making the system of marriage work and keeping everyone in it happy. Much wisdom is locked in a maxim by which newlyweds survive: *Foo suey mon soon poo*—"To remain afloat in a leaky boat, both must bail."

That it works is seen in the divorce rate among the Chinese, which crowds zero much as delinquency does. Since the family comes first with them rather than the individual, marriage is entered into primarily to get children. The release of desire is a secondary consideration. And, while love may come last, it seems to stay longer.

The serenity of Chinese-American existence is reflected in other ways. Dr. Ying Chang Chu of the New York Women's Infirmary, where many Chinese mothers are treated, says that there is comparatively less high blood pressure among the Chinese, less insanity and fewer nervous breakdowns.

The reason for Chinatown's excellent health standing has been attributed to the profound sense of security which Chinese family solidarity provides, and the fact that they have learned to take what comes. Of the good, as well as the evil, the Chinese say without bitterness, "This too will pass."

But, while they are here, the Chinese realize there is a life to be lived and enjoyed, a social structure which each family, through its young members in particular, adds to and strengthens, or undermines and destroys.

For their part, they follow the way of Confucius: "When the heart is set right, then the personal life is cultivated; when the personal life is cultivated, then the family life is regulated; when the family life is regulated, then the national life is orderly; and when the national life is orderly, then there is peace in this world."

Directions, Please

A MAN WAS DRIVING through a sparsely settled section of the Grizzly Mountains in California. Arriving at a cluster of four cabins at a crossroads, he hailed a native son standing by the road. "I'm looking for a town called Belden. Can you direct me to it?"

"Stranger," replied the native laconically, "don't move an inch."

HIS WIFE had been a notorious back-seat driver and at long last, he was teaching her to drive. She got along famously until it became necessary to make a left turn in heavy traffic.

"What'll I do now?" she demanded.

"Nothing to it," he replied easily. "Just tell *me* what to do, and then do it yourself."

—*Charley Jones' Laugh Book*

Today's Millionaires Are Pikers!

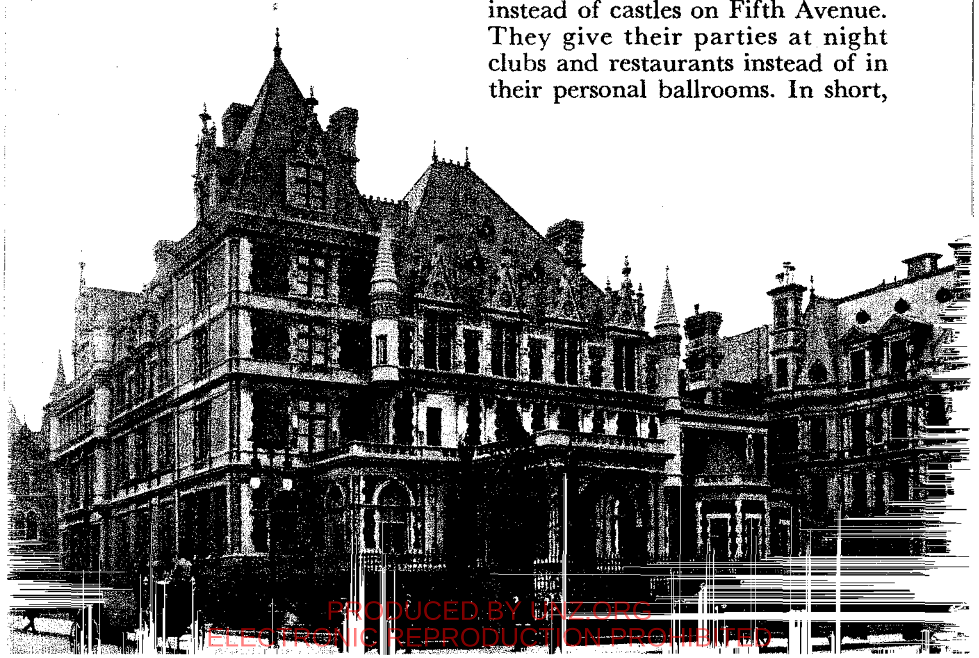
by Andrew Tully

When a tycoon of the good old days threw a party, he thought nothing of spending $10,000 for flowers alone

WASHINGTON SOCIETY gasped at a recent cocktail party when Mrs. Perle Mesta gaily advised Mrs. Earl Warren, wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, to run right out and buy a house "because you can pick up a real nice place these days for $200,000."

To be sure, $200,000 is a lot of money for a house. Likewise, Washington and New York and Hollywood are understandably impressed by parties that cost $10,000. But in the days of the old Astors, Vanderbilts and Schwabs, $10,000 was for the flowers.

America still has wealthy people, but they don't live with the lavish prodigality of the older breed. They inhabit Park Avenue apartments instead of castles on Fifth Avenue. They give their parties at night clubs and restaurants instead of in their personal ballrooms. In short,



they don't *act* like millionaires.

The old titans not only had money but were proud of it, and wanted to advertise their bank balances to the world. They vied with each other to see who could build the greatest house, own the longest yacht, give the most elegant parties.

For the times, the Riverside Drive chateau of steel magnate Charles M. Schwab was considered "modest." It cost only a little more than $2,000,000, the grounds another $800,000. As for the furnishings, the Schwabs *had* spread themselves a little—there was a $50,000 pipe organ and a lot of good stuff from Europe's houses of art. Still, Charlie was proud of the fact that the whole thing had set him back more than $5,000,000—and he had got a lot for his money.

There were, for instance, 75 rooms by actual count, plus 40 baths, some of them hand-painted. "Fellow wanted to try his hand on them so I told him to go ahead," the steel magnate explained.

There was a gymnasium, conspicuously larger than that in the YMCA in Charlie's home town of Loretto, Pennsylvania. The steel magnate worked out there—perhaps once a month—and it must have been a pleasure to plunge into the swimming pool set in a colonnade of Carrara marble.

The billiard room had only ten tables, but was a cozy place, with its built-in African mahogany wine closet. The bowling alleys were a floor below, in the first of two sub-basements.

Upstairs, the main reception room was Corinthian, with marble and Santo Domingo mahogany wainscoting, and was adorned with statues by irreproachable sculptors. In the private chapel stood a marble altar which cost $35,000. Charlie heard Mass there every morning, said by a priest from a nearby parish. In the long kitchen, the three chefs easily could prepare a dinner for as many as 1,500 guests. However, Charlie Schwab tried to keep his parties to modest proportions.

THE PALM for the most elaborate and expensive party of the time probably should go to Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt for the *affaire deluxe* in her limestone chateau at 660 Fifth Avenue in 1883. Snubbed by *the* Mrs. Astor, who regarded the railroad-wealthy Vanderbilts as *nouveau riche*, Alva set out to establish her position in society by sheer weight of cash.

The flowers from the shop of Klunder—who catered to millionaires—alone cost $11,000. The decorative climax came in the second-story supper room, which Klunder transformed into a tropical jungle, with masses of orchids hung from giant palm trees.

Under Klunder's foliage, the Vanderbilt chefs, assisted by the pastry cooks from Delmonico's Restaurant, served a supper featuring hundreds of cases of champagne and two tons of meat. There were two orchestras.

The cost was unofficially estimated at $250,000, and thereafter the Vanderbilts were regular attendants at the annual Astor Ball. But it was some time before a Vanderbilt attained a place on the famous Astor dais which the imperious queen of society reserved for her intimates.

The dais was the dominant feature of the Astor Ball. There, in her huge ballroom with the great gold chandelier from Italy, Mrs. Astor held court. Her throne was an enormous divan, and around her on it she gathered those meticulously chosen according to their social claims—and their physical proportions.

Although the divan was capacious, it had its limitations of space and Mrs. Astor was realistic about it. Sadly she barred an intimate of majestic girth from a place at her side, explaining: "How can I have her when she takes up enough room for two people."

Mrs. Astor was an imposing and most queenly figure in her dress of favorite purple velvet, with tiara of diamonds in her black wig—her hair was falling out—and the famous stomacher of diamonds said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette. The gems which adorned Mrs. Astor probably represented an investment of nearly $1,000,000.

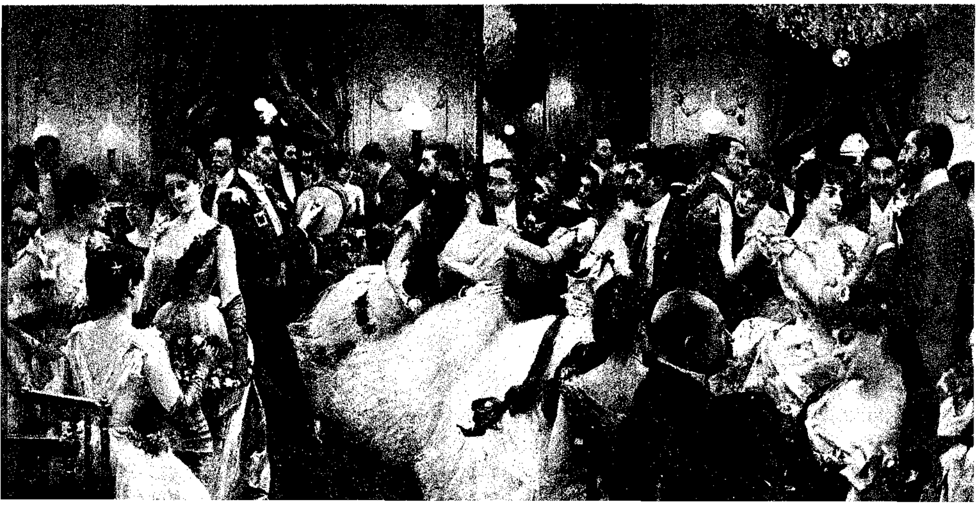
Even with Mrs. Astor on display, however, people had more fun at the routs given by William Collins Whitney, the traction magnate and President-maker. It was Whitney who, while in Europe, came across a ballroom in a French chateau and had it brought home in sections for his new home at 871 Fifth Avenue, at a cost of $50,000.

In that ballroom, Whitney gave a series of Babylonian-like parties for which he spent as much as $30,000 for each. At one party, champagne gushed from a fountain. Paderewski played the piano. The famous opera star, Nordica, sang. Guests discovered black pearls in their oysters.

The wedding reception he gave for his daughter, Pauline, when she married a British nobleman, cost $1,000,000. But this was only a little more than the dinner he threw for one of his favorite race horses who was brought to the dining room in the middle of the meal to join the guests.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt II, wife of the Commodore's grandson,

Lavish balls like this were planned on a simple budget: spend all you can.



was somewhat less restrained when her daughter, Gladys, married Count Laszlo Szechenyi of the Hungarian House of Magyar. She spent $75,000 on the bride's trousseau alone, and lavished another $25,000 on the floral decorations.

Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt III, caused a sensation a few years later when she transported from New York to her house in Newport the entire company of the Broadway musical comedy, "The Wild Rose," and had a temporary theater built for the occasion.

IN ALL THIS OUTPOURING of money there was a saving grace that proved culturally beneficial to later generations. It was the preoccupation of the old-time millionaire with the task of filling his house with as many art masterpieces as he could buy. J. P. Morgan I thought nothing of spending $100,000 for a Vermeer—sight unseen.

Eventually most of this artistic hoard went into public museums. Perhaps the greatest contributor was a little man who made a fortune of $77,000,000 in coke and steel—Henry Clay Frick.

Frick's subtly sensuous Florentine palace at 1 East 70th Street was built to spite a former partner, Andrew Carnegie, from whom Frick had parted after a bitter battle for control of Carnegie Steel.

Driving up Fifth Avenue in his carriage with one of his secretaries, Frick saw the new $1,000,000 Carnegie mansion on 91st Street.

"What place is that?" he asked.

"That," replied the secretary, wincing, "is Mr. Carnegie's home."

"Carnegie, eh," Frick growled. "I'll make that place look like a miner's shack."

So Henry Clay Frick built himself a block-square marble and Indiana limestone palace he insisted upon calling a home. Originally, he laid out only $5,000,000 for it. But before he died the house had cost him $17,000,000 and he had acquired a gallery of art masterpieces valued at $30,000,000.

There were carved silver fittings and marble tubs in all the 16 bathrooms. The kitchen floor was of Carrara marble, and in the great marble entrance hall, with its Renaissance columns, was a $75,000 pipe organ. For wall panels by the noted Frenchman, Fragonard, Frick had paid the Morgan estate $1,250,000.

When Frick willed this treasure house to the city of New York he threw in a $15,000,000 endowment for extension and maintenance.

Still, he failed to outdo his old partner. For Carnegie, having more money to work with (about $500,000,000), made the whole world his pensioner—giving away in his lifetime the staggering total of $350,000,000.

Carnegie indulged himself in occasional expensive whimsies. One was a contract for an annual consignment from Scotland of "Queen's Vat" whisky—the Scotch made for venerable Queen Victoria of England. He kept a select few of his intimates supplied from his hoard.

One of these was John D. Rockefeller I, a noted teetotaler, who liked to have a drop in the house for his guests. Carnegie was always embarrassing the oil king by references to it in the hearing of others.

One bright Sunday morning the

Scotsman encountered John D. coming out of church. They chatted for a few minutes, attracting a large crowd. As they parted, Carnegie turned and called: "Oh, Mr. Rockefeller, I've just received a new consignment of whisky. I'm going to send you some."

Fifth Avenue howled with delight.

It was the same John D., of course, who carried the homebuilding of the American millionaire to its extreme. The castle he built for himself on the Hudson River was dedicated to the proposition that a rich and careful man might live forever.

At 69, Rockefeller was virtually a dying man, victim of a mysterious malady. His physicians put him on a strict diet of human milk but frankly felt he was living on borrowed time.

John D. Rockefeller I had about $1,500,000,000 when he retired from the business of making money and went into the business of staying alive.

He spent $25,000 even before the first spadeful of dirt was turned for the foundation of his beloved "Kijkuit," near Tarrytown, New York. It went to build a strange, box-like structure set on a turntable on the hilltop site he had chosen. By means of it he would make mathematically certain that there would be sunlight in his favorite rooms at the precise hours he wanted it.

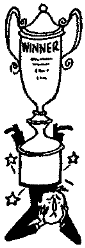
John D. sat there day in and day out for months, working the levers which turned the little house with the sun. When he had finished his calculations, he tore down his sun machine and went to work on his house.

Kijkuit, set on 7,000 acres of gorgeous meadowland and oak-clad hills, eventually cost Rockefeller about $30,000,000. The house itself had 10 elevators, and contained almost every piece of medical equipment known. There was an oxygen tank in every other room. A full-time physician was on constant duty.

To operate and maintain this barony, the billionaire employed some 350 people and spent more than $500,000 a year.

Amidst all this prodigality he lived a cautious, highly regimented life, a pawn of the medical profession—but he lived to be 99 years old.

Obvious Explanation



TWO GOLFERS were playing the ninth hole where the hazard was a deep ravine. One drove into it while the other managed to get his ball over. The former disappeared into the crevasse and after a time his ball came bobbing out.

"How many strokes?" asked his opponent.

"Three," was the tired reply.

"But I heard six," said the other.

"Yeah? Well—three of them were echoes."

—DAN BENNETT in *American Legion Magazine*

Candid

THE DRILL SERGEANT stared up at the tall, gaunt mountaineer recruit and barked, "Hold your head up!"

The human beanpole lifted his head slowly and tentatively.

"Higher! Higher!" yelled the sergeant.

"Do I have to keep it up this way all the time?" the mountaineer sighed, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Certainly," the sergeant snapped.

"Then," said the mountaineer, staring out vacantly over the sergeant's head, "ah'll have to say goodby to you, 'cause I ain't ever gonna see you again." —ADRIAN ANDERSON

I HEARD A PRODUCER squelch an actor with: "Maybe an uncle of yours will die and leave you some talent." —BOB HOPE

WHEN PRESIDENT Eisenhower stopped off at an air base while returning from Korea in 1952, he slipped into his golf clothes and marched to the tee of the nine-hole course. To round out his foursome he chose a young Marine colonel.

"What did you shoot, Colonel?" the Marine was asked later.

He grinned a moment and then answered: "Two shots worse than the General." That boy will go places. —CHARLIE PHILLIPS

THOMAS A. EDISON'S inventions were not limited to items of commercial potential. His summer home, for instance, was full of handmade labor-saving gimmicks.

One such device that always puzzled visitors was a turnstile placed at the entrance to his house which was so stiff and heavy a caller had to push with all his strength in order to gain access.

"Don't you think this needs oiling, Tom?" one of his cronies once inquired.

"Nooo," the soft-spoken host said with a twinkle, "oiling it would spoil everything. You see, whenever that turnstile is pushed around, five gallons of water get pumped into my tank." —HY GARDNER

"NOW, WHAT I WANT," said the efficiency expert, "is a chart that will show me at a glance what charts we've got." —*Texas Ranger*

A WASHINGTON BANKER, in Vermont for the fishing, was buying groceries in the local general store when the proprietor left him without a word and started waiting on another customer. Patiently the banker bided his time until the crusty old Vermonter had filled the other order and the customer had gone.

"There must be some good reason why you did that," said the

Comments

Washingtonian. "Do you mind telling me what it was?"

"Nope," said the storekeeper. "He lives here the year around."

—*Washington Star*

A VERY LARGE LADY got on a streetcar and a couple of men arose and gave her their seats. She was such a large lady that a small boy's attention was attracted and he sat there gazing at her in wonder. Finally, offended at his staring, she said impatiently, "Little boy, what are you looking at me for?"

The youngster, embarrassed, stammered, "L-l-lady, there ain't nowhere else to look."

—PIERCE HARRIS, *Spiritual Revolution* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

A MAN BOUGHT a prefabricated house, put it together himself and with pride showed some friends through it.

"What puzzled me, though," he admitted, "is that when I go down into the basement, I come out on the roof."

"No wonder," snorted one of his friends, "you've got it upside down." —*Charley Jones' Laugh Book*

A HILLBILLY met his minister one afternoon and insisted that he had finally "got religion."

"That's fine, brother," replied the minister, "but are you sure you are going to lay aside sin?"

"I sure am," was the firm reply.

"And are you going to pay up all your debts?" continued the minister.

"Now, wait a minute, Reverend!" protested the hillbilly. "You ain't talkin' religion now—you're talkin' business!" —DAN BENNETT

MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH, commander of Allied Forces in World War I, had a chauffeur named Pierre who was popular with newsmen eager to get inside dope. They continually asked him when the war would end. He would never say, but one day they cornered him leaving Foch's headquarters.

"The Marshal spoke today," Pierre admitted.

"What did he say?" they demanded.

Pierre paused dramatically and replied: "He said, 'Pierre, when do you think the war will end?' " —*Quote*

ONE OF THE MOST unpleasant football games ever played occurred some years ago on a Thanksgiving Day in Philadelphia. In the midst of a deluge of snow and rain, the Cornell captain won the toss and bitterly stared out over Franklin Field, covered with cold, gray slush.

"Do we have to play football in that fluid?" he demanded.

"Yes," was the implacable reply. "Which end you want?"

"Well," said the player, "We'll kick with the tide." —ADRIAN ANDERSON

Gangsters in Exile

by MIKE STERN

In the past few years, the U. S. Department of Justice has deported more than 500 Italian-born racketeers. Some were big-shots, others small-time punks.

How are these characters faring in the land of their birth? CORONET *asked veteran foreign correspondent Mike Stern, now living in Italy, to find out. Stern, who is best noted for his recent journalistic scoop of exposing the wartime murder of OSS Major William V. Holohan, has a long, intimate knowledge of the underworld.*

Here is his fresh, forthright report. —*The Editors*

AT A SIDEWALK CAFE in Rome recently, I saw Ralph Liguori, a short, unhappy individual wearing a tight, double-breasted suit and a long face. He was seated with a group of friends.

Ralph Liguori is an old acquaintance of mine. I first ran into him in New York State's Supreme Court where he, along with Lucky Luciano and others, was convicted of compulsory prostitution and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

When Ralph was unceremoniously deported to Italy at the expiration of his sentence, he naturally went into the business he knew best, with financial assistance from Lucky. But he failed to prosper and slid down the social and economic scale, moving from cheap hotel to cheaper *pensione*.

Liguori compensated for his lack of success by frequent recitals, to anyone willing to listen, of his American triumphs. How he had lived in a swank apartment with his wife and children, none of whom followed him into exile—and who could blame them for that, he says without bitterness. How he had had at least four girls working for him in Coney Island and was about to invade Manhattan in the big time as Lucky's chief lieutenant.

The story about his being Lucky Luciano's lieutenant had some economic value but this, too, ceased when word of it reached the big man's ears.

"Him a lieutenant in my organization?" Lucky sneered at an inquiring newspaperman. "He ain't even a buck private."

The pickings this last year have been even slimmer for the expatriate pimp and it is doubtful whether Liguori clears $30 a week.

As I watched him, a pair of American GIs got out of a taxi across the street from the cafe and became involved in an argument with their cabbie. Liguori, a large

American flag prominently displayed on the lapel of his jacket, hurried over to their aid. In a short while, he had settled the dispute, had linked arms with the somewhat reluctant GIs and was leading them down Via Cavour.

The once lordly gangster has become a "gopher," a person who will run even the lowest kind of errand if there is a tip involved. No wonder the last time I spoke with him, he lamented, "I'd rather be buried in America than alive over here."

These sentiments are overwhelmingly echoed by most of the gangsters in exile. Take Christoforo Caruso, for example. A small-time hoodlum and drug peddler in Brooklyn, he could never get into the gang hierarchy because he was an addict himself. Nevertheless, he managed to live comfortably, between jail sentences, on the proceeds of his illegal activities.

Christoforo was deported to Italy in 1947 and for a short time prospered by black-marketing penicillin mailed him by relatives in America. Today he makes a meager living as a ragpicker.

"Tough Frank" Frigenti, a cheap ex-Brooklyn thug, thought up a novel scheme to solve his economic problem. There were no strong-arm methods involved, because in Italy, no matter how cleverly you pull a "job" the law is such that you can be held in jail for a year before they decide they don't have enough evidence to convict you. Our deportees have informed themselves fully about this phase of Italian life.

At home, in a fit of pique, Frigenti had murdered his mother-in-law and been sentenced ten to

Procurer Ralph Liguori looks out from his cheap lodgings in Rome and dreams of America where money came easier.

Though short of funds, Liguori indulges his fancy for night-club life in Rome.

twenty years in prison. He was released after serving eight. In 1950, while formal deportation proceedings were pending, he signed on a boat as an ordinary seaman and jumped ship in Italy.

Frigenti decided that the trouble with deportees was that they landed as punks and consequently remained punks. He was determined to make himself as big a man in the land of his birth as a glib tongue would permit.

For a time, he sold articles at fancy rates to the Italian press. All of them purported to be his confessions as a Capone triggerman. According to the articles, it wasn't a murdered mother-in-law in Brooklyn that put him behind bars, but three rival mobsters who were wiped out in Chicago. The pieces read like Walter Mitty dreaming he's a gangster.

When Frigenti's imagination gave out, he unashamedly copied from detective magazines. Eventually, the number of papers willing to print, let alone pay for, the drivel dropped to zero. So, Tough Frank hinted darkly that the Mafia was out to kill him to keep him from giving away secrets. This also failed to attract editors, and Tough Frank found himself faced with the necessity of seeking gainful employment. For someone so self-confessedly high in the councils of the Capone syndicate, he couldn't take on manual labor, which was all that was open to him, and still save face.

He attempted to solve his problem by gathering together a score of other U. S. deportees and organizing a march on Rome, where he tried to impress the U. S. Ambassador with the need of sending them all back to their paradise lost. At the start of his march on Rome he spoke from the heart when he said, "We are authentically hungry."

THE TROUBLE with these exiled mobsters is that they have been dumped on the most unfruitful soil imaginable for their type of illegal activity. Merely being in Italy has cut them down to size because nothing is big-time there. If they do find a graft, the risk is out of proportion to the small return.

Although the overwhelming majority of deportees fall into this helpless category, there are some, like Lucky Luciano, Frank Coppola, Dominick "Gyp-the-Gap" Petrelli and Frank "Chick 99" Callace, who once ranked high in the councils of the mob. These men made and kept enough money to earn the envy, if not the respect, of their new fellow countrymen. But they, too, are unhappy about having to carve out a place in Italian society.

Frank Callace, a dealer in illicit drugs, sneaked back into the U. S.—an act not too difficult for a man of means. But this proved not entirely a perfect solution to his problem because his friends got to him before the immigration authorities and his body was found sprawled on a New York City sidewalk.

"Gyp-the-Gap" Petrelli, also involved in the narcotics racket, tried the same thing, with a variation. Being a shrewd psychologist, he reasoned that if his ex-pals saw him wandering about New York, one of them might find him a fit subject for a shakedown. So he let it be known that he was in legally.

This story got back to the people with whom he had been doing business and they figured that the only way to be in the country legally was to be a stool-pigeon for the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Consequently, these friends (the police have never determined their precise identity) paid Petrelli a call, with fatal results.

Frank Coppola, on the other hand, was made of sterner stuff than his contemporaries. In New Orleans, he had dealt in jukebox machines, gambling houses and narcotics. He had lived in an enormous home, owned a yacht and been surrounded by bodyguards.

When he found himself forcibly re-settled in his native Sicily, Coppola decided there was no reason why he couldn't put his successful American methods to work for him there. The island was so backward that the local criminal organization—the Mafia—still rode donkeys and used stilettos as it had for the last six centuries.

Operating out of a lovely villa in Alcamo, Frank enlisted two local assistants and kidnapped a baron and his grandson. Both were under the protection of the Mafia, so by this single coup Mike not only made himself a profit but also showed his contempt for the organization.

A week after the crime, Coppola's two assistants were found shot to death. Enough evidence was scattered nearby to make it appear that

Luciano and "girl friend" Igla Lissoni relax in their lavish Naples apartment

he, Frank, had done the killing. This was the way the Mafia settled its accounts.

He is now under indictment for their deaths, and it will be interesting to see what the outcome of his trial will be.

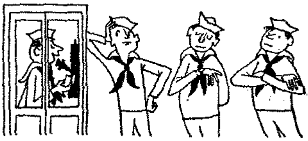
Also unhappy in his new home is Lucky Luciano, who somehow managed to convince ex-Governor Thomas E. Dewey that it was an act of justice to let him walk out of State's Prison with an indeterminate term of 20 to 40 years still to be served. Although Lucky found a gimmick whereby, through a trick of bookkeeping, he was able to pick up a large quantity of heroin from legal drug houses and profitably dispose of almost all of it in the U. S., it has not materially affected his enjoyment of his new land.

He lives in a penthouse apartment in Naples, from which there is a sweeping panorama of the Bay of Naples, Mt. Vesuvius, the Sorrento coast and the islands of Ischia and Capri—one of the most beautiful views in the world. There is no need for a bodyguard and he has none. Where he once wore suits that cost him $350 in America, he now has them made for $60 in Italy. He once paid $30 for a meal, now he pays $3. Still, he is very nervous and irritable.

"If it wasn't for a couple of fruit salads back in the States, I never would be in this dump," he says.

But unhappier even than Lucky is the Italian Government. One official told me, "Luciano alone has set back the Marshall Plan two years."

Signs of the Times



SEEN IN A NEW YORK reducing salon: Don't Give Up the Shape!

—NEAL O'HARA (McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

SIGN IN THE WINDOW of a California antique shop: COME IN AND SEE WHAT GRANDMA THREW AWAY.

—MRS. EDNA HEITKAMP

THIS SIGN ADORNS the wall of a Kentucky garage: We Take the Dents Out of Accidents.

—JOE CREASON (*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*)

SIGN IN a telephone booth at the Naval Training Center at San Diego: "Please limit calls to four girls."

—*Northwestern Bell*

A SIGN IN A Western town reads: "4029 people died of gas in this state last year. Two inhaled it; 27 put a lighted match to it; and 4,000 stepped on it."

—*Wyatt Way*

NOTICE in sweetshop: Homemade Chocolates—Direct from the Factory to You.

—*Answers*

SIGN in a pawnshop window: Please See Us at Your Earliest Inconvenience.

—*Green Gander*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Figures of Speech

OVER THE YEARS, certain names and phrases have, through common usage, become familiar figures of speech, according to Donald Woods, host of "The Woolworth Hour" (CBS Radio, Sundays, 1-2 P.M. EST) and guest quiz editor this month. Don has collected a number of these and challenges you to find the correct meaning in the choice below. (Answers on page 190.)

1. A *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is:
a) schizophrenic; b) vacillating; c) a good physician but a bad patient.
2. A *Machiavellian* statesman is:
a) no statesman at all; b) believes that the end justifies the means; c) is a good speech-maker.
3. If you know a *Babbitt*, he's:
a) a blow-hard, small-town businessman; b) a member of high society; c) an expatriate, living in France.
4. To please *Mrs. Grundy*, you must:
a) appreciate her cooking; b) obey your own conscience; c) cater to public opinion.
5. A person of *Spartan* character:
a) doesn't talk much; b) is disciplined and brave; c) is fussy about clothes.
6. *Caesar's wife*, they say:
a) nags her husband; b) cannot be suspected of wrongdoing; c) likes her house spick and span.
7. A *Mrs. Malaprop* is noted for:
a) misuse of language; b) vicious gossip; c) her elaborate dress accessories.
8. A *Gargantuan* policeman:
a) has an ape-like appearance; b) is a giant of a man; c) pounds a beat in Africa.
9. If you have the *Midas touch:*
a) your hands are always cold; b) you are always borrowing money; c) all you touch turns to gold.
10. In *Hobson's choice*, you must pick:
a) all or nothing at all; b) what is offered or nothing; c) between the devil and the deep blue sea.
11. A *Dutch uncle* is:
a) a severe critic; b) a beer-drinking relative; c) a habitual present-giver.
12. To cut the *Gordian knot*, you:
a) wean yourself from Mother; b) launch a new ship; c) find a quick solution to a tough problem.
13. A *Puckish* child is:
a) small and solemn; b) mischievous; c) addicted to hockey.
14. A man is a *Don Quixote*, if he is:
a) an excellent horseman; b) quick and agile; c) an impractical idealist.
15. The man who is a *Quisling:*
a) betrays his country; b) kidnaps small children; c) emcees television give-away programs.
16. A boss is called a *Scrooge* if he:
a) practices nepotism; b) is selfish and mean; c) doesn't share profits.
17. *Homeric* laughter is:
a) a quiet chortle of embarrassment; b) cynical amusement at mankind's foibles; c) long and hearty laughter.
18. A *Mickey Finn is:*
a) an Irish policeman; b) knockout drops in your drink; c) a policeman's club.
19. A *Lilliputian is:*
a) small in size; b) quick to find fault; c) a character in science fiction.
20. To do a *Herculean* task, you need:
a) weight-lifting agility; b) a knowledge of Greek; c) great strength and courage.

TATIANA?

In 1918, the Czar and his family were reported massacred. But for years it was rumored that one daughter escaped. This is the incredible story of a woman who may be Tatiana, the Grand Duchess . . .

by GEORGE W. HERALD

THE BROADWAY STAGE HIT "Anastasia" has revived discussions over the fate of the last Czar's daughters. History leads to the belief that all four of them were assassinated, together with their parents, a younger brother, and several members of the household, in Ipatiev House in Ekaterinburg during the night of July 16-17, 1918.

Various claimants, among them Anastasia, who turned up after World War I to tell a different story, failed to prove their cases beyond reasonable doubt. Yet, can it be that one of the Romanov sisters actually did escape the massacre and succeeded in keeping her identity secret because she preferred to build a life of her own?

That was the question with which I was suddenly confronted seven years ago while representing a U.S. wire service in Vienna.

One morning in October, 1948, a Baron Werner von Biel came to see me in my office. The young man, scion of an old Prussian junker family, asked me to believe that Grand Duchess Tatiana, second daughter of Czar Nicholas II, was alive.

"The Grand Duchess has been a close friend of my mother's for 20 years," Herr von Biel stated. "She is now head nurse of a displaced persons camp in the British Zone of Germany under the name of Katharina Lumplesaite. As she is living under appalling conditions, we have asked the British Government to grant her asylum as a royal person. Can you help us press the case?"

British Secretary of Legation in Vienna, A. K. Rothnie, confirmed Biel's story. I also learned that the case was not exactly a new one for England.

As early as June 12, 1919, the Foreign Office had instructed its embassies and legations "to check reports made by different agents

that the Grand Duchess Tatiana did not pass away in Ekaterinburg, but had escaped to the West."

Nevertheless, I told Baron von Biel that I must have an opportunity to talk to the alleged Grand Duchess in person. He thereupon gave me a letter of introduction to Sister Lumplesaite.

Armed with this, my wife and I arrived at DIPACS Camp No. 16 in the North Sea port of Emden, the night before Christmas, 1948.

I asked the Polish guard who escorted us through the huge compound if he knew the person we had come to see.

"A wonderful woman!" he exclaimed. "Sister Katharina runs our infirmary so well that even the Germans in town try to get admitted."

THE NURSE LIVED in a two-room flat in a former SS barracks building. When she opened the door, we were as surprised as she.

The woman had the same stature, the same erect bearing, the same high cheekbones and slanted eyes we had noticed on all photographs of the Czar and of Tatiana as a girl.

She led us into an ice-cold room furnished with a cot, a kitchen table and two chairs.

She was wearing blue overalls, a beret and a woolen scarf around her neck, and she spoke in perfect English. Her ash gray hair was cut very short. Not a muscle in her face moved as she read the letter I handed her from Baron von Biel. Then she let her arms drop at her sides and stood silent.

"I am sorry I have to disappoint you, but I have no comment on this," she said finally. "I am Katharina Lumplesaite, a Lithuanian farmer's daughter."

"Look here, Sister Katharina," I said, "we have come all the way from Vienna to see you; and, if we can, we would like to help you."

"It's too bad you made this long trip in vain," she answered.

"In that case, Sister," I said, "I am afraid I'll have to read you some passages from the memorandum the Biels addressed to the British Government in your behalf. Listen, please:

" 'Three days before the massacre in Ipatiev House, a priest named Storojev was allowed to celebrate a mass for the prisoners. He seized the opportunity to submit a detailed escape plan to the Czar.

" 'Nicholas II flatly refused to flee without his family. But he agreed that at least one of his daughters should try to make her way to freedom and his second girl, 21-year-old Tatiana, was chosen.

" 'Father Storojev enlisted the help of a Red Army officer named Vassili Bluecher and on the night of July 15-16, he had her removed from Ipatiev House in all secrecy.

" 'Tatiana was issued travel papers in the name of a Baltic baroness, Katharina von Travanski. Two captains were ordered to escort her to the German general staff headquarters near Lepaya, Latvia. When they arrived, the Grand Duchess was safely turned over to the Germans, together with a secret message establishing her identity.' "

As I read this to her, Sister Katharina stood opposite me. She was trembling with emotion and evidently making a superhuman effort to keep herself under control.

" 'On October 12, 1918, Major

Wuest, a personal adjutant of Field Marshal Ludendorff, gave Tatiana the papers of the late Lithuanian landowner's daughter Katharina Lumplesaite. The Grand Duchess has lived under this name ever since.' "

"You have no proof," the nurse exclaimed, staring at the wall. "Wuest is dead."

"How do you know Major Wuest is dead?" I asked. "How come his name is familiar to you at all?"

"Oh, why don't you leave me alone?" she cried. "I am perfectly content with my present condition. I have learned to work and be just like other people."

"Madam," my wife intervened softly, "Baron von Biel told us that his application to the British Government was largely based on your own accounts and was filed with your approval. Is that not true?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "it is correct that I authorized the Biels to make that claim last June, but I have since regretted the step. Several weeks ago, the British authorities invited me to come to Hamburg to be interrogated on the matter. I refused to go. Why face a lot of inquisitive doubters? I'd rather stay where I am. I have shed enough tears in my life, and I don't want to cry any more. . . ."

That at least explained why the British investigators hadn't made much headway in the case. But what were the real reasons for Sister Katharina's reticence? Did anything permit us to suspect that she had made up the whole story?

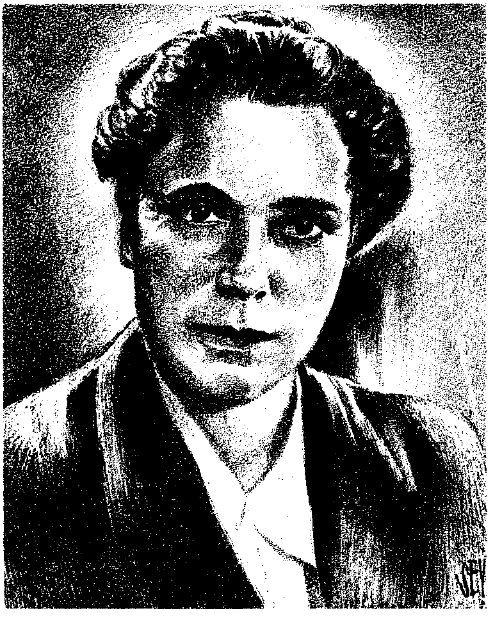
"That's inconceivable," said a camp supervisor to whom we talked later. "Sister Katharina is an unpretentious, dedicated person whose entire philosophy of life puts her above such suspicions . . ."

The only plausible explanation for her attitude seemed to lie in the tragic experiences she had gone through in the past.

According to Baron von Biel's sworn statement, Grand Duchess Tatiana arrived in Berlin in November, 1918. At that time, the revolution had swept away the monarchy and the Kaiser had fled to Holland. All through the winter months there was street fighting in the German capital as the Communists tried even then to gain control.

In the midst of all that turmoil, Tatiana-Katharina made herself as inconspicuous as possible. She took a modest furnished room in the

Sister Katharina's stature and features bear a striking resemblance to Tatiana.



suburb of Wilmersdorf and eventually became a nurse in a tubercular clinic at Beelitz, near Berlin.

In the late '20s, some of her close friends, among them the old Baroness von Biel, learned her secret. But they promised to keep the matter quiet. Apparently they did not keep it quiet enough.

One afternoon in 1932, Sister Katharina was crossing Unter den Linden, one of Berlin's main thoroughfares. Suddenly a station wagon came out of a side street, ran her down and disappeared.

A few seconds later, another car stopped at the scene. Two men jumped out, seemingly to help the injured woman, and lifted her onto the rear seat.

To a policeman who asked what they were doing, they explained: "The lady talked in Russian to us before she fell unconscious. We think we should take her to the Russian Embassy where people can understand her. It's only two blocks from here."

The officer, suspicious, asked the men for their identity papers. As they argued, a Red Cross ambulance summoned by passers-by drove up and took care of Sister Katharina. When the policeman looked for the two men a minute later, they had disappeared in their car.

The episode convinced those close to Sister Katharina that the GPU was on her trail. Apparently it was an intolerable thought for Stalin that one of the Romanov daughters should still be alive.

But her friends managed to put his agents on a false track by spreading rumors that she was a serious tubercular case and had gone to Santos, Brazil, for treatment. While they were searching for her in South America, she simply changed addresses in Berlin.

The fact that Czar Nicholas II had supposedly deposited sizeable sums of money in London and Zurich banks before World War I—there was talk of some $10,000,000—and these funds would be Sister Katharina's if she established her identity, prompted me to ask what were her plans for the future.

"I intend to go to England as soon as I get an entry visa," she said.

"And how are you going to live there?"

"I'll work as I do here. I haven't many needs."

"So you are ready to stay poor even though you have a chance to become financially independent?"

"Money doesn't interest me," Sister Katharina said with a smile. "All I ask is that people don't interfere with my personal life. You must understand."

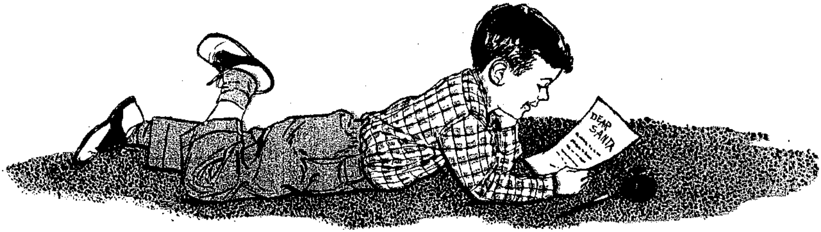
When I went to see the nurse again nine months later, her status had changed. She was in charge of a large camp near Bremen and wearing a British uniform.

Shortly after that visit, Baron von Biel informed me that the British authorities had granted Sister Katharina a special visa to England and, respecting her desire for obscurity, assigned her to a hospital in the Midlands.

There she now heads a staff almost completely composed of Baltic D. P. nurses and does the kind of work she likes. An admirable woman—whoever she is—she has found the most precious of blessings: inner peace.

Santa Claus in Pasadena

by ORENARNOLD



The youngsters of this city who write him letters always get a call

RICH OR POOR, any child in or near Pasadena, California, can write a letter to "Santa Claus, North Pole"—and Santa positively will come to his front door on Christmas Eve laden with candy and good cheer. Last December, children in some 35,000 homes received these joyous visits.

This happy custom has been going on for almost 20 years. Yet it is doubtful if the children's enthusiasm equals that of the city's approximately 50 residents who, in authentic costume and character, respond to the letters and give substance to the beloved legend as perhaps no other group in America has ever done. Their achievement could well be emulated anywhere.

Pasadena's Santas are merchants, artists, school teachers, lawyers, doctors, bankers. One is a night club operator, another a janitor. They begin at 5 P.M. on Christmas Eve and straggle in, foot-weary but strangely exalted, some time before midnight.

One returned visibly shaken. He had visited a house from which a letter in childish scrawl had begged: "Please, please bring our Daddy home from Korea. It's all we want."

No Santa could do that; no *earthly* Santa. And so this one had gone jingle-jingle-jingling and ho-ho-hoing up to the front door prepared to pacify the children with candy canes and a kindly word of explanation about wars.

He had barely taken the baby on his knee when—lo, a taxi arrived and out sprang Daddy!

"We had nothing to do with the father's return," the Santa reported later. "It was pure, wonderful coincidence. Or—was it?"

No project has ever affected Pasadena quite like this one. The Santas and their nearly 150 helpers serve anonymously. There is no publicity in the local papers except advance invitations for children to mail their requests to the North Pole.

Few adults know that the Pole is, in reality, at 181 South Los Robles Avenue, where the Pasadena Junior Chamber of Commerce is located. Organizational work for the big event begins here in August. Postmen are instructed to deliver all letters there. Many are not stamped, but are delivered anyway.

A clerk in the post office found a mislaid letter about 10 P.M. one Christmas Eve, too late for delivery. He left work, borrowed a Santa suit and rushed out to that home. Sure enough, seven wide-eyed youngsters—orphans—were waiting there in unshaken faith.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce quietly finances the project with funds from the Junior Rose Bowl Football Game and also by selling Christmas trees. The Santas, chosen on a competitive basis, are carefully trained even to their jolly laughter. Each must make from 75 to 100 calls on Christmas Eve, so his route is carefully mapped in advance. A helper rides with him to brief him on each home and to replenish his pack.

Children in wealthy homes can be as heart hungry as those in poor ones. All are visited. One from a rich home wrote afterward: "Dear Santa hear is a dollar bill i am a shamed because i took the candy cane I already had six please give this to some other little boy that hasn't got none i mean any I love you. Jimmy."

Each Santa does his best to cope with the situations he meets.

"My husband came home at midnight, stripped our pantry and clothes closet, and went out again," one Santa's wife recalls. "I asked no questions because I knew he had found a home in grave need. It's like that every year. It is all so wonderful and good."

"Most calls are very short," Marty Reid, chairman of last year's Santa Claus program, explains. "We try not to give the kids a chance to exercise their curious minds. Mostly we get out before they recover from their amazement."

Parents' letters of thanks are touching. "We've had troubles," one mother wrote. "We had all ceased to believe in any sort of Santa Claus and had nothing for our four young ones this year. Your Santa not only brought toys, he got our Daddy a job. God bless you, Santa, forevermore."

"We do not compete with established charities," Mr. Reid says. "We distribute relatively little merchandise. Santa's cheery greeting, his counsel for those in need, his personification of love for all, are wanted most. Christmas lives in the heart, and we have found that Santa's presents are nowhere near as important as his presence."

Apt Observations

SHE IS LIKE a poor photograph—under-developed and over-exposed.

—BEERBOHM TREE in *Today's Health*

NOTHING LASTS as long as a suit you don't like.

—*Sunshine Magazine*

A distinguished churchman tells how logic fortifies man's belief in a future life

THE CASE FOR IMMORTALITY

by DR. RALPH W. SOCKMAN
Minister of Christ Church Methodist, New York City

MANY PEOPLE have expressed puzzlement over the fact that our greatest man of science, Albert Einstein, with his avowedly religious spirit, apparently did not believe that personality survives death.

The convictions of so mighty a mind carry much weight. But if we would rest our belief in immortality on the testimony of prominent persons, we should read the roster of the great believers in the future life from Socrates down to Arthur Compton. They include such thinkers as Spinoza, Kant, Goethe, Eddington and Robert Millikan.

I do not presume to know Professor Einstein's final views on immortality. But in 1930 he said: "I cannot imagine a God . . . who is but a reflection of human frailty. Neither can I believe that the individual survives the death of his body, although feeble souls harbor such thoughts through fear or ridiculous egotism."

Apparently the great scientist turned from the doctrines of a future life partly, at least, because of the illogical ways in which it is often presented.

Many churchmen are deceiving themselves and disturbing the faith of others by their unreasonable descriptions of the "furniture of heaven and the temperature of hell," their pictures of pearly gates and golden streets and fiery pits.

But, in our reaction against these foolish interpretations of immortality, let us beware lest we believe too little.

Consider the life force which surges through the physical universe. There is something that makes this universe tick. It is throbbing with life.

The mysterious force called life is touching the roots of the trees. The flowers feel it. The birds feel it. We feel it. For the life in us is a part of that central force which pervades all creation, covering the ground with green, pecking its way through the shell of the egg, swinging the stars through space.

"Let a man once begin to think about the mystery of his life and the links which connect him with the life that fills the world, and he cannot but bring to bear upon his own life and all other life that comes within his reach the principle of Reverence for Life, and manifest this principle by ethical affirmation of life," says Albert Schweitzer.

Like Don Marquis, beloved author and playwright of yesterday, I believe this life force is imperishable. I believe it for the simple reason that, if it stopped, the result would be nothingness. And a complete state of nothingness cannot be imagined.

The spark of life was passed on to me by my parents at birth. But where did they get it? From parent before parent before parent back into the womb of Mother Nature. But who gave Mother Nature the power to produce flowers and birds and babies?

If we think life after death is a mystery too puzzling for reason to accept, how much less mysterious is life before birth? Yet life is here and now. Why then should logic balk at the prospect of life hereafter?

Nor does the dissolution of the body pose an insurmountable barrier to the logic of immortality. It is a mystery where the seat of life is. It might seem to be in the brain, for a blow on the head or a clot in the brain can cause death. But even if the brain be the seat of life, it is not the source of life. The brain does not produce thought as the liver secretes bile. Biologists are beginning to believe that the brain's function is transmissive rather than productive.

Arthur Compton, Nobel prize winner, says that it is impossible under the X-ray to see much difference between the physical condition of the brain in one who is asleep and in one who is awake. Yet most of us seem to have at least a little more consciousness when we are awake than when we are asleep!

Summing up, Doctor Compton says: "It seems that our thinking is partially divorced from our brains, a condition which suggests the possibility of consciousness after death."

The tissues of the human body undergo a complete renovation every seven years. Some of us have used up several bodies, yet I am still "I" and you are still "You."

Does it not, therefore, seem possible that personality can survive the bodily changes of the grave? As Sir Oliver Lodge put it, smashing the organ is not equivalent to killing the organist.

SEVEN YEARS AGO my little granddaughter was born. On that day she was flesh of her mother's flesh and blood of her blood. The tissues of her growing form have changed with time, and now the elements of her mother's body are gone. Yet, every day I see more and more of her mother in her.

Truly, life transcends the limits of the body. A mother can be with her son in spirit a thousand miles from home. Not merely where we breathe do we live, but where we love. Since life is too big for the body, it would also seem to be too great for the grave.

We rightly assume that this is a rational universe. The Creator which can produce the mind of an Einstein must be possessed of reason. Otherwise the creature is greater than the Creator.

Our science assumes that the physical order is reliable: the stars in their courses, the electrons in their motions. But is this a universe which keeps faith with our physical calculations and our bodily appetites and then plays false to the invisible parts of life?

We are created with the power to think, to love, to hope. These are just as essential to human nature as the body's hunger and thirst. Is this a world where there is air for the lungs and food for the stomach, but no answer to the deepest and highest hungers of the soul? Reason rebels against such a conclusion.

Schubert died at 31, leaving an "Unfinished Symphony"; Raphael died at 37, and it is said they carried in his funeral procession his unfinished canvases.

The Creator who would let men die with such works in process, and provide for nothing afterward, would be a God of unfinished business. And that does not make sense.

Moreover, the integrity of the universe is at stake in this matter of immortality. This longing for life's continuance is a normal appetite, persisting from the primitive savage to persons of highest culture. As Einstein said, the craving may rise from "fear and ridiculous egotism," but it is love which calls most loudly for the life beyond.

William James, the eminent Harvard psychologist, declared that as he grew older his belief in immortality increased. Asked why, he said, "Because as I grow older, I am just getting fit to live."

If you say that James was thus expressing his own self-centered desire to prolong his life, turn from him to his colleague, Professor George Herbert Palmer. After the death of his brilliant wife, Alice Freeman, Palmer said, "Who would not call this world irrational if, out of deference to a few particles of disordered matter, it excludes so fair a spirit?"

A person might be content to have his own career end at death, but who could stand beside the deathbed of a loved one and say, "It doesn't matter."

Now, since ours is a law-abiding universe, this healthy hunger of the soul must have, somewhere, a response. The Creator guides through the trackless sky the unerring flight of the migrating bird. Surely He has not put in man a migrating instinct only to mislead him when he sets out for the larger home of his soul.

Has the Creator developed men with the mind of a Plato, the love of a Saint Francis, the genius of a Shakespeare, the character of a Christ, only to blow them away as leaves before the autumn wind? If so, the Ruler of the universe is the worst of wastrels.

But science assures us that nothing is wasted. Even the leaves that are blown away by the autumn wind

Theologian Dr. Ralph W. Sockman is a former president of the Protestant Council of the City of New York and has, since 1928, been the minister of the National Radio Pulpit Series. In a national poll he was named one of America's six outstanding clergymen.

are only transformed, not destroyed.

Think what goes into the making of a great man—the exercise, instruction and discipline of youth, the struggles, successes and failures of maturity. Having spent such painstaking effort in the process, will the Creator annihilate such values?

If life ends at the grave, this universe is not only irrational but immoral. A young man in answer to the call of patriotic duty lays down his life on the battlefield. Our sense of justice revolts against the thought that his life is cut off at 21, while a selfish old roué lives to 90, unless there is somewhere an adjustment.

Whence comes this sense of justice within us? It must come from our Divine Creator. Otherwise, we are better than God. And to say that is silly.

Moreover, the Bible portrays a God who is not merely an energy-conserving Force, or a justice-dispensing Judge, but a child-saving Father. Maybe, you say, that is just an assumption. But we know earthly fathers, and God must at least be as good as they. Hence we are justified in reasoning upward from our parental instincts.

And that is what the gospel does: "What man of you, if his son ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone? Or if he asks for a fish, will give him a serpent? If you then, who are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to those who ask Him?"

God the Father does not give the stone of extinction to His children when their highest and noblest hunger, which is love, asks for the bread of eternal life. If He did, He would be infinitely less good than human fathers. And, again, that does not make sense.

Was Jesus, the noblest character that ever lived, fooled? Could the Christian Church, which was founded on the belief that life triumphs over death, keep growing on a false faith, keep producing noble architecture and true characters for 19 centuries? If so, how can we trust the reason, the logic, the sense of justice which we have in our own minds?

Yet, for our daily living we do trust these factors. We have to do so in order to live. And the more faithfully we obey the highest that we know in this life, the more firmly we feel that God the Father will keep faith with us in the life to come.

If we claim the support of logic for our belief in immortality, we must be rational in picturing the future life. Thoughtful persons cannot visualize heaven as "a place up in the sky," for they think of the heavens in terms of illimitable space.

Also, second thought reveals the improbability of regarding it as a place of perpetual harp playing and psalm singing. A saintly minister once said to me that if angels played harps under his window continually for a million years, he would be tempted to cry, "Move on."

We must remember that God is a Spirit and that at death man's "natural body" is raised as a "spiritual body." In this world we think and speak in material images. We have no language in which to describe pure spirit. Hence it is as difficult to picture the future life of the spirit as it is to describe the color yellow to a man born blind.

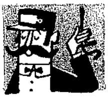
Jesus the Master Teacher did not indulge in elaborate descriptions of the life beyond. He said simply: "I go to prepare a place for you that where I am there you may be also."

Logic, therefore, would seem to warrant the followers of Christ in projecting into the next existence the qualities which He revealed here. Christ lived for the ultimate values of beauty, truth and goodness. These then may be expected.

Since Christ was a teacher, it would seem reasonable to think of the next life after the patterns of the schoolroom rather than the courtroom.

If we have not learned much of good here, we shall have to start the next life without much of good. But if we have learned to live with the true, the beautiful, the good, then death is a graduation into "the life which is life indeed."

Boss of the Train



In the early days of railroading, the engineer was master of the train and ran it according to his judgment. Collecting fares, superintending the loading and unloading of freight, and shouting "All aboard!" were all the conductor was expected to do:

In 1842, the New York and Erie Railroad had but one train in operation on its line, which extended from Piermont-on-the-Hudson, its eastern terminus, to Turner's, 37 miles to the west.

One of the pioneer conductors of this line, Captain Ayres, frequently encountered a fractious passenger who insisted on riding without paying his fare. As there was no way of signaling the engineer, and the passenger could not be thrown from the moving train, the conductor had to let him ride to a regular stop.

Ayres procured a stout twine, sufficiently long to reach from the rear car to the locomotive. To the locomotive end of this string he fastened a stick of wood, and informed the engineer, Abe Hammil, that if he desired to have the train stopped, he would pull the string and raise the stick.

Hammil looked upon this innovation as a direct blow to his authority, and when the train left Piermont he cut the stick loose. At Turner's, he told Ayres that he proposed to run the train himself, without interference from any conductor.

Next day Ayres rigged up his string and stick of wood again. "Abe," he said, "this thing's got to be settled one way or the other today. If that stick is not on the end of this cord when we get to Turner's, you've got to lick me or I'll lick you."

The stick was not on the string when the train reached Turner's. Ayres pulled off his coat and told Hammil to get down from his engine. Hammil declined, whereupon Ayres climbed up after him. Hammil started to jump off the opposite side. The conductor hit him under the ear and saved him the trouble of jumping.

That settled forever the question of the twine and stick of wood. The idea was quickly adopted by the few roads then in operation, and a bell or gong, in time, took the place of the stick of wood. Henceforth, the conductor was boss of the train and the engineer took orders from him.

From *A Treasury of Railroad Folklore*, edited by Benjamin A. Botkin and Alvin F. Harlow. Published by Crown Publishers, New York. Copyright, 1953, by Benjamin A. Botkin and Alvin F. Harlow.

The game lasted only a few hours—but the example Howard Hansen set for courage has never stopped inspiring his classmates

"The Athlete I'll Never Forget"

by COACH HENRY R. (RED) SANDERS, U.C.L.A.

As told to ANDREW HAMILTON

BEFORE IT STARTED, they were calling the game between mighty Southern California and U.C.L.A. "the greatest mismatch in football history." As the Bruins trotted into Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum that November afternoon five years ago, the best they could hope for was to keep the score down.

But, while they never had more than eleven men on the field, there was Something playing with them that day bigger than any one, or all eleven put together.

Howie Hansen was the cause of it. And it was obvious the first time he got his hands on the ball and ran a weakside reverse for a first down. Howie loved football. Let me tell you how much . . .

When I took over the head coaching job at U.C.L.A. in 1949, Howard Hansen was a junior, six feet, 180 pounds. A quiet, clean-cut fellow with wavy, reddish-blond hair, he somehow seemed more mature than the average student. He had reason to be.

To get a line on the squad, I ran the films of the preceding season. Something odd about Hansen's play at wingback struck me immediately and I called him into my office.

"Hansen, I noticed you started out like a house afire last year," I said. "But as the season progressed you got worse and worse. What happened?"

He looked startled.

"Well, Coach, in early September, the players were allowed three meals a day at the training table. But after classes started, only dinner."

He hesitated, as if trying to decide what to say next.

"I've got a wife and two kids to support, and money sometimes ran a little short. Sometimes I skipped breakfasts or lunches. Guess I didn't get enough to eat and ran out of gas."

It was then that I learned of the crushing burden this 24-year-old boy was carrying. Three years before, he'd married his high school sweetheart, lovely LaVon Hinkson.

They had two sons and, after the birth of their second, LaVon suffered a recurrence of rheumatic heart disease and was confined to bed. Howie had purchased a no-down-payment house on a GI loan and his mother-in-law moved in to help with the children.

It was a rugged schedule: supporting a family of five, taking care of an invalid wife, getting up at night when the kids fussed, working at odd jobs in the Hollywood film studios, directing Explorer Scout activity at his church, playing football, and carrying a full academic load. But I never once heard Hansen complain, and he maintained a solid "B" average.

It was LaVon who urged him to continue football, knowing how much he loved the game. Though Howie had weighed only 155 in high school, he'd held down a varsity guard spot. And when he went into the service and began to fill out, he played in the backfield on teams representing St. Mary's Pre-Flight, Corpus Christi Naval Air Station and Jacksonville Naval Air Station.

Howie refused to give up hope for LaVon. He prayed that she would get completely well, and be able to resume her studies in literature and music. Even though doctor bills, X-ray fees, grocery bills and monthly payments on the house were staggering, he schemed to save enough money to buy her a piano.

Hansen was one of the best-liked players on the squad. He was a Mormon—deeply religious—and interested several players in his faith. He wasn't a proselyter, but simply set an example of clean living that inspired others.

A friend tells of the time that Howie was given a beautiful gold watch. He admired it very much, but after some serious thinking deliberately smashed it.

"It's not that I didn't appreciate it," he explained. "I wanted to prove to myself that I wasn't getting too attached to worldly things."

In the fall of 1950, LaVon's health failed rapidly. Although Howie continued to play football, I could see the strain in his face.

On Monday, November 20—the week of the traditional "big game" with U.S.C., our cross-town rivals—he failed to show up for practice. LaVon was gravely ill. On Thursday she was dead.

Under the circumstances, I cer-

HOWARD HANSEN

tainly didn't expect him to play. I tried to reach him by telephone but was unsuccessful.

Then he called me. After I'd expressed my sympathy, he said, "Coach, I'll be available for Saturday's game."

I noted at the time that he didn't say, "I'll play," but, "I'll be available." That was in keeping.

"It's up to you," I told him.

There was a moment of silence.

"LaVon would have wanted me to play," he said.

On Saturday afternoon he showed up at the Coliseum dressing room, quietly went to his stall, put on his uniform and helmet. He didn't say a word to his teammates, or they to him. But there was a vibrating, electric tension in that room such as I've never felt before or since.

Hansen took tailback Teddy Narleski's pass for 23 yards that started the drive for our first touchdown. He carried the ball many times, averaging more than 10 yards a crack. On defense he was immovable. Although he played the greatest game of his college career, he didn't make any of the touchdowns scored by the unstoppable Bruins that day as they ripped the rugged U.S.C. line to tatters.

The game ended 39-0, one of the worst defeats the Trojans had ever suffered.

On the part of Howard Hansen it was one of the most courageous efforts ever performed on an American gridiron, and on the part of his team members a dedication and loyalty that has seldom been matched. Captain Bob Watson gave him the football and the team carried him on their shoulders to the dressing room.

I don't usually get emotional about football. But I confess I couldn't swallow very well when Hansen came up and said simply: "Thanks, Coach, for letting me play." Then, almost to himself he added: "There is a merciful God."

At the funeral, he was completely composed and at peace with himself. In the days that followed, his friends would call him up to offer condolences, and the first thing they'd know, he would be comforting *them!*

I would like to tell you how Howard Hansen went on and did many other splendid things. But less than two years later, while climbing in the mountains near Provo, Utah, he slipped and fell to his death.

Whenever I hear football criticized for its shortcomings, I remember the personal cross that this courageous young player bore with dignity, devotion and love. He lived for only 25 years—but in that brief time he had a profound influence upon many people.

Joseph Conrad, I believe, summed up the inspiration of Howard Hansen when he wrote: "A man's real life is that accorded to him in the thoughts of other men..."

Good Advice

FATHERS MUST NOT get too discouraged if their sons reject their advice. It will not be wasted. Years later the sons will be able to offer it to their own offspring. —*Greenville Record-Argus*

Your Doctor Can Add 20 Years to Your Life

by Lawrence Galton

Now doctors can spot the defects in man's closely-linked organs which shorten life

If you're still in your thirties or forties, the chances are good that your doctor can help you live 20 years longer than your normal life expectancy. You might even reach 100.

A simple new medical technique can lengthen your life by treating you *before* you get old. For it has been discovered that it may not be old age that brings disease, but disease that brings old age. Notre Dame University's famed germ-free rats, which live far longer than their cousins in other laboratories, have given new emphasis to this theory.

The new medical approach begins by correcting and repairing damage left by accident, illness, strain, ignorance or neglect. Then it goes on to prevent further damage.

"Many men and women who have had this medical service look, act and feel ten years younger than others of the same age," in effect reports the New York State Medical Society.

Exactly how does this kind of medicine work?

See your doctor for help in these six major areas:

Correcting "minor" defects. Neglect a sticky valve in your car and it can cut down efficient performance and shorten the motor's life. Practically the same thing can happen in the human body. All organs are so closely linked that a minor problem in one is likely to have wide, and possibly even life-shortening, repercussions. By 30, many of us have a minor defect or two. And often we neglect these defects because we don't recognize them for what they are.

One man, for example, went to work by bus—and usually fell into a doze on the way. One morning he drove his car instead. He dozed as usual—and crashed into a pole and was seriously hurt.

After he had recovered, his doctor gave him a thorough check-up. This revealed a mild pituitary deficiency. The doctor prescribed medicine which corrected the condition. As a result, the man is no longer a dozer. And he's very likely to live longer.

Correcting a minor ailment is especially important past forty. For then, various organ systems begin a gradual slowing down.

Your doctor can now correct quite simply many minor defects which once were mysteries. He may eliminate chronic low-grade infections in sinuses, teeth, gall bladder, prostate, for example, which can be producing no symptoms yet drain off health.

Turning good health into optimum health. Though you may be enjoying good health, your doctor can still improve it. This strengthens your body's resistance to disease and increases its capacity for repair. It also increases your mental as well as physical efficiency and gives you a greater sense of well-being.

Such strengthening may be especially important if you're prone to certain diseases or weakness in a particular organ. By building up other organs to peak health, thus lightening the load on the weaker one, trouble can often be avoided.

After a check-up, a man was told by his doctor: "Everything's fine, really. However, your thyroid is slightly below the normal range of functioning, therefore I'd like to raise it a little—to optimum level."

In a few weeks, on tiny doses of thyroid, the patient felt more energetic and alert. But even more important, the simple therapy could increase his chances of reaching a very ripe old age.

Toning your muscles. Half of your body is muscle. In the thirties, unless you keep them in good trim, your muscles begin to weaken and become flabby.

Physicians studying old age problems state that regular, carefully prescribed exercise can delay this aging of your muscles by restoring their tone. And in so doing it will help delay signs of old age itself, since good general health goes with well-toned muscles.

A dramatic example of what this can mean is the case of the professor, reported by Dr. Thomas K. Cureton of the University of Illinois. Still young, but looking and feeling fatigued and out of condition, the professor was overweight, had high blood pressure, poor endurance, sluggish blood circulation, weak feet and suffered from insomnia.

After a thorough examination, he was advised to walk to and from work, some two miles; take 15 minutes of calisthenics daily; and, at least once a week, take a long hike or play golf.

After six months, he had lost 28 per cent of his over-all fat and 46 per cent of his abdominal fat. His blood pressure was down, his pulse stronger. He also reported he was able to do far more work without fatigue and that he felt, in a word, wonderful. His muscle tone had been restored and he could look forward to a longer life.

Relaxing when you need it. Living is full of strain and stress. Where it is not avoidable it can be compensated for. One way is through vacations. If they offer a change of pace and relief from strain, they can help lengthen life.

Unfortunately, many types of vacations only add strain. We go too far, do too much, knock ourselves out—even spend too much and have that to worry about. These should be avoided.

Your doctor can advise you on the particular kind of vacation that's best for you—and especially on its proper timing.

"It doesn't make sense to take three weeks off in mid-summer when your business slows anyhow and you can relax a little on the job," one man was told by his physician. "Why not try taking two of those weeks in winter when you're working a mile a minute? A vacation when strain is at its height is what you need."

He followed the advice and it has helped make him less tense all year round. He has been singularly free of colds and there are likely to be beneficial long-term effects as well.

Letting off steam. If you don't get rid of tension, it may seriously harm you.

The male death rate is now 36 per cent higher than the female, and doctors believe this is due to the fact that women generally escape the consequence of unrelieved worry, frustration and tension by giving way to tears. On the other hand, men hold in tension, which brings on ulcers, high blood pressure and coronary disease.

After over three years of studying patients with heart disease, Dr. David Gelfand of Philadelphia General Hospital reports that hundreds acquired it because, on their jobs, they acted meek and mild when they felt the exact opposite. Their bottled-up resentments tightened blood vessels, led to permanent high blood pressure and, finally, to heart attack.

One of the best methods for discharging tension is through exercise. Years ago, mental institutions installed punching bags and other apparatus for violent exercise for over-tense patients.

There are other methods also. "We advise many patients," Dr. Gelfand reports, "to go back to their jobs, but not just sit quietly in a corner. We want them to blow their stacks—or at least talk it over with their bosses."

If actually "telling off" your source of resentment isn't practical, you might follow the example of a young architect. Whenever he gets riled over the excessive demands of a client, he writes a letter really telling him off. It's actually a poison pen letter and it's written on the advice of his doctor. But it's never mailed. The architect feels refreshed after writing it. When he rereads it later he gets a laugh.

Doctors call this "ventilation." It's an effective way of getting rid of tension that would otherwise explode in harmful ways.

Establishing a pattern of living. In addition to correcting any excesses or deficiencies in sleep, nutrition, drinking, smoking or sex, for example, your doctor may consider it advisable to help you set up a rhythmic pattern of living.

This past spring, the *New York*

State Journal of Medicine reported an answer to a long-puzzling medical mystery: why many patients tested were well, yet never quite felt well. Many complained of being a little "logy" much of the time. Others had recurrent attacks of heartburn, cramps or a general feeling of discomfort.

Medicine didn't help them. But it was found that something else did. Setting up a pattern of living in which—*every day*—there was a rhythm of work and rest, and play (with exercise) and rest.

Evidently this daily rhythm is vital in keeping the whole body economy functioning smoothly and efficiently. Establishing the rhythm according to your individual need, can delay body depletion and deterioration.

A rising young executive, who worked hard all week and played hard all weekend, required nine and ten hours of sleep every night.

"Sleep eight, even seven hours, instead," his doctor advised. "Get up an hour or so earlier. Walk to the station for some exercise. Make up for the lost sleep with a nap at your desk. Once an hour during the day get up and stretch, take a good deep breath, give yourself a little break. That will rest you also.

"Every day get in some play—any form you like. Try ten minutes of putting practice on your lawn, or some ball-tossing with your son, anything that's leisurely play.

"You'll be surprised at how much more efficient you'll be at your work. And you'll probably live longer because you'll be using your whole body more efficiently."

To accomplish this new kind of medical therapy, many doctors now use a procedure developed by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, Chairman of the New York County Medical Society's Subcommittee on Geriatrics. It starts with an initial examination divided into three visits.

Prior to the first, you detail your whole history—heredity, troubles, environment, work, play, sleep, and eating habits. You also get a complete physical examination.

On the second visit, all this data is analyzed, any rehabilitation treatments needed are begun, and the doctor makes "tryout" suggestions for managing your work, play and other aspects of your life.

On the third visit, after three to four weeks, the "try-out" program is checked and any necessary readjustments made.

Man's normal life span may someday reach 100 years, according to many gerontologists. Some even say it will go beyond 120.

Medicine may have a long way to go to achieve the top limit. But the chances are that your doctor, if you let him apply everything medicine already knows—while you're still in your thirties or forties—can add at least 20 years to your life expectancy.

◆

A QUIZMASTER suggested to a contestant who was obviously hard of hearing that perhaps he needed a hearing aid.

"Couldn't use it, son." The man shook his head. "Hear more now than I can understand."

—LARRY WOLTERS, *Chicago Tribune*

Human Comedy

A CERTAIN TRUMPET PLAYER never hesitates to hock his watch or clock. "I live in an apartment house," he explains, "and when I want to know what time it is during the night, all I have to do is start running the scale on my trumpet, and it's not long before somebody will holler: 'What's the idea of playing that so-and-so cornet at 3:30 in the morning?' "

—OLLIE JAMES in Cincinnati (Ohio) *Enquirer*

IN A GENTEEL and fashionable tea-room in Boston, two youngish spinsters were overheard discussing a matrimonial prospect over cinnamon toast.

"I know he's rich," said the first, "but isn't he too old to be considered *eligible?*"

"My dear," replied her friend with a sigh, "he's too eligible to be considered *old.*"

—JERRY KING

IN A NORTH CAROLINA CITY last Christmas a group of young ladies singing carols noticed something slightly off. Investigation developed that one girl, from even deeper in the South, had been singing: "O lil' ol' town of Bethlehem . . ."

—WARREN HAMMER

FRIENDS OF OURS who bought an old house on Cape Cod soon discovered that the chimney needed repairing and finally succeeded in persuading an old man to do the job.

When four months passed and no bill was rendered they spotted him in the post office one day and asked him, "How about a bill for those repairs?"

"Wull," the old man drawled, "folks 'round here ain't gen'lly in no hurry to pay their bills, so I ain't in no hurry to send 'em."

—VERA FORRESTER

ONE OF HIS young lady students reproached a certain well-known professor for not having read a current best seller. "You'd better hurry," she admonished. "It's been out for over three months."

"Young lady," replied the professor severely, "have you read Dante's 'Divine Comedy'? No? You'd better hurry, too. It's been out for over 600 years."

—BENNETT CERF, *Try and Stop Me*

BACK IN THE days of the Votes for Women campaign, an enthusiastic suffragette was interviewing the wife of a hill farmer with notable lack of success. Finally the campaign worker exclaimed in exasperation, "But don't you want to vote?"

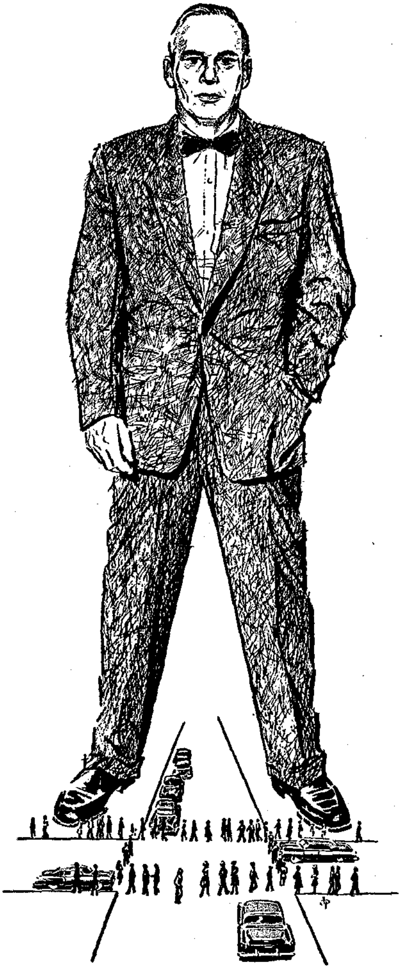
"Good land, no," said the woman. "If there's one little thing the men can do alone, for mercy's sake, let 'em do it!"

—PRISCILLA KENNETH

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

He Makes Traffic Move

by PETER WYDEN



Give the right man authority and you can solve even a hopeless traffic problem

WHEN Henry A. Barnes came to Baltimore in 1953, it took him 25 minutes to drive to work. Today, with traffic heavier than ever, the same trip takes 12 minutes.

This is the handiwork of Barnes himself. A blunt, 48-year-old ex-laborer and electrician who walks with a casual slouch, Hank Barnes is probably the country's most successful—and spectacular—traffic doctor. Many of his revolutionary treatments stir up violent controversy, but they work.

Denver was Barnes' first major patient. In 1947, when he became its traffic engineer, the city was suffering from a classic case of traffic congestion. A motorist could, according to a popular gag, be pushed along for miles in bumper-to-bumper traffic without knowing he was out of gas.

For months, Hank spent 50 hours a week cruising the streets in a car equipped with a radio telephone (to keep in touch with his office), a police radio (which sent him speeding to accidents) and a dictating machine to take down solutions for problems as he spotted them. As a result, he prescribed 30,000 street signs, 180 miles of through streets, 65 miles of new one-way streets, wholesale parking bans and a traffic budget increase from $6,800 to $500,000 a year to install and run his system.

In order to lighten the load on overburdened main traffic arteries, Barnes turned some residential streets into "poor man's freeways." He banned parking along one side. He installed traffic lights—even in the *middle* of some blocks in order to synchronize the flow of traffic on the long blocks with the rhythm of the short blocks—and timed them so that drivers got one green light after another without stopping—downtown in the morning, uptown at night. One five-mile stretch was thus turned into a major thoroughfare for $150,000 where a $5,000,000 expressway would not have accomplished much more.

At certain downtown intersections, Barnes stopped all cars periodically and let pedestrians cross and criss-cross in any direction. When they cleared away, twelve cars could make unimpeded turns where only one could fight through the stream of pedestrians before. This scramble system was called the "Barnes Dance." Barnes did not invent it, but he made it work.

Then Hank designed a $115,000 electronic "brain." As downtown traffic rolled over six strategically placed rubber pads, they registered the number and direction of cars on the move. This information was transmitted to a computer which translated it into a cycling schedule for signal lights at 125 intersections and automatically turned them from green to red, and back, in anywhere from 40 to 120 seconds. Every six minutes the "brain" adjusted the signals to whatever schedule best prevented jams.

Pedestrians and motorists had to change habits of a lifetime, and many didn't like it. Feeling became so tense that when a citizen wrote his newspaper that Barnes must use a potato for brains, Hank replied he was flattered. Most people, he said, didn't think he had a brain.

Even former Mayor Quigg Newton swallowed hard at some of his traffic engineer's reforms (he could no longer park in front of his own home), but he had faith in Hank's sleeves-off approach. Before long, improvement became obvious.

During the six years following Barnes' arrival, population shot up almost 24 per cent and there were 44 per cent more cars on the road, but the five o'clock traffic snarl ended 20 minutes earlier, traffic fatalities were down from 64 a year to 30 and many commuters found travel time halved.

Other cities began asking Barnes for advice. When Baltimore paid him $5,000 to diagnose its traffic ailments, he submitted a 190-page report which all but told the city fathers to start from scratch.

Instead, Baltimore hired him away from Denver, raising his pay from $8,700 a year to $18,000. This made him, with the Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, Maryland's highest paid official.

Barnes' Baltimore predecessor couldn't even install a stop sign on his own. Traffic was run by a commission of five members, each representing different interests. Before Hank would take the job he insisted the commission be abolished. It was, and he was given sweeping powers.

When they are challenged, he says: "You hired me to do a job. If I don't do it, fire me. But don't tell me how to do it."

Not that he doesn't welcome suggestions. Freshly arrived in Baltimore, he announced that he wanted people to tell him their traffic problems. Letters flooded in, and each was investigated and answered.

Baltimore clung to its traditions, but Barnes said: "I don't know the traditions and don't know all the reasons why something can't be done. So I'm just stupid enough to do it."

Up to 30,000 trucks a day used many narrow, hilly streets in the downtown area, for example, and east-west traffic on Highway US-40 often needed an hour and a half to inch through town. Everybody thought the city had no power over trucks. But Barnes got a legal opinion that it did, and created two truck routes through secondary streets. He also abolished truck traffic from nearly 100 other streets.

When Barnes found parking permitted in front of certain businesses and homes along "no parking" streets, he inquired why such exceptions were permitted to block traffic lanes. "Do you know who lives there?" he was asked. Today, it doesn't matter who lives there.

In 1953, Baltimore spent $370,000 on traffic, nearly all for salaries and electric bills. This year the budget is $2,100,000, and the traffic engineers force is up from 70 to 173. Some 3,500 new stop signs have been installed, and miles of streetcar tracks were ripped up. "I have no objections to streetcars," says Barnes, "except that they run on streets."

An $800,000 downtown signal system is in the works with a computer "brain" to regulate lights at 365 intersections. It will be the biggest and most traffic-sensitive ever built and will bring the "Barnes Dance" to 70 intersections.

Traditions toppled wholesale. Four people had been killed in congestion caused by a mid-street statue of Johns Hopkins; only Barnes would have dared suggest moving this hallowed landmark.

As in Denver, protests were loud. When new signal light arrangements didn't work in one neighborhood, honking drivers yelled, "Go back to Denver, Barnes." But Barnes finally won Baltimore over.

HANK BARNES has come a long way from Newark, New York, where he wore other kids' cast-off clothes and quit high school as a freshman to become an $18-a-week railroad laborer.

He is one of the few traffic engineers without a college diploma, but for 20 years he spent most weekday nights in school. During the day, he worked as a cab and truck driver, surveyor, electrician.

Bad luck channeled him into the traffic business. Working in Chevrolet's Flint, Michigan, factory during the 1937 recession, he was laid off. The city electrician was retiring. Hank, who had an electrician's license, passed the civil service examination and got the job.

Later, as signal engineer for the police department, he began demonstrating his deft touch with traffic. A certain street crossing was well-protected according to engineering rules, but 45 cars had crashed there in avoiding pedestrians. Barnes watched the intersection until he discovered that at certain points near mid-street, pedestrians wearing red and green clothes blended in with a neon sign at the corner and became momentarily invisible to even the most careful drivers.

The following night, cars were detoured around the danger spots by islands painted on the street and made luminous with silica sand. The accidents stopped.

Experts at Northwestern University's Traffic Institute liked Barnes' work and recommended him, along with others, for the Denver job. "He combines technical grasp with an understanding of human nature, an unbelievable drive, and the ability to sell," says Franklin M. Kreml, the institute's director. "That makes a good general, a good merchandiser and a good traffic engineer."

Barnes religiously shuns politics. When three Baltimore councilmen asked him to clear with them traffic projects in their districts, he ordered all work in the area stopped. Residents held a protest meeting and Barnes told them: "See your councilmen. They want to be your traffic engineers." Two days later, the councilmen decided to call for a truce.

His sense of humor helps, too. Baltimoreans chuckled when a PTA lady told him, "Mr. Barnes, we're so happy you left Denver to come here." And he replied, "Ma'am, there are a lot of people in Denver who feel the same way."

He'll also admit mistakes. When a one-way street didn't work out as planned, he changed it back and made a lot of new friends of citizens unaccustomed to official admission of error.

Barnes likes to let everybody in on what he's doing. "What people don't know, they're agin," he says. "If you tell people why something is necessary and what it's going to accomplish, they'll let you try it."

He spreads the word on a daily five-minute radio show by reading traffic complaints from citizens and telling what he's doing about them. Friday nights he has a 30-minute "Barnes Dance" program on which he answers telephone calls from anybody who feels like asking him anything. Twice a month he's on TV.

Not all of Hank's traffic tricks would work in every city, but many are adaptable to local conditions. "The traffic problem is basically the same everywhere," he says. "It's congestion. It's moving people, cars and merchandise. And that's the same the world over."

When frustrated taxpayers in other cities ask what they need in order to accomplish what he did in Denver and Baltimore, Barnes lists these "musts": (1) a traffic engineer with broad authority, (2) enough money, (3) freedom from politics, (4) a well-qualified staff and necessary equipment.

At best, engineering alone can't melt away traffic jams. But Barnes has shown that they needn't be as bad as they are.

Undishonored Lady

TWO MIDDLE-AGED spinsters, vacationing at a rustic inn in the Pocono Mountains, were rocking on the veranda one afternoon when suddenly a cackling hen rushed by hotly pursued by a rooster. Just as the hen got to the road, a car came round the corner and ran over it.

"You see, Sarah," said one of the women, nodding righteously. "She'd rather *die!*"

—A. M. A. *Journal*

If I Were 21

by **Adlai E. Stevenson**

I have often wondered what magic lies in the age of 21. The day before our 21st birthday, we are considered immature, uninformed and not responsible. Then suddenly, a strange alchemy remakes our legal and moral selves: overnight we become independent, self-sustaining and competent citizens of the Republic.

One day we are, for all practical and lawful purposes, children. The next, we select presidents, send men to jail, and sometimes inherit the right to squander money which, until now, has been prudently denied us.

Whatever it is—the 21st birthday is about as decisive and pivotal a 24-hour spate of time as any man is apt to have in his life.

Actually, we all know that 21 is no more than an arbitrary, imaginary equator marking off youth from manhood and womanhood. Society said long ago: there has to be *some* point at which to refurbish voting lists and cut umbilical cords—and 21 seemed to be a happy figure. And I suspect that it was selected by solemn, elderly gentlemen profoundly mistrustful of radical, impetuous youth, to whom anything younger than 21 would be risky indeed.

In my case, however, I cannot recall that I was impressed by the significance of this magical age. To be sure there was hilarity and the 21-candle cake. There was my diploma—in sight at last. And there was the privilege of voting. There was also the sudden opening of a Pandora's Box of decisions: would I teach, be a reporter, a rancher, study law. . . . And while the prospect of earning a living and supporting a family must have been sobering, I can't remember feeling any acute anxiety about the future or doubting my adequacy to meet whatever challenges the years would bring.

It wasn't long though before I skidded to a tentative stop, chastened by the realization that all of the regalia of maturity I had acquired was largely symbolic. How very unfortunate, I now chide myself, that 21 had to be wasted on me when I was so young.

Yet—what do I know now that I didn't know at 21?

Whatever it is, as I once tried to put it, it is for the most part incommunicable: "The laws, the aphorisms, the generalizations, the universal truths, the parables and the old saws—all the observations about life which can be communicated readily in handy, verbal packages—are as well known to a man at 21 as at 55. He has been told them all, he has read them all, A distinguished American advises a new generation that it is not the years in your life but the life in your years that counts

and he has probably repeated them all—but he has not *lived* them all.

"What he knows at middle age that he did not know when he came of age boils down to something like this:

"The knowledge he has acquired with age is not a knowledge of formulas, or forms of words, but of people, places, actions—a knowledge not gained by words, but by touch, sight, sound, victories, failures, sleeplessness, devotion, love—the human experiences and emotions of this earth and of one's self and other men. Perhaps, too, a little faith, a little reverence for things you cannot see."

YES, THERE ARE THINGS I would do differently if I were on that equator-like dividing line of 21 again. I think, I like to think, that rather than breathing a sigh of relief at blessed release from classrooms, I would begin educating myself, in earnest. I would rediscover the nearest library—and many of the books I had glanced through with one eye on the report card and the other on the next game. I would try learning, for learning's sake—not for my diploma's—or my parents'—or my ego's.

I would look hard for the inner meaning of the great classics instead of playing a guessing game with my examination questions. I would read, read, read. I would soar where curiosity took me, not just where the recommended reading list pointed. I would be guided by a hungry mind, not by the instinct of competition and survival. And I would question—question everything.

Looking back, I feel that, more than by any other single factor, imaginative, healthy youth is characterized by rebelliousness. It's a good thing, and normal to inquiring youth's uncorrupted vision of pure justice and goodness. It is good for man at every age to seek, to question, to rebel—to keep alive and up to date in body, mind and spirit. Change and progress are the fruit of our re-examination of the methods, attitudes and customs we have taken for granted; they are the fruit of rebellion and rejection of the old.

Our century cries out for boldness, imagination, experiment—for people, as I have said before, "who take open eyes and open minds into the society they inherit."

But in the impetuous rebellion of youth against all the evils that the children of God have contrived, I would go slow. Of course our 21-year-old need not, must not, swallow whole all the tribal beliefs, modes, manners which have been poured on us by parents, teachers and friends. But neither would I automatically throw out whatever I had been told to accept on faith—whatever didn't yield a simple satisfactory explanation to superficial study. I would try to keep 21 the age of the suspended final judgment, the re-evaluation of our moral and political environment.

As a matter of fact, I don't think my generation at 21 rebelled against much of anything. We were just emerging from the first world war and we thought we were on the threshold of everlasting peace and prosperity. It was the age of "flappers," cynical materialism—and normalcy!

But if not of rebellion, it was a period, I think, of irreverence: there was too little of God and the eternal verities in the air when I was 21 and too much talk just of getting a job, making money, somehow, anyhow, and having a good time. It was smash and grab, and devil take the hindmost.

Today, at 21, I would try a little harder and a little sooner to understand that it is not public demonstrations of reverence but the content of religious convictions that really matters; that there are absolutes of religion and morality by which we shall be judged; and that we need God all the time, not just when we are in trouble.

There are so many things I would do if I were 21 again, or at least *should* do! I would, for instance, participate actively in the political life of my community, my neighborhood, my block. How easy it is to look down disdainful 21-year-old noses at politics and politicians! But that is to default in the basic, never-ending fight for democracy. Far better to get to work in the political party of our choice—to let rebellion and reform do battle in the arena, not the grandstand.

If we are prepared to fight and to die for our democratic ideals when they are threatened from without, why not fight and live for them when they are threatened from within? They always are. And the basic struggle takes place every day, and in your own town.

That is why, since 21, I have learned never to underestimate the precinct captain. He is more effective, in his field, for good or for ill, than a July 4th political orator who throws back at a noise-deaf crowd the platitudes it wants to hear. There is no more eloquent expression of democracy than a sincere man persuading his next-door neighbor to vote for his alderman.

I NOW KNOW that the most elemental expression of our belief in democracy is exercising our right to vote. A genuinely free and an honestly informed people will ultimately triumph over intolerance, injustice and evil from without or within. But a lazy people, an apathetic people, an uninformed people, or a people too proud for politics, is not free. And it may quickly be a mob.

While paying deference in this atomic age of infinitely complex problems to the specialist and the technician, I would avoid an easy acceptance of another's thinking.

After all, the great issues of the day are not technical, they are moral. And in a thriving, full-bodied democracy, the moral issues are best decided by a consensus which can only evolve when people—and I mean all the people—reason together, reason aloud, reason their way to clarity of judgment and unity of purpose. How often we have observed the great body of public opinion slowly, clumsily perhaps, arrive at moral decisions which are wiser than those reached swiftly, smoothly by specialists—or computing machines.

And, speaking of specialization, at 21 I would not take any job just because the pay is good or the practical prospects bright. The world's work is vast. Each man who labors at his own job to his best ability, happy in his work, has a dignity that cannot be classified. There is no second-class citizen—or worker—in our great nation. The artisan stands equal to the judge; and the truck driver's contribution to a free, strong nation is as indispensable as the comptroller's.

Einstein once wrote that if he had it to do over again, he would have been a plumber. How much better off many of us—less gifted than Einstein—would really be if we resisted the snobbish temptation to take white-collar work and followed instead a natural bent to work with our hands and muscles! There is incomparable satisfaction in building, repairing, conserving, producing with our hands. It brings most of the beauty and utility in the world. And how much happier many people would be to go home at night with dirt under their fingernails instead of inkstains on their fingers, tired instead of nervous!

No matter what job I took at 21, I would not go into it with the conviction that it would be my last. I would not be afraid to experiment in the search for satisfaction. And while I know how hard it is, I would dare to take on bigger assignments than I was sure I could handle, and I would try to work for bigger, better men than I.

To trade integrity for a quick promotion or to sacrifice self-respect and conviction for the boss' favor is a price I would not pay. Better to be fired for the right cause than to sell your talents for the wrong one. You won't have an opportunity to *try out* your ideas and ideals, unless you resist the temptation to *sell them out*. Conscience is a fragile thing. It dies easily but the pain lasts forever. You have to live with yourself, and hypocrisy is an uncomfortable companion.

If I were 21 I would try a variety of things on the side to see where my interests led me. I would always seek a hobby quite different from my work.

For health and well-being I would also take up a sport. Even if our participation is crude, even embarrassing, there is more health and physical satisfaction in playing games badly than in watching professionals play them well. And I say (with self-conscious concern) that I fear there may be some correlation between the fat that accumulates around our middle and the fat that invades our heads.

So, in my recreation as well as my work, I would start at the beginning of adulthood to develop the whole me, with an aim at perfection but an understanding that the aim, not the achievement, is the important thing.

If I were 21 I would hope for a prompt realization that doing for others is not only a Christian obligation, but also life's greatest satisfaction. A neighborhood boys' club would especially interest me at 21 because too many of us get interested in juveniles, not to prevent delinquency but because of delinquency. Our interest comes too late.

Most young men nowadays find their lives interrupted by several years of military service. It seems to me that a young man who fully understands that each generation must pay a price for the freedom to make its choices would accept this duty with enthusiastic loyalty and eagerness to make the most of it. I would learn the soldiers' or sailors' or airmen's trade, and seize this chance to make new friends among men of widely varying interests and beliefs. I would study with fresh curiosity the new places I saw, nor overlook the opportunities for education and skills which the services offer. I would wear my country's uniform with pride and try to bow gladly to discipline in the knowledge that a team is often more important than an individual player. Our greatest batters have to know how to lay down a sacrifice bunt.

Growing up in this Age of Anxiety, the Age of the Hydrogen Bomb and international hysteria, I would expect of my country's leaders good sense, maturity and consistency in dealings with friends and enemies alike. I would accept in good faith the proposition that while all the ordinary peoples of the world want peace and a better life, the aims and methods of the Western and Communist leaders differ widely. And I would also try to remember that no other people have as much as we do: that misery, ignorance and desire still afflict much of the world, and that we dare not lower our guard while working for the peace and well-being of all mankind, regardless of race, color or geography.

Finally, and most of all, I would try to understand, to know, to feel, the hopes and fears of my contemporaries rich and poor, from town and country, that I might better share and influence my generation—a generation destined to live in an exciting, perilous golden age.

There is nothing so fine as to be 21 and an American. One is for a fleeting instant—and the other is forever. So live—decently, fearlessly, joyously—and don't forget that in the long run it is not the years in your life but the life in your years that counts!

Slip Shows

THE DOCTOR tried valiantly to conduct his examination while his attractive young patient—who had read too many medical articles on latest discoveries and techniques—plagued him with questions. When he explained finally that she needed an operation, the girl nodded knowledgeably and launched into a detailed interrogation of the surgical procedure to be followed, ending: "Doctor, will the scar show?"

"I can't assume responsibility there," the harassed doctor replied. "That, Miss, is entirely up to *you*."

—HANNAH ROBERTS

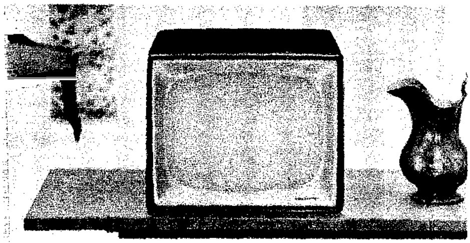
YOUR GUIDE TO
"THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING"

RCA VICTOR

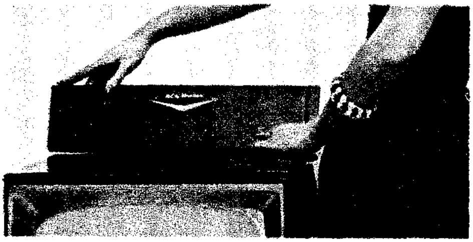
The Rittenhouse Deluxe.
Model 21D648, $339.95
EVERY YEAR MORE SANTAS GIVE RCA VICTOR THAN ANY OTHER TELEVISION!

The Big Change in TV by RCA Victor brings you

7 GREAT ADVANCES IN STYLING, PERFORMANCE, AND VALUE



1 **The new "Un-Mechanical Look."** TV's first complete re-styling! TV that's fine furniture...with the new *all-picture* look.

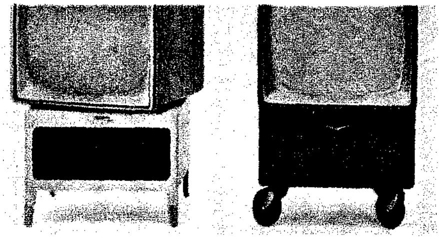


2 **New "High-and-Easy" Tuning!** 3 convenient ways to dial—"Hidden Panel," "High-Side" or "Up-Front" tuning!

3 **New "4-Plus" Picture Performance!** Greater brightness, contrast, steadiness! In all Super and Deluxe models.

4 **New Balanced Fidelity Sound!** Re-creates the *entire range of sound* sent out by the most powerful networks!

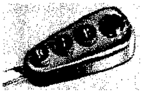
5 **New "Front Window" VHF Channel Indicator!** Lets you see your channel faster and more clearly than ever.



6 **New Swivel Models... New Rollarounds!** Here's the convenience you've always wanted. All have two speakers!

7 **Prices Down as much as 18%!** And as much as $100 more value per set than in previous comparable models!

NOW—High Speed UHF tuning on any RCA Victor TV set at lowest price ever: $25, extra.

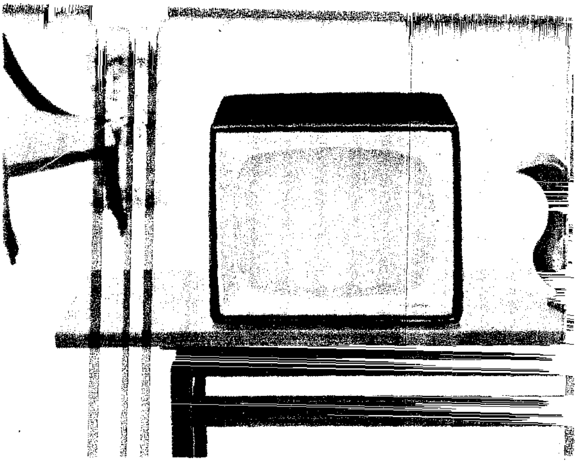


New RCA "Magic Brain" Remote TV Control. From your easy chair, turn set on and off, select channels, control brightness, contrast, volume. For most RCA Victor black-and-white VHF TV models. Optional, extra.

Remarkable performance at budget prices

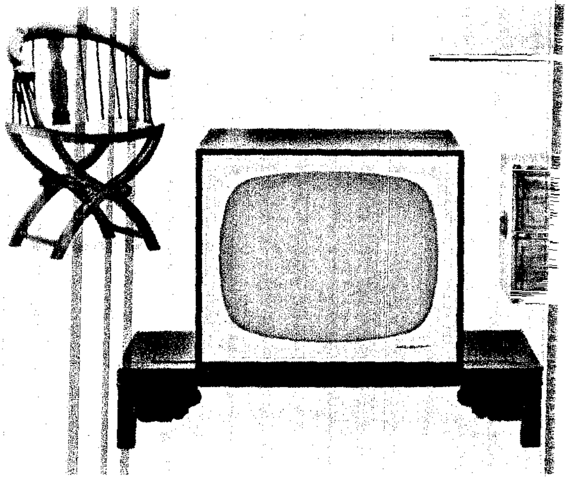
SPECIAL MODEL

17-inch Thrifton. High style at the lowest price for TV in RCA Victor history! Convenient "Hidden Panel" tuning for that striking new "Un-Mechanical Look." "Deep Image" picture. In Ebony finish (17S6022), $149.95.* In mahogany grained (17S6025) or limed oak grained finish (17S6027), $159.95.*



SPECIAL MODEL

21-inch Towne. Lowest priced RCA Victor TV with Oversize "All-Clear" picture tube. New "Hidden Panel" tuning. New Balanced Fidelity Sound. As shown, black textured finish (21S6052), $179.95.* In modern new maroon textured finish (21S6053), $189.95.*



SPECIAL MODEL

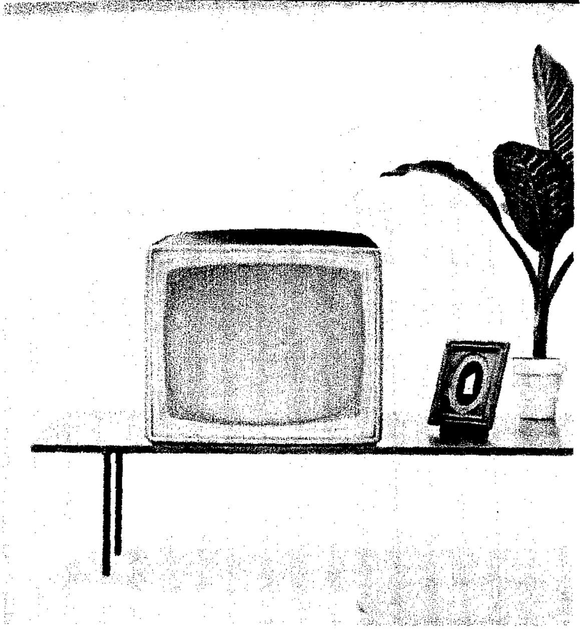
21-inch Brady. Console TV at RCA Victor's lowest price ever! Fresh, new all-picture look. "Hidden Panel" tuning, Balanced Fidelity Sound, Oversize "All-Clear" picture tube. Available in two smart finishes (21S632). As shown, mahogany grained, $249.95; limed oak grained, $259.95.

*Matching stand optional, extra.

Famous RCA Factory Service, assuring you of expert installation and maintenance is available in most TV areas—but only to RCA Victor TV owners.

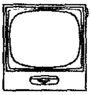
RCA VICTOR
Tmk ® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"



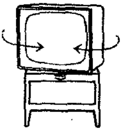
SUPER SET

21-inch Headliner. Lowest priced RCA Victor TV with "4-Plus" picture quality. Oversize 21-in. picture tube. "Hidden Panel" tuning. As shown, in ebony finish (21T6082), $199.95. In maroon finish (21T6083), $209.95. Stand optional, extra.



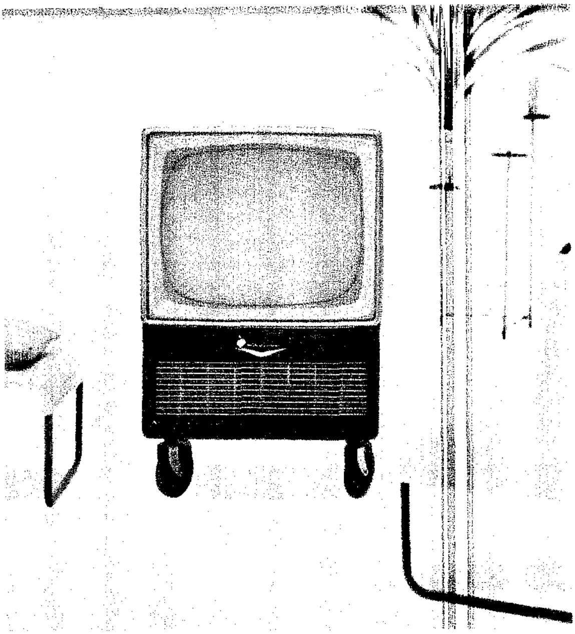
See the 24-inch Wayland. (24T6142). Only $249.95.

$500 picture quality



SUPER SET

21-inch Pickwick. Two speakers for room-wide sound! It's RCA Victor's lowest priced TV that swivels. New "4-Plus" picture quality. Three finishes. As shown, limed oak grained (21T6257); mahogany grained (21T6255) walnut grained (21T6256), $259.95.



SUPER SET

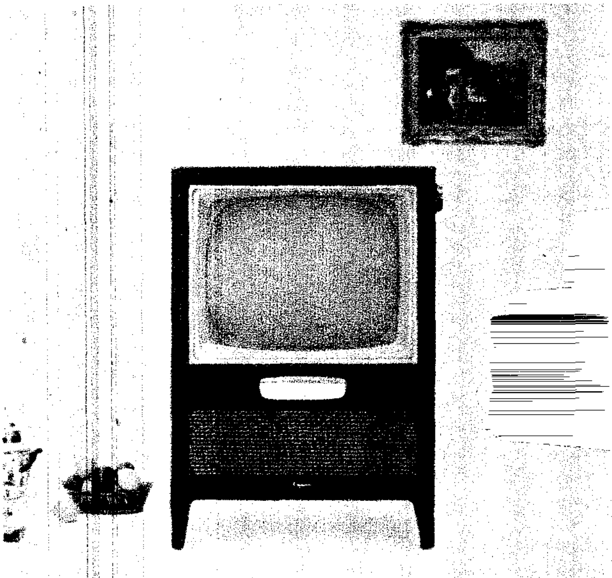
21-Inch Transette. Here's RCA Victor's lowest priced TV with two speakers! "Big-Wheel" rollaround . . . glides over carpets, doorsills. "Hidden Panel" tuning, "4-Plus" picture quality. As shown, in mahogany grained finish (21T6225) or in limed oak grained finish (21T6227), $259.95.

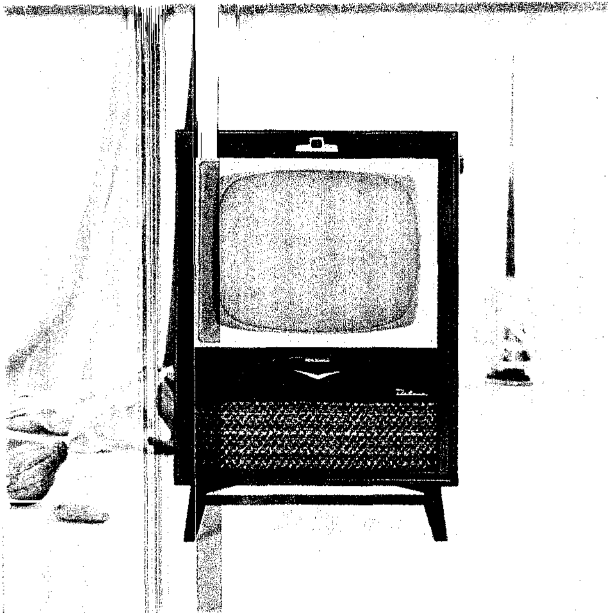
n sets as low as $200!

SUPER SET

21-inch Gladstone. One of RCA Victor's biggest values! High-powered performance, "4-Plus" picture quality, "High-Side" tuning. Plus "Personalized" tone control and phonojack. In three finishes (21T635): As shown, mahogany grained, $269.95. Walnut grained or limed oak grained finish, $279.95.

See Milton Berle, Martha Raye on NBC-TV alternately, 2 out of every 3 Tuesdays. And don't miss NBC-TV's spectacular "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color or black-and-white, *December 12.*



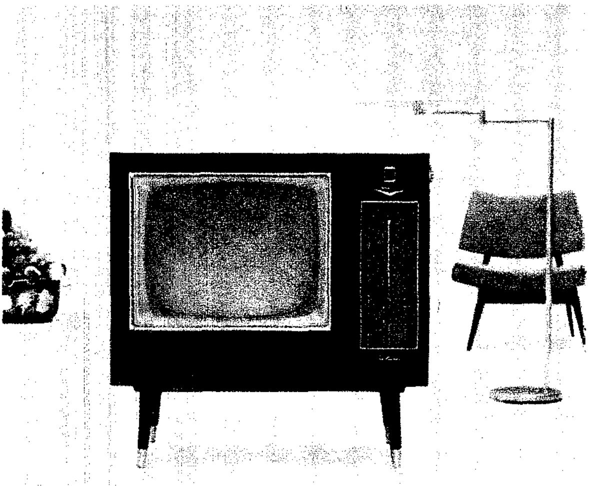


21-inch Winfield Deluxe. For those who seek inspired styling plus superb performance—RCA Victor Television Deluxe at the lowest price in RCA Victor history! Twin speakers, "4-Plus" picture quality, "High-Side" tuning. In two finishes (21D641). As shown, mahogany grained finish, $299.95; limed oak grained, $309.95.

Here is the ultimate in custom

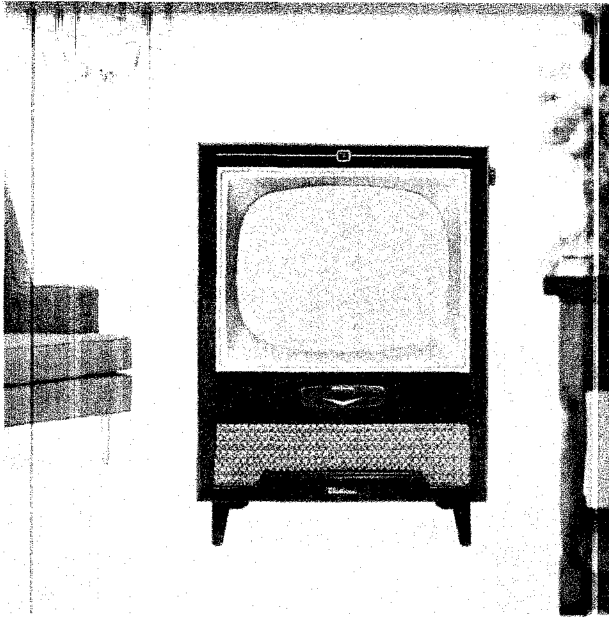
With illuminated "Front Window"

21-inch Glenwood Deluxe. Here is TV's most modern silhouette—long and low. Yet you dial while standing, thanks to "High-Side" tuning. Two speakers . . . wonderful new Balanced Fidelity Sound, and "4-Plus" picture performance. In rich walnut finish with gold-toned accents (21D652), $349.50.



RCA VICTOR
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

24-inch Everest Deluxe. Contemporary styling . . . superb reception . . . bigger-than-life 24-inch picture tube! "Magic Monitor" deluxe chassis for finest performance possible. Twin-speaker Balanced Fidelity Sound. Two finishes (24D655): mahogany grained, $349.50; limed oak grained, $359.50.

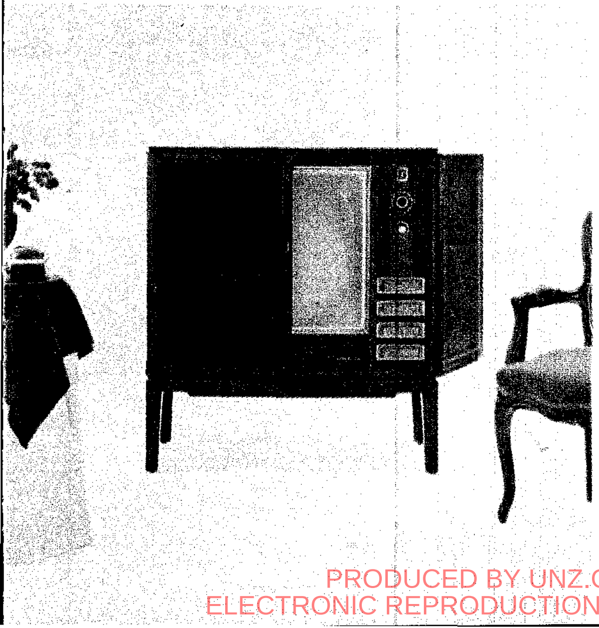


styling, exceptional performance

VHF Channel Indicator

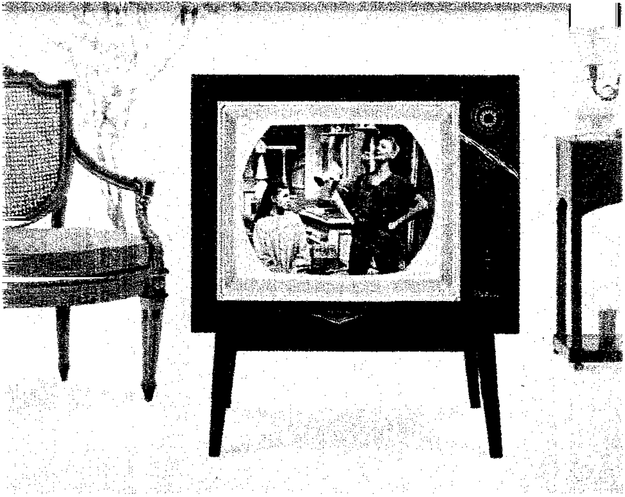
RCA Victor Television

Deluxe



24-inch Chatfield Deluxe. The splendor and dignity of Traditional styling—captured in a low-boy Bigger-than-life 24-inch picture tube. With new "4-Plus" picture quality: extra brightness, contrast, steadiness. In two finishes (24D676): regal mahogany or two-toned teak figured and walnut. $500.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised list prices for VHF black-and-white TV and UHF-VHF Color TV shown, subject to change. Black-and-white TV slightly higher in far West and South; UHF optional, only $25 extra.



The new 21-inch Seville. Lowboy styling. Mahogany finish, or blond tropical hardwood finish. Model 21CT661. $795.

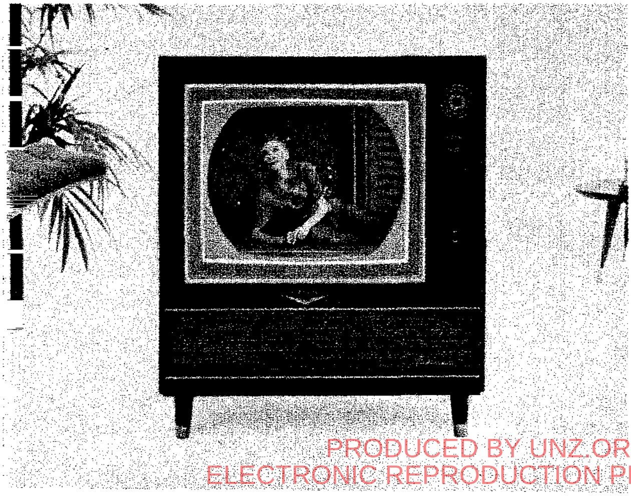
BIG COLOR IS HERE!

See these handsome new 21-inch Color TV sets!

Wrap up a rainbow—and for Christmas give your family Big Color TV by RCA Victor! Even the Christmas tree looks pale in comparison, when the big screen fills with unbelievably beautiful color. The picture's bright, steady, clear. And because RCA Victor Color TV is compatible, you see your favorite black-and-white programs in finest black-and-white quality!

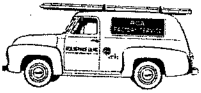
More color TV shows than ever before! So . . . give your family "The Gift That Keeps On Giving"—Big Color TV!

RCA PIONEERED AND DEVELOPED COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION



The new 21-inch Director. Two speakers. Mahogany finish or blond tropical hardwood finish. Model 21CT662. $895.

Worry-Free! Have your set installed and serviced by RCA's own technicians. Only RCA Victor TV owners can get an RCA Victor Factory Service Contract (optional, extra).



Starring SAMMY

by BERNARD SEEMAN

At 29, his versatile talents—and a throbbing inner quality that electrifies audiences—have brought him the success he dreamed of, and still can not quite enjoy

Behind the curtain, Sammy's vibrant confidence gives way to deep feelings of inse-

A HUSH gripped the audience in the Venus Room of Las Vegas' New Frontier Hotel as the spotlight picked up a short, wiry, strangely graceful young man with a black patch over his left eye and a cocky jut to his chin.

It was May 30, 1955, and Sammy Davis, Jr., was about to demonstrate his personal victory over disaster. The crowd glittered with celebrities. This was his return engagement.

Six months before, the 29-year-old entertainer had played upon that very stage, then left for Hollywood. His car had crashed and he awoke in a hospital, his left eye gone, his career all but shattered.

Now, finally, he was back. He grinned, looking out to the expectant faces of the audience; he felt they were with him, wanted him. Impulsively, Sammy peeled off the eye-patch, revealing his glass eye, and the crowd went wild.

His opening song, "It's Good to Be Home," keyed the mood; after that, he danced, and suddenly he was Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, derby and all, making his feet do impossible things. Then he was Sammy Davis, Jr., doing a frantic, modern dance.

His voice soared in perfect imitation of Frank Sinatra, Johnnie

curity that the lean years have left.

Ray, Eddie Fisher, Billy Eckstine. He was Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby, brogue-perfect in a gentle dialogue. He seized a trumpet and became "Satchmo" Armstrong. On the drums he pounded out frantic rhythms with the sure beat of Gene Krupa.

For over an hour, he was everything and everywhere, triumphantly pulling the audience with him, until it pulsed with the same excitement that throbbed within him.

Reported *Variety* of Sammy's performance that night: ". . . he's one of the great café entertainers of our time."

In the months since this fabulous return engagement, critics and public alike have had added reason to acclaim Sammy's greatness. Constantly in demand for TV and nightclub engagements, he is also scheduled to star in a Broadway musical, his Decca album, "Starring Sammy Davis, Jr.," is a national best seller, and Hollywood is bidding for his services.

But, ironically, Sammy finds it difficult to relax and enjoy his success. The insecurity of the lean years have left their mark.

"One minute, I'm walking twelve feet in the air," he admits, "then I remember how it feels to be locked out of my hotel room—and I'm flat on my back."

His personal life is hectic. He is constantly rushing from party to theater to nightclub, frantically reaching out for new experiences, new friends. Perhaps, as he himself feels, he is trying to make up for a childhood he never had.

Growing up, as he did, in the fast-changing world of show business, with no fixed home, no roots, Sammy yearned for the assurance that only real friends could offer. "Even today, when people accept Sammy," explained a friend recently, "and give him the feeling of being wanted and needed, it's like putting a roof over his head."

Not long ago, Sammy was being interviewed in a Philadelphia hotel suite by a magazine writer who is also a friend of several years' standing. About an hour before Sammy was due to leave for his evening's performance at the Latin Casino, he lay down to take a nap and the writer rose to leave.

Sammy stopped him. "Please, don't go, don't go. Sit there till I get up. You can read or something. But don't go."

Sammy is a success. But it came hard—very hard.

BACK IN THE middle '20s, his uncle, Will Mastin, had a big, flashy act called "Holiday in Dixieland" which toured the vaudeville circuits. Sammy's father and mother met on the act, were married on the act. Sammy was born on the act.

When he was three years old he joined it, sitting around on a plantation set to give atmosphere. One day, he got up and did an impromptu dance on his own. The audience loved it—and Sammy Davis, Jr., age three, was on his way.

As the years passed, Sammy watched and listened. "He had a personality like a sponge," his father recalls. Once, in New York, with no money for a ticket, he would sneak into Harlem's Apollo Theater each morning when it opened, grab a seat in the front row and study "Bojangles" Robinson.

The real hardships began when the Depression hit vaudeville. The big Mastin act kept getting smaller and smaller until only Sammy's father, uncle, and he remained, offering songs, dances and patter.

The late '30s were Sammy's growing-up years. Most of the time the Trio wandered from one town to another, performing in obscure clubs and theaters for barely enough money to get them to the next town.

In 1943, Sammy went into the Army. Although he had never completed the equivalent of high school, his mark on the Army IQ test was fourth highest at the induction center. He applied for overseas combat duty but a slight heart condition kept him in this country giving Special Service shows.

He received a medical discharge in 1945, rejoined his father and uncle on the West Coast and was booked into "Slapsie Maxie's" nightclub. The Trio was still a song and dance act, but Sammy had built up his part with new material and impressions of celebrities he had tried out in the Army.

The audience wouldn't let Sammy off the stage, and the Trio was held over eight weeks. Then—nothing. It was as if they never existed. With vaudeville dead and television in its infancy, there was barely room for even the top name acts.

In 1947, Frank Sinatra, whom Sammy had met in Detroit, got the Trio booked into New York's Capitol Theater with him. They were sure they had broken through at last. But soon after, they were broke and locked out of their hotel.

This pattern kept repeating but through it all, the act was gradually getting better known; and Sammy kept watching and learning, striving to perfect his talents.

The turning point came in 1952 when the Trio was booked into Ciro's in Hollywood as an opening act. They caused such a sensation that after the first night they were the headliners. Eddie Cantor signed them to appear on his Colgate Comedy Hour, and Sammy had his first chance to show a nationwide audience what he could really do.

The rest is show business history.

Although his father and uncle merely provide a song-and-dance framework for Sammy's incredibly flexible talents, any suggestion to split the Trio leaves Sammy furious. "They are the base from which I

[illegible]

[illegible] in a precise imitation of Bill "Bojangles" Robinson

take off—they help me get the feel of audiences. Anyway, whenever we had only a dollar, they would take the dime and give me 90c. They poured an awful lot of hope into me."

Sammy's hobby is photography, and his cameras are always with him. A fanatic on Shakespeare, he has collected every version of The Bard ever recorded in English, plays them constantly, repeats them aloud.

Although he has studied acting briefly, he hasn't yet had a chance to prove himself as an actor. "But," he predicts, confidently, "I guarantee one thing. I will be the first Negro to win an Academy Award for the best performance. I give myself ten years. By 1965 I'll have a big fat Oscar on my mantelpiece."

Sammy is very popular with fellow entertainers. Frank Sinatra, who befriended him during the bleak years, is his idol. Sinatra, for his part, has tremendous respect for Sammy, both as a friend and as a performer.

"If we were ever again booked on the same bill," says Sinatra, "I wouldn't follow Sammy for a piece of Disneyland."

Sammy met Jeff Chandler and Tony Curtis in Hollywood about five years ago and they became fast friends. "We were three guys starting out with similar ambitions and problems, and we sort of got together to conquer the entertainment world."

Actually, Sammy leans on Chandler as a big brother who understands his problems. Tony Curtis plays the role of kid brother, supplying laughs and a lighter touch.

Once, during a nightclub performance, one of the patrons shouted a racial slur. Sammy froze in mid-motion, bewildered and hurt. Then he picked up exactly where he had left off.

When it was over he quickly called Chandler in California. "How can I face it?" he pleaded. "What can I do? You're Jewish, Jeff, you know what it's like to be hit below the belt. . . ."

They talked for more than an hour. When he hung up, Sammy was calm, his panic gone.

"The world's opening up ahead of me and I'm moving into it," Sammy says. "But I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Every time I think of how wonderful things are I remember the time the Trio got a big break—a chance to appear on the Ed Sullivan show with all the top agents watching.

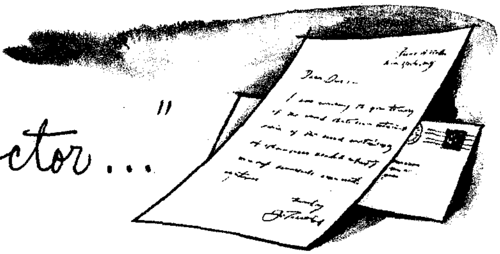
"We knocked ourselves out to be good, but the cameras went dead. They could only hear our voices. The minute we finished, the picture came on again. Boy, the Fates sure were working overtime."

To this, Ed Sullivan adds a footnote. "It was when the picture went off that we realized how great Sammy really was. You could only hear the tapping of his feet and the sound of his voice; but the way he gripped the audience and held them—that was the acid test."

* * *

THE CLOTHES THAT make the woman are the clothes that break the man. —*Grit*

"Dear Doctor . . ."



For years, Juliet Lowell has collected unintentionally funny letters addressed to famous people, to business concerns and to government boards and bureaus. They have appeared in her best selling books, *Dumb-Belles Lettres*, *Dear Sir*, *Dear Mr. Congressman*, and others.

Here is a selection from her latest book, *Dear Doctor*, of some amazing letters addressed to the men of medicine.

Dear Dr. ———:

What can we do? I'm worried about my son because he's worried about me because he thinks I'm worried about him.

Mrs. Nathan O———

Dear Dr. ———:

Someone said I should go to a psychiatrist. Can he cure me with my clothes on?

Juanita F———

Dear Dr. ———:

Since you operated upon my nose, I smell wonderful.

Godfrey S———

Medical Society
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Would you tell your members about my home—a nice vacation spot, one block from the beach, lovely garden, spacious rooms, parlor occasionally used as funeral home.

Mrs. Conrad D———

Dear Dr. ———:

My 60-year-old father is losing his teeth and now the same thing is happening to my 6-year-old daughter.

Could she be catching this from him?

Mrs. John D———

Dear Dr. ———:

My husband has diabetes and has to be insulated twice a week. Please send the insulation.

Eloise C———

Dear Dr. ———:

Our baby looks healthy and we are not going to take your advice and take him to a pediatrician as there is nothing wrong with his feet.

Mrs. Wally W———

Dear Dr. ———:

I don't feel well. What are there in the way of new diseases?

Mrs. Nelson B———

Dear Dr. ———:

You told my husband to take a

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vacation. What could you suggest? Last year we took a cruise around the world. This year we want to go somewhere else.

Mrs. George J——

Dear Dr. ————:

Please unquarantine us as my son is now unmeasled.

Yours truly,
Molly T——

Dear Dr. ————:

I stammer very badly. Could you cure me before my boy friend finds it out?

Fanny V——

Dear Dr. ————:

I would like to come to you if you could improve my dreams.

Loretta M——

Dear Dr. ————:

Since you prescribed a salt-free diet for me, is it bad for me to breathe deeply when I am at the beach?

Mrs. Rosalie H——

Dear Dr. ————:

After all you did for me I just got pregnant.

Thank you.
Winnie E——

Dear Dr. ————:

Can you send me a proper diet for my daughter. She is in the habit of dieting on any kind of food she can lay her hands on.

Maggie F——

Medical Board
Washington, D.C.

I have athlete's foot. Can that reject me from the Army, or does the Army even need athletes?

Clarence Y——

Dear Dr. ————:

I went to the eye clinic like you told me to and the optimist said I was all right.

Anthony P——

Dear Dr. ————:

I think I've got a small cavity in one of my teeth. Please try to keep your bill same size.

Lester D——

Dear Dr. ————:

What can you do for my husband? He has insomnia so bad he can't sleep while he is working.

Mrs. Luis Q——

Dear Dr. ————:

I have insomnia. Should I go home and sleep it off?

Rutledge N——

Dear Dr. ————:

Sorry I don't have the money to pay you now, but please don't unoperate me.

Harvey C——

Blue Cross
New York City

My doctor told me to stop working so hard and go out with girls to relax. How do I get this under the Blue Cross plan?

Jerry P——

Dear Dr. ————:

So why did you send me a bill?

I took the first appointment in the morning because your nurse told me that the first appointment in the morning was free.

Jacob J——

THE LITTLEST SNOWMAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

by CHARLES TAZEWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ART SEIDEN

I LOVE YOU TRULY

IN A CERTAIN TOWN—on a certain First of December morning—everyone was startled out of his hollywreathed dreams about the approaching Christmas by the loud and joyful voice of every bell in every tower and steeple!

In an instant, every house came wide awake and, after hastily drawing curtain or shutter, opened its startled windows.

From out of all those windows popped the assorted heads of mamas in their kerchiefs and papas in their nightcaps; grandmothers in their shawls and grandfathers with white beards parted and tied up over the ears to guard against frostbite; and children of all shapes and sizes wearing sleep-suits, slumber-suits or almost-next-to-birthday-suits.

The first thing that everyone saw was that Old Man Winter, at long last, had arrived bag and blizzard in the night!

As far as the eye could see, there was a fleecy house-to-house carpet of snow. Every yellow-faced street-lamp wore a white mandarin robe. Every picket on every fence was topped with a jaunty white beret.

The second thing which caught everyone's eye was the solid gold convertible with the blue mink upholstery owned by His Honor, the Mayor.

It was rolling slowly down the snowy street, preceded by two hard-pressed street cleaners whose flying shovels made paths for the great tires which had been especially winterized with last season's political hot air.

The spun glass top was folded down—and in the front seat were His Honor and His Wife. It was quite plain to see that they must have jumped out of bed in the greatest of haste and clothed their importance with the first thing at hand.

The Mayor wore his old campaign hat and a striped bathrobe. His Wife was wrapped in her lucky chinchilla, artfully decorated with simulated moth-holes, which she kept for speechmaking in the poorer precincts.

Standing up in the rear seat of the convertible was the famous Bing Sinatra! To the music of the scarlet-coated town band, which snowshoed behind the Mayor's car, he was singing:

"Oh, the snow is fallin'
An' to you I'm callin'
It's the Littlest Snowman's
  Birthday!
Come along you chillin
An' the grownups willin'
It's the Littlest Snowman's
  Birthday!

"Oh, he cried 'Farewell!' on a
  warm spring day

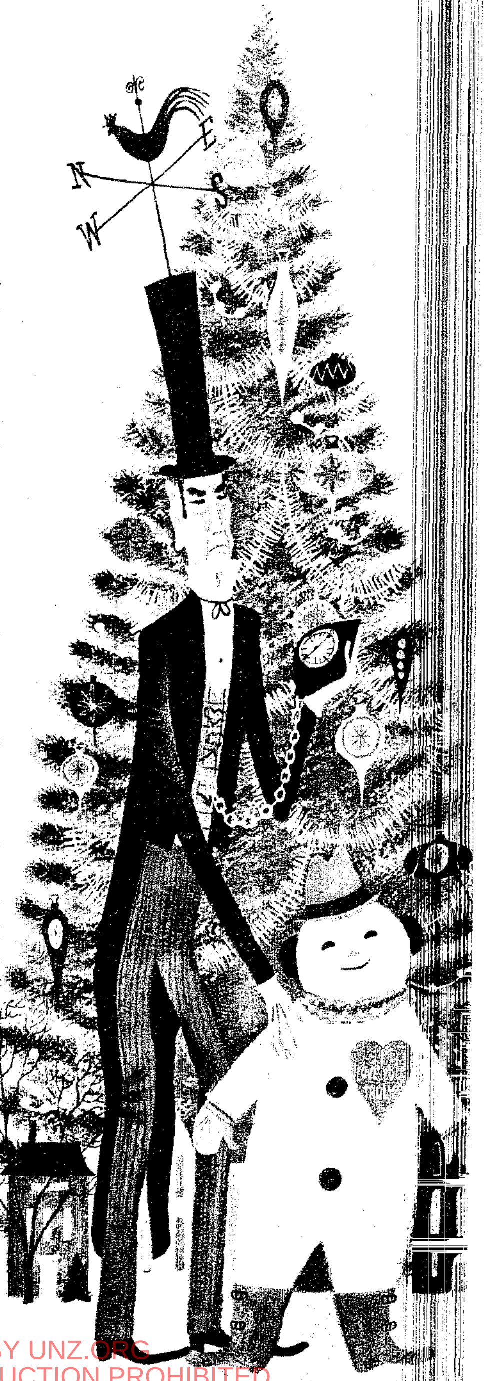
With a tear in his black coal eye,
But he said, 'Old Chums, sure as
winter comes
I'll see you bye and bye!'
Oh, I ain't miscallin'
When to you I'm bawlin'
It's the Littlest Snowman's
Birthday!"

This was indeed happy news—for the Littlest Snowman was the town's favorite Winter Visitor.

The last note of the song, quivering on the frosty air, scarcely had time to freeze as round and as solid as a phonograph record before people were running out of their houses—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker; the poet, the preacher, the grammar school teacher; the soldier, the sailor, the needle-nosed tailor; the doctors, the drapers, the kids cutting capers; the broker, the bouncer, every Towser and mouser; all the plainworkers, chainworkers and eminent brainworkers—everyone racing after the Mayor's car to a house which stood on Winter Avenue!

THERE, IN A YARD on the shady side of the street and on the shady side of the house, they came upon the almost-born Littlest Snowman. The small boy, who was the only one in the whole town who knew how to assemble him, was just adding the finishing flakes.

Gathered around him were his anxious helpers. Grandfather Squirrel, wearing his yellow earmuffs and mittens, was holding the Littlest Snowman's old brown hat. Reuben Rabbit, in a jazzy jumper suit, had the red handle of the broken kitchen spoon which would



soon be the Littlest Snowman's mouth. Mr. and Mrs. English Sparrow, proud of their Coronation Pink snowboots, had in their beaks the two pieces of coal which would serve as the Littlest Snowman's eyes. Marmaduke Mouse, in an overcoat and derby of Roquefort green, was holding the blue marble which was the Littlest Snowman's nose.

The final and most important finishing touch was carefully held by the little golden-haired girl from next door. It was a candy heart—and on it was lettered "I Love You Truly."

Pressed gently into the Littlest Snowman's breast, it would immediately start to beat a-mile-a-minute beneath the second bottle-top button of his vest. Then the Littlest Snowman would radiate so much love that even the most doleful passerby would suddenly feel warm and wanted and wonderful.

The instant the Littlest Snowman was born—the moment that his black coal eyes started to twinkle and his red spoonhandle mouth stretched in a friendly smile—the Mayor stepped forward and made his speech of welcome.

It was a momentous occasion. The flash-guns of the newspaper photographers went off like Fourth-of-July sparklers.

Mr. and Mrs. English Sparrow were so excited that they flew over the crowd dropping their h's like a shower of confetti and cirping nstead of chirping, " 'Ip, 'Ip Ooray!"

Grandfather Squirrel, Reuben Rabbit and Marmaduke Mouse, with great presence of mind, quickly formed a chain to pass along the autograph books from the crowd so that the Littlest Snowman could write his name for his admirers.

Then, with the Littlest Snowman seated on the hood of the Mayor's golden car, they paraded to the park in the center of the town.

There, standing proudly with its tipmost top much higher than the tallest building, was the Biggest Christmas Tree to be found in the fabulous Fir Forest of the Far North. It was decorated with thousands of bright ornaments of every shape and rainbow color, miles of glittering tinsel and leagues of snow-white popcorn strings—each kernel as large as a footstool because it had been popped by atomic power.

The Littlest Snowman pressed the switch and the Biggest Christmas Tree was instantly lighted by a myriad of colored lights—each one gleaming against the thick, dark needles like a precious stone.

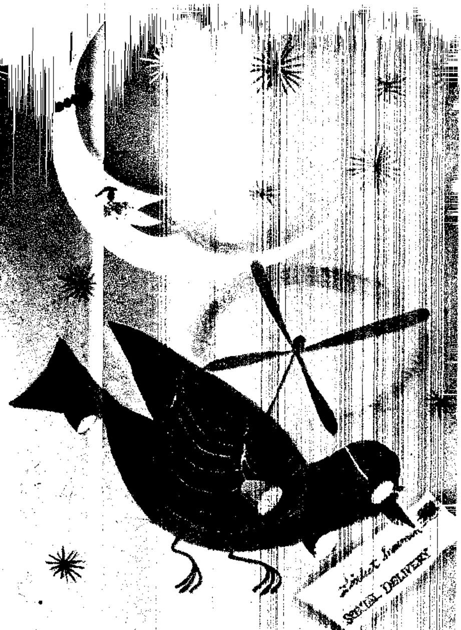
Then the crowd held its breath as the Weather Man stepped forward. He was as long and as thin as the glass on a thermometer and his tall silk hat had a built-in wind gauge and weathervane. Across his fancy vest, handsomely embroidered with a weather chart, was a large-linked watch chain. On the end of it, instead of a watch, was a turnip-sized barometer.

Putting one arm around the Littlest Snowman's shoulders, the Weather Man looked at his barometer in a most grave and studious manner. Then, returning it to his vest pocket, he solemnly proclaimed:

"I predict and *absolutely guarantee*

that we will have an old [illegible] 'S' Christmas! *Sliding*, *Skating*, *Sledding*, *Skiing* and *Snowshoeing!* It will be clear and cold until the 24th—and on Christmas Eve it will snow just enough to give us a White Christmas!"

All the townspeople agreed that this was the most popular prediction that the Weather Man had ever made—and the Five Hundred Snowmen and Snowladies of the Front Yard Set immediately voted him the Man They Would Most Like to Drift With.



THREE EVENINGS LATER, when the stars were twinkling as brightly as the lights on the Biggest Christmas Tree, the Littlest Snowman received a special-delivery letter. It arrived by helicop-pigeon, a reliable old male bird who wore flying goggles and was equipped with landing lights under his wings and a red identification light under his tail.

Grandfather Squirrel, Reuben Rabbit, Marmaduke Mouse and Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow gathered around the Littlest Snowman to find out what important message would be sent in such haste and at such an hour.

The Littlest Snowman tore open the envelope and held up the enclosure. It was of Christmas red—and written in Jack Frost's beautiful hand. It said:

Littlest Snowman, Esquire
You Are Invited To The Annual
!! SNOWMEN'S SNOWBALL !!
TOMORROW NIGHT!
TOWN PARK!

So the following evening, every snowflake in place, the Littlest Snowman shuffled over to the park on his fat little feet.

When he arrived, the famous Snowmen's Snowball was well under way and Snowladies and Snowgentlemen were waltzing gracefully to the music of the renowned Swiss-nightingale Sleighbell Ringers.

The Littlest Snowman's first dance was with a portly Snowmatron, who wore a gorgeous bottle-top tiara. She was so tall and so fat that the Littlest Snowman's feet never touched the ground and he fox-trotted frantically on nothing but frosty air.

His partner for his second dance wasn't one whit better. She was a thin bobby-socked Snowgirl with orange floor-mop hair and she insisted on teaching the Littlest Snow-

man to rock and roll. He found it most exasperating to be spun about over her head as though he were a pinwheel.

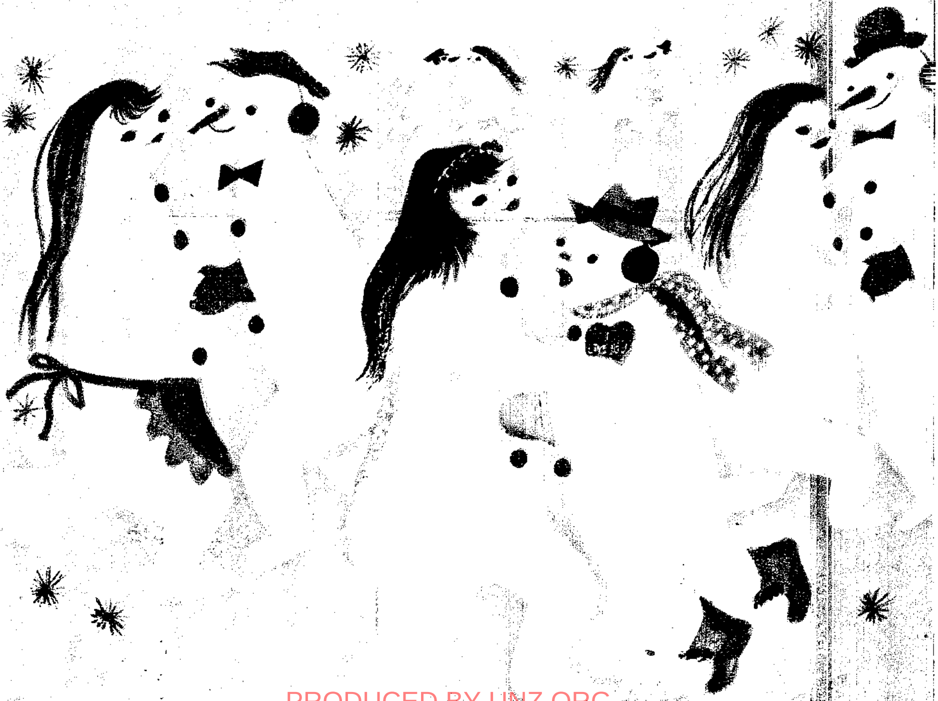
After this ordeal, the Littlest Snowman staggered dizzily toward a table where refreshments were laid out for the guests—a great punch bowl of ice water and an appetizing assortment of colored icicles.

As he stood there, snowy fingers waved in front of his face. The Littlest Snowman, believing that it was some friend who wished to shake hands, grasped them firmly. To his surprise and horror, he learned that he had become the very last dancer on a long conga line. He again went sailing through the air—and on every fast turn he was cracked as though he were the snapper on a whip.

Then, suddenly, over the music and the voices of the dancers, rose a spine-freezing scream. It came from the pink-comb mouth of the bobby-socked Snowgirl.

"Snake!" she shrieked. "Look at the Snake!"

Instead of looking down at the ground, all the Snowpeople turned and stared at a large thermometer, lettered "Compliments of A. Weather Man. Assorted Weathers for All Occasions" which hung on a tree. Snake was the most terrifying word in Snowpeople language. It meant the long red line which slithered up



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and down on such a thermometer.

"The Snake!" the Snowgirl squealed again. "The Snake is crawling up and up!"

And it was! The Snowpeople saw that it had already passed thirty-five degrees and was wiggling toward forty.

"I'm melting!" wailed a fat Snowmatron.

"I'm defrosting!" cried a Snowman-about-town.

"I shall swoon from heat perspiration!" moaned a Snow-debutante.

"Come!" someone shouted. "Hurry! Let's go to our own yards and pull our snow blankets over our heads!"

In no time at all, the Littlest Snowman was left all alone. He looked at the thermometer and saw the deadly red Snake wiggle upward another degree. Sadly shaking his head and with each fat little foot leaving a puddle of water behind him, the Littlest Snowman slushed hurriedly homeward.

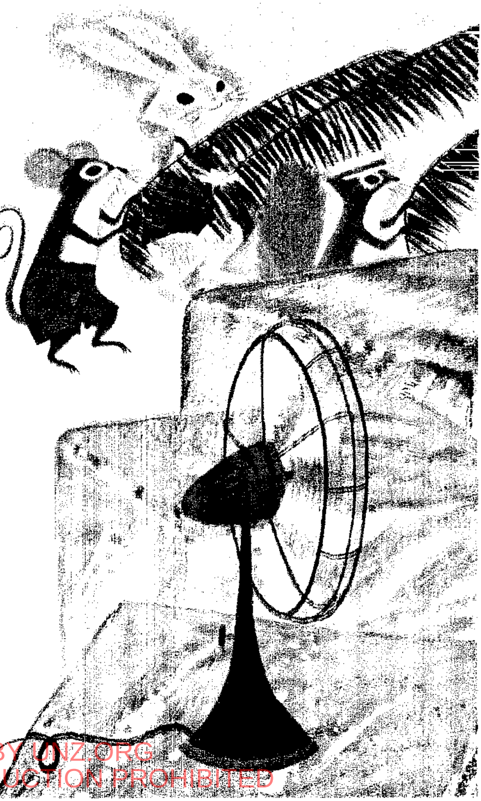
THE FOLLOWING MORNING was even warmer. Under the bright sun, the snow on the rooftops melted away and trickled down the drainspouts. The thick blanket of snow on the streets and lawns shrunk to a thin, threadbare sheet.

The Littlest Snowman, by good fortune, was on the shady side of the street and on the shady side of the house. But even so, he became thinner—and thinner—and thinner!

The red Snake in the thermometer never crawled down below the freezing mark in the two weeks that followed—even though the town hired three East Indian snake charmers, working morning, night and swing shift, to sit cross-legged below it and pipe their most coaxing melodies.

Grandfather Squirrel, Reuben Rabbit and Marmaduke Mouse watched the Littlest Snowman with anxious eyes. When his temperature rose to a hundred and eight drips an hour, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow flew to the Town Hall with the frightening news.

The Mayor immediately proclaimed a Town Emergency and the Red Cross, ever alert, sent in a team of disaster experts. A field hospital, built of ice blocks from the



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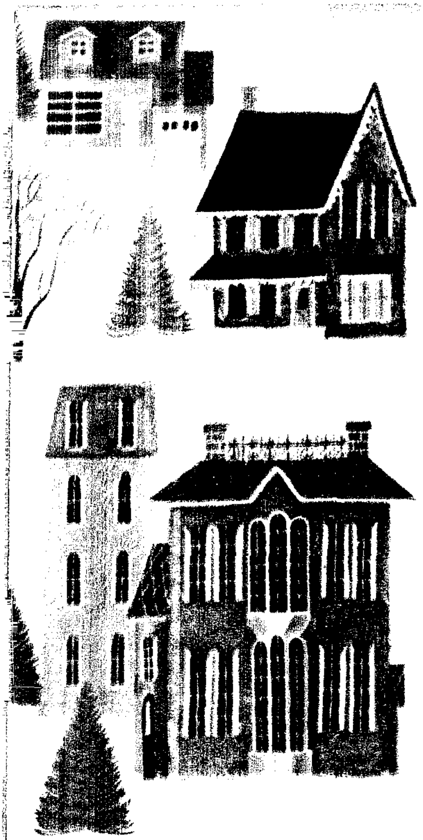


local ice company, was erected in the Littlest Snowman's yard—and day and night he was tended by famous doctors and efficient nurses.

Thousands of townspeople, anxious for some word on the Littlest Snowman's condition, tip-toed up and down the street which was lined with ominous signs that read, "QUIET! HOSPITAL ZONE!"

Things were indeed black just before dawn on the morning of the 23rd of December. The Littlest Snowman's candy heart beat so slowly that the words, "I Love You Truly" could be read by even the slowest reader.

Then—as though in answer to the prayers of all the townspeople—kindly Providence sent a howling, frigid gale from out the Earth's deep-freezer at the North Pole. The cowardly red Snake in the thermometer, seeing the wind's bared teeth, dropped with a foiled hiss into its bulbar lair to hide at zero-minus-twenty.

The doctors and the nurses, their capes, gowns and stethoscopes flying straight out in the freezing wind, formed a line to shake the Littlest Snowman's hand, to congratulate him on his recovery and to wish him a Merry Christmas.

He had grown very thin. His fat little legs were now mere pipestems. There were dark, sooty circles under his black coal eyes. Indeed, he wasn't much wider than an icicle. But he did manage a merry smile as Grandfather Squirrel, Reuben Rabbit and Marmaduke Mouse, their teeth chattering from the cold, sang:

"For he's a j-jolly good
S-Snowman!
For he's a j-j-jolly good
S-S-Snowman!
For he's a j-j-jolly good
S-S-S-Snowman—
And s-s-s-so s-s-s-say all of us!"

THE NEXT EVENING, since it was Christmas Eve, the Littlest Snowman decided to seek out his fellow Snowpeople and wish each one a happy holiday. On his thin little snow feet, he wobbled up and down the streets. But nowhere could he

find a single Snowperson. All had melted and vanished.

When he arrived at the park, he found the soft snow dancing-ground bare and black. All around, the trees and shrubs, without their white snowy scarves, resembled angry giants and gnomes who reached out with black, twisted arms to grasp at him.

Frightened and feeling terribly alone because he now knew that he was the only snow in all the town, the Littlest Snowman ran as fast as his thin legs could go toward a bench under a lamppost where a man was sitting.

To his great surprise, he found that it was Mr. Weather Man. Something must have happened—because he was crying great tears. As they popped out of his eyes, they immediately froze and dropped to the ground to roll away as though they were marbles.

"Oh, *Mr. Weather Man! Dear Mr. Weather Man!*" said the Littlest Snowman. "What is the matter?"

"*It isn't going to snow!*" sobbed the Weather Man. "*It isn't going to snow a single flake!* Oh, they're going to hate me! They'll just *double-double* hate me! Why—people have bought hundreds of sleds, snow suits, toboggans, snow boots, snowshoes and other such things for Christmas presents just on my guarantee that we'd have snow! *Oh, I've spoiled everybody's Christmas—and they're just going to hate me!*"

"Oh, now, Mr. Weather Man!" said the Littlest Snowman in his most fluffy, comforting manner. "Why, no one could *hate* you even if he tried—because Christmas is always a kind, generous, loving time!

"Of course, the children might be very, very disappointed—and we can't have that, can we? Now you just come along with me and we'll see that they have all the snow they want for Christmas!"

Taking Mr. Weather Man by the hand, the Littlest Snowman raced with him across the park toward a large electric sign, which flashed:

ICE CREAM—SHERBETS—ICES
*WHOLESALE *** RETAIL*

The Littlest Snowman and the Weather Man bought every last gallon of assorted ices that was on hand—and asked for immediate delivery at the foot of the Biggest Christmas Tree.

Sixteen trucks, shaped like great ice cream cones, were instantly loaded and they went racing across

the park to make a circle around the massive trunk.

After eating a gallon of strawberry ice and a gallon of pistachio ice, the Littlest Snowman started climbing up the towering tree. Behind him climbed Mr. Weather Man, carrying a long rope.

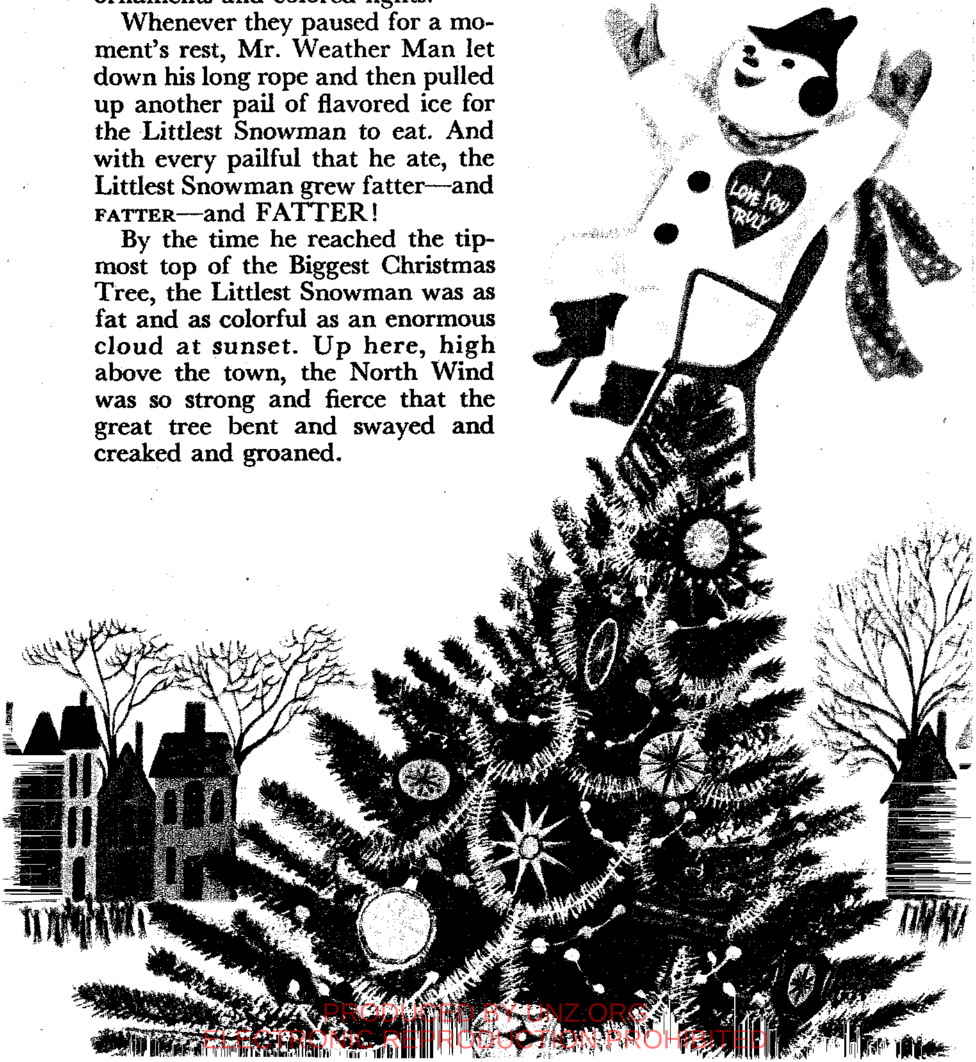
Up and up they went—crawling through the thick strands of tinsel, over the high popcorn strings, through the mirror-maze of bright ornaments and colored lights.

Whenever they paused for a moment's rest, Mr. Weather Man let down his long rope and then pulled up another pail of flavored ice for the Littlest Snowman to eat. And with every pailful that he ate, the Littlest Snowman grew fatter—and FATTER—and FATTER!

By the time he reached the tipmost top of the Biggest Christmas Tree, the Littlest Snowman was as fat and as colorful as an enormous cloud at sunset. Up here, high above the town, the North Wind was so strong and fierce that the great tree bent and swayed and creaked and groaned.

"Come down! We must climb down, Littlest Snowman!" shouted the Weather Man—and his voice seemed only a whisper in the roaring wind. "*Hurry! You must climb down or you'll be blown to pieces!*"

"*Of course I will!*" cried the Littlest Snowman. "*And just think, Mr.*



Weather Man, what beautiful snow all those children will have for Christmas!"

Even as he spoke, the icy fingers of the fierce North Wind began to pluck the Littlest Snowman as though he were a Christmas goose or turkey. Flake by flake—orange flakes, raspberry flakes and lemon, lime, pistachio, coffee, pineapple and chocolate. Flakes of every flavor and color that have ever been seen at any soda fountain.

Over the town they flew that Christmas Eve—falling on roofs, yards, fences, streets and people's hats and shoulders; building up in many-colored drifts in sheltered places to give the town the most beautiful Christmas that it or any other town in the whole wide world had ever seen.

But—on Christmas Day—there was no Littlest Snowman.

To give the town its snowy Christmas, the Littlest Snowman had destroyed himself.

Oh—but the people of the town could not have that!

Why, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker; the poet, the preacher, the grammar school teacher; the soldier, the sailor, the needle-nosed tailor; the doctors, the drapers, the kids with snow-scrapers; the broker, the bouncer, every Towser and mouser; all the plainworkers, chainworkers and eminent brainworkers—*and* the Mayor *and* his Wife—they all started to work to put the Littlest Snowman back together again. They hunted through the drifts and they gathered every last white flake.

Then the little boy, who had first made the Littlest Snowman, went to work and in no time at all, there he was as good as new. In fact, he was better than new because they added four gallons of vanilla ice to fatten him up after his ordeal.

Oh, but there was one thing missing. His old brown hat was there—his black coal eyes—his blue marble nose—his red spoonhandle mouth—*but where was his candy heart that said "I Love You Truly"?*

THEY SEARCHED EVERYWHERE for it—in the park, in the yards, on the housetops—and the Mayor was just about to call on the FBI to seek out the candy heartnappers, when the little boy shouted and pointed upward.

Everyone looked—and there, at the tipmost top of the Biggest Christmas Tree, shining as brightly as an airplane beacon, was the heart of the Littlest Snowman!

No one even dreamed of bringing it down. Instead, they lifted the Littlest Snowman to the top of the tree—and there they put his heart back in its proper place. Yes—and when that had been done, no one even thought of taking him back to his own small yard. It seemed only right and proper to build him a seat atop the Biggest Christmas Tree.

All Christmas Day and all Christmas Week, the Littlest Snowman sat there with a jolly smile on his happy face and his candy heart beating "I Love You Truly" so loudly that it could be heard in every corner of town!

After all, as everyone in town said, isn't "*I Love You Truly*" just another way of saying "*Merry Christmas*"? ♛♛♛

IN THE WORLD of little wooden men, Jerry Mahoney is a standout. He does not merely talk, sing and dance. He smokes (and gets slightly ill from it), boxes, shines shoes, plays the drums.

Paul Winchell, who makes Jerry not merely a person but a personage, is one of the best ventriloquists in show business.

Together they have made the "Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney Show" (NBC-TV, Saturdays, 10:30-11 A.M., EST) the most popular daytime television program on the air. Children love to watch Paul and Jerry clown, sing their "Why?" songs ("Why does a firefly light up?") and give out prizes for achievement to youngsters.

Paul Winchell's mail bulges each week with letters from school teachers commending the "painless form of education" on his program.

Paul feels that this children's

show has opened a new era for him. It allows him a comfortable informality which extends to his costume —a sports shirt, sweater and slacks.

Recognizing his popularity with children, the Toy Guidance Council asked him to demonstrate 104 toys considered best from an educational viewpoint on a filmed, 15-minute TV series to be shown for 13 weeks before Christmas across the country.

At 32, "Winch" is an unassuming, pleasant, average-looking man with an enormous appetite for hard work—which affects him like a cocktail—an enormous capacity for learning and growing, and a rabid devotion to the minutest details of his job. He has a quick smile and blue eyes bright with perpetual enthusiasm, a thin mouth and protruding jaw, expressive sculptor's hands and prizefighter's muscles.

His earnings from television, personal appearances, club dates, and the sale of Jerry Mahoney ventriloquist dolls, puppets and merchandise are put at an annual figure of $250,000.

Since Jerry Mahoney is a perpetual 12-year-old, his shenanigans derive from Paul's tireless study of the antics of 12-year-olds. An armful of comic books each week helps him to keep up with kids' interests. Unlike the ventriloquists who have their dummies built for them, Paul builds his own, for he started out in life to be a sculptor. The Winchell workroom is a fantastic place full of spare arms, legs and heads of Jerry. Here are developed new techniques to bring Jerry to life.

Whenever Paul is in a "situation," Jerry does the talking. A highly-paid Hollywood guest star once arrived late for rehearsal. Paul greeted her cordially, murmuring, "It's perfectly all right." But Jerry cut in indignantly, "What d'yuh mean, Winch—all right! She held us up 20 minutes. Who does she think she is—anyway?"

Paul shushed Jerry and apologized for him. The lady laughed, but next day she was more punctual. Jerry gets away with it. He rushes in where Paul fears to tread.

What Winch has made of Jerry in little more than a dozen short years, is nothing compared to what he has made of a skinny kid with a short leg and a gigantic inferiority complex—Paul Winchell.

PAUL IS THE SECOND child of Solomon and the late Clara Winchell. His father was a tailor, and hard put to keep his three children fed. The Depression, which was supposed to have passed, seemed to linger in the Winchell home in New York City. At six, Paul came down with infantile paralysis.

The things he remembers about this time are the lonely months in the hospital, and the biting fear that he would not be able to walk again. Paul was a frail little fellow when he came out of the hospital, but he wanted desperately to be able to do what the other youngsters did. And he was always trying to, even with his brace.

Paul was lucky in his parents. His father was a friendly little man who, whatever he lacked in money for his children, made up in companionship.

Paul and his father both loved to work with their hands, and Paul could draw, model and carve at an early age. When he told his parents he wanted to study art, they sighed a little but offered no objection.

Soon after Paul started at the School of Industrial Arts, he chanced upon one of those "Be a Ventriloquist" books. Paul read it, then other books on ventriloquism from the library. He sought out the school's instructor of puppetry and stagecraft—Jerome Magon.

"Can you teach me to make a ventriloquist dummy with a movable mouth?" Paul asked.

Magon said he could, and Paul transferred into his class. He started with papier maché masques, advanced to modeling in clay and casting models in plaster, and eventually emerged with a forerunner of Jerry Mahoney.

One day, as Principal George K. Gombarts neared an empty classroom, he was startled to hear a cry, "Help—help! Somebody get me out of here!"

He rushed into the room, over to the clothes closet from which the cry came. He tried the door—it was unlocked. No one was inside.

Puzzled, he wheeled around. Behind him sat Paul, eyes sparkling, a grin of triumph on his face.

"I caught His Royal Highness moving his lips," is the way Gombarts tells it. No one ever has since!

That afternoon, the principal suggested, "Why not let your dummy campaign in the school elections?"

Paul had never spoken before the student body, but after all, it wouldn't be as if *he* were talking. He agreed to try it.

On stage he went, making a joke here, a wisecrack there. The school loved it, and Paul came down from the platform a very happy kid.

Gombarts told him he ought to try for the Major Bowes Amateur hour on the radio. The prize—$100—would help a lot in the Winchell home.

The winners were chosen by the number of votes telephoned in to the station. The 14-year-old boy won by a landslide. Paul's record still stands as the highest of all time, according to Ted Mack, Bowes' successor.

THINGS HAPPENED FAST after that. Bowes offered Paul the chance to go out with a unit at a salary of $75 a week. But after six months on the road, he grew homesick. Twice he told Major Bowes, "I'm leaving. I'm going to be a sculptor. I have to finish school."

The Major argued him out of it; and a couple of years later, after trouping through the West, Paul made Jerry. He was then 17.

When he went on the road with Ted Weems' Orchestra, he met a young trombonist, Ray Heath, whose hobby was weight-lifting. One look at Ray's bulging muscles decided Paul to lift weights, too. Soon, he had gained 56 pounds and a lot of stamina.

"I'd been a belligerent kid, always spoiling for a fight," he admits. "When I knew I could lick most anyone, I lost my desire to fight."

After his success as a trouper, Paul decided to crash Hollywood. At 19, he moved his family to California, but got nowhere at the studios. Broke, he worked his way back East. While playing theater and club dates, he met and married pretty, 17-year-old Dorothy Morse.

They have been married 12 years

now, and have a nine-year-old daughter, Stephanie, and a two-year-old son, Stacy. Paul has taught Stephie to be quite a ventriloquist —she can work two dummies at the same time.

The Winchells have a new, spacious home in Larchmont, New York, where Paul spends his days off. When Stephie gets home from school, she and Paul may be found in his workshop—she painting, he trying something new with Jerry, or Jerry's cohorts, Knucklehead Smiff and Irving the Mouse.

Blessed with an understanding wife, Paul is also blessed with an understanding and shrewd manager, attorney "Chubby" Goldfarb, whose associates in handling Paul are Mike and Mary Vallon, also theatrical attorneys. Goldfarb first signed Paul to appear with Woody Herman's band, and went out to New Jersey to catch Paul's act. As he came backstage, he found Winch supposedly locked out of his dressing-room by Jerry, and pleading to be let in. Jerry refused to open the door until two minutes before the performance.

"It was the greatest piece of creative ad-libbing I ever heard," Goldfarb declares. He decided right there that Paul was a genius.

Under his guidance Paul has grown into a mature performer and a thoroughly likeable person—humble, sincere, thoughtful.

Paul has a theory that any shy, backward child, any youngster with a speech handicap, can be helped through trying to be a ventriloquist. Ventriloquism doesn't take any special gift, he says—just practice before a mirror. And he gives youngsters these hints to start on:

"Take a deep breath, keep your teeth lightly together and your lips slightly parted in a smile. Now let the air out slowly as you squeeze your voice into short phrases like 'How are you?'

"You can say every letter in the alphabet without moving your lips, except B, M, V, P and F. Avoid these by substituting other letters. For instance, say 'Please continue' as 'Glease continue,' and no one can tell the difference!

"One can't learn to be a ventriloquist and think of a handicap at the same time—that's why ventriloquism is good medicine," he says.

It is medicine that brought Paul Winchell a long way.

Show Stoppers

BOB SMITH, who interviews members of his studio audience, asked a woman visitor what was the first thing she had done when she arrived in New York.

"Well," she replied, "I am here on my honeymoon."

—J. N. TUCK (*NY Post*)

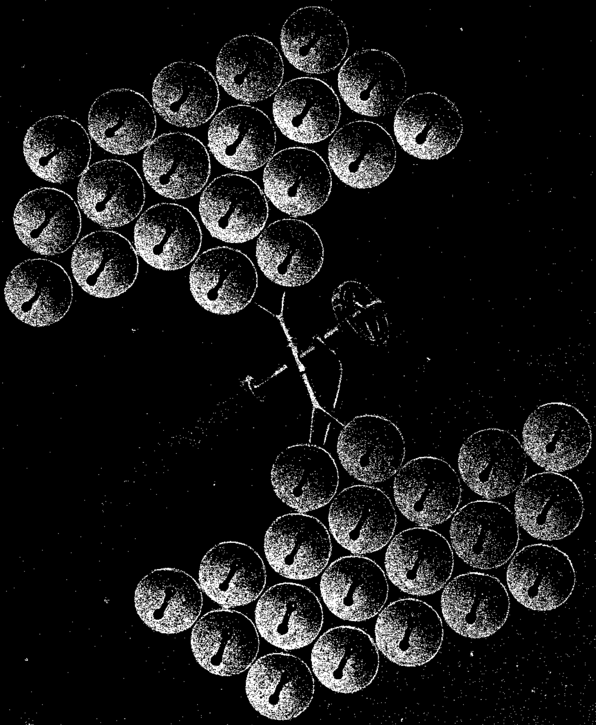
HOME FOR SUPPER

ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS on "You Bet Your Life" turned out to be a sky-writing pilot.

"Doesn't your wife worry about you a lot?" asked Groucho Marx.

"Why should she?" replied the flier. "She can always see where I'm at."

—PAUL STEINER



electric space ship

by Robert W. Seese

A simple but revolutionary idea, developed by a young German-born physicist, removes major difficulties in outer space flying and brings interplanetary travel closer to reality

At last, after 26 centuries of speculation on the possibility of interplanetary travel, man seems ready to do something about it.

Long before the Wright brothers first lifted him off the ground in sustained flight in our atmosphere, scientists were experimenting with rockets as possible vehicles for deep space voyaging. The main difficulty here was the matter of weight: weight of the fuel necessary for propulsion and of the rocket capable of carrying and burning it.

Then Dr. Ernest Stuhlinger, a young German-born physicist soon to become an American citizen, came up with an idea so simple that it was almost impossible to believe—an electrically propelled space ship powered by energy from the sun.

The idea of electrical space propulsion is not new, but it remained for slim, balding Dr. Stuhlinger, who is now working on guided missiles for the U. S. Army, to produce a practical plan for putting it to use.

Rockets employ the reaction principle to push themselves forward by shooting some kind of material backward. Those burning alcohol and liquid oxygen, for instance, force a hot stream of propellent particles out of their tailpipes or propulsion tubes. The hotter and higher the speed of the stream, the greater the thrust forward.

Since the speed of the particles depends on their temperature, the rocket motors must be run as hot as possible. This requires extremely heavy equipment to keep them from melting, and the expenditure of enormous quantities of fuel.

So space engineers have been looking for some means other than heat to force the material out of the tailpipe. If they could make the propellent particles move with great velocity while keeping them fairly cool, they would have a much more effective and economical means of propulsion.

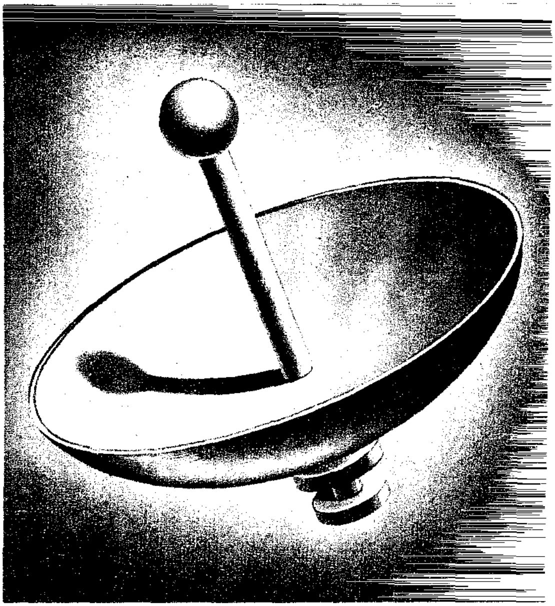
This is exactly what Dr. Stuhlinger's electric space ship does.

The material to be shot out of its propulsion tubes is electrically charged particles of cesium, a rather rare metal selected for its ionization properties. It works on the general principle of the electron-gun in the familiar TV cathode-ray tube.

Ionization, the process of transforming the cesium into positively charged particles or ions, is not difficult. It is accomplished in the ship's propulsion chamber. The ions are then accelerated to great speeds by an electrical field in the propulsion tubes.

Since the speed of the ionized particles is much higher than that of heat-propelled material, a comparatively small number of them will give the ship a considerable thrust forward. So it can cruise for months, or even years, on a modest amount of cesium.

Energy will be necessary, of course, to accomplish ionization of



Each power unit on the interplanetary space ship will be composed of parabolic mirrors made of thin aluminum foil. As the sun's rays hit the mirrors, energy will be reflected onto the boilers. Steam from these boilers will drive turbo-generators to supply electric power to the ship's propulsion system.

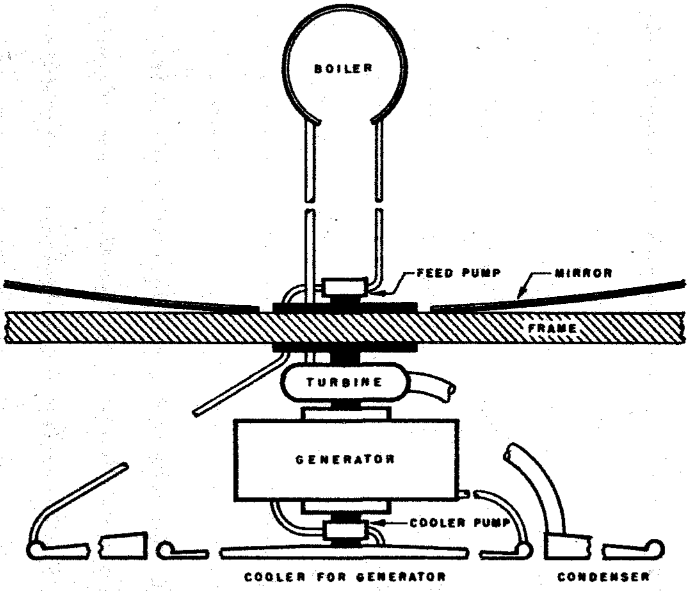
the cesium and to maintain the electric field. Here the sun comes in. Power for the operation of an electrical generating plant is readily available in its energy flow. An average area of one square yard in outer space receives approximately one kilowatt of heat power.

Parabolic mirrors of thin aluminum foil on the electric ship will concentrate this radiating heat on boilers. And the steam from the boilers will drive turbo-generators to supply electrical power to its propulsion system.

Since its sustained but comparatively weak thrust cannot blast the ship free of earth's gravity, its jumping-off place for an interplanetary flight will be a man-made space station circling, or orbiting about, the earth at an altitude of 1,075 miles. Recent announcement by the Armed Forces of their decision to collaborate on an unmanned "baby" satellite makes such a manned space station virtually assured within the next ten years.

Here Dr. Stuhlinger's electric space ship will be assembled, its parts brought up from the earth by conventional multi-stage rockets. The chief obstacle in the way of long-range space flight has been the tremendous difficulty of carrying large amounts of chemical fuel up to a satellite space station. Electrical propulsion reduces the fuel and effort by almost 75 per cent.

FROM preliminary designs—which Dr. Stuhlinger proposed last year at the Fifth Annual Congress of the International Astronautics Federation meeting in a paper



called "Possibilities of Electric Space Ship Propulsion"—his radically different interplanetary ship can best be described as moth-like in appearance.

The wings are made up of power units mounted on skeleton-like frameworks. Each power unit is composed of a heat-gathering mirror, boiler and turbo-generator. Each unit is capable of functioning independently. The body, or fuselage comprising the operational compartments and propulsion units, is between the wings.

Having neither air resistance nor gravity to contend with, the ship's construction will be extremely light. Hence its cost will be but a fraction of a chemically-propelled rocket. Where a fully-equipped rocket ship of conventional design would weigh approximately 1,100 tons, the electric space ship will weigh only 250.

THE CREW WILL ENTER the cylindrical control gondola at the forward end of the fuselage through a pressurized air-lock. Their quarters will be comfortable, if a bit cramped, and are presently planned for a crew of 25 men.

Blast-off from the space station will be as unspectacular as the departure of a train from a railway station. There will be no fiery jet trail, and absolutely no sound.

Instead, a faint luminous glow will appear at the expulsion tubes and slowly, gently, the ship will lift away at an initial velocity of some 15,800 mph, the speed of the orbiting space station it is leaving. Its flight path will roughly parallel that of the space station for a time. Then slowly, very slowly, it will gather headway until it gains sufficient velocity to escape from its free orbit about the earth. Then it will point its nose toward its destination in outer space.

During the flight, the independent power units will be linked up in parallel, like a string of Christmas tree lights. Thus, if one ceases to function due to failure or meteor damage, it can be repaired without interrupting the continuous operation of the rest of the power plant.

So simple is the construction of Dr. Stuhlinger's ship that it would be possible to make repairs by using only the contents of an ordinary electrician's kit.

Surprisingly, the danger from meteors is not nearly so great as was once thought. Actually a "large" meteor is about the size of a grain of sand. "Giants" of an inch or more in diameter are so rare that a space ship could travel for thousands of years without bumping into one.

On a trip to Mars, for example, the electrical system would accelerate the ship for the first part of the outward voyage. Then the ship would turn round and the thrust would decelerate it so that it would be able to enter into a free orbit about Mars with the precise velocity desired.

A flight to Mars would take about 18 months. A conventional rocket ship might make it in half the time, but its cost would be over ten times as much.

The electric space ship could not, of course, make a landing on Mars—or on earth or any of the other planets, for that matter. Its design does not permit of wing surfaces to enable it to plane down through the atmosphere, if any. Nor is the thrust of its present power system sufficient to serve as a brake and allow it to back in to a landing.

But it could be of inestimable value for reconnaissance purposes prior to landings by rocket ships. Radar and visual observations made from it could disclose details of the atmosphere, the terrain and the chemical consistency of the new world. It could photograph the hidden face of the moon, pierce the Venusian shroud, solve the mystery of the rings of Saturn and the canals of Mars. And, most important of all, it could answer the age-old question of life on other planets.

Man seems ready now to advance into the Space Age. And Dr. Stuhlinger's amazingly simple electric space ship should put him at last on the pathway to the planets.

Travel Talk

AN ELDERLY New York woman's first plane ride was a flight to California. Asked what she thought of it, she gasped excitedly, "Oh, it was wonderful! It was just like discovering you're pregnant one day and having a baby the next."

—MARIAN GIBBS

ON A MOTOR TOUR through Georgia we stopped at a small crossroads store for a soft drink. The proprietor, who had been apparently very comfortable in a chair on the porch, arose, followed us inside and told my husband that he had only quart bottles of soda and they were $.90 each.

"A little high, isn't it?" my husband asked.

"Had to get up and come in to wait on you," the proprietor replied.

"You won't get many customers at that price, will you?"

The proprietor grinned. "Won't need many!"

—BEATRICE G. KARL

THE OLD FELLOW was taking his first plane ride from New York to the Pacific Coast. He told the hostess he was not very interested in looking out; he had seen Chicago before the great fire and crossed the plains in the gold rush.

She urged him to look at the Grand Canyon but he said he had been to the bottom on mule's back. However, as the plane flew over he was seen taking a peek.

"What did you think of it?" asked the hostess.

"Well," the old fellow said, "it sure has grown a lot since I saw it last."

—*Wall Street Journal*

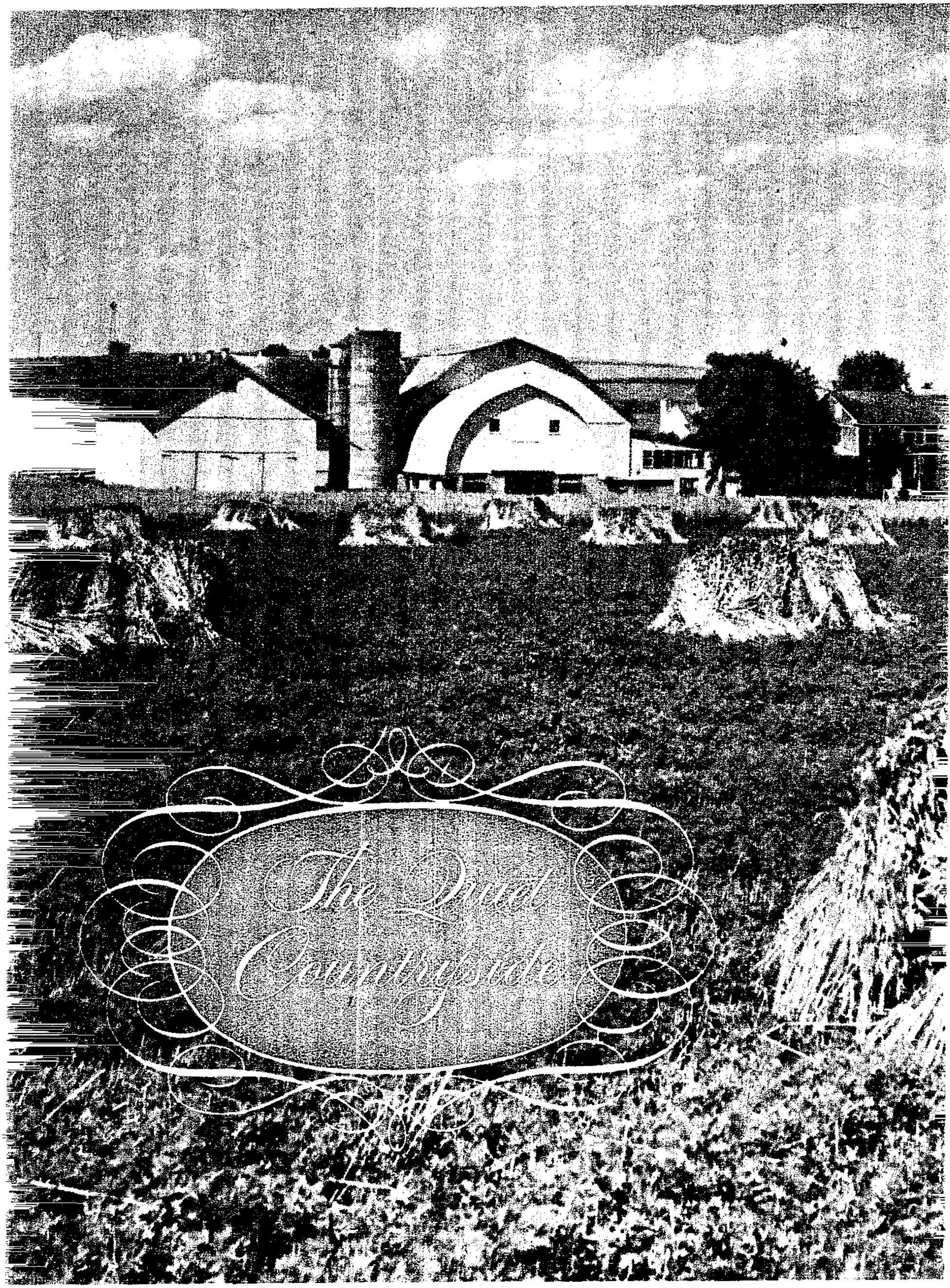
ON A FLYING TRIP over the Pacific I asked the pilot, "How are we doing?" He replied unperturbed: "We're lost, but we're making awfully good time."

—BOB HAWK (CBS)

WHILE TOURING in Wyoming a few years ago, we encountered a series of signs near Cody which urged all and sundry not to miss Buffalo Bill's House. Driving up to an old white clapboard house, we hailed a farmer driving by and inquired: "Is this Buffalo Bill's House?"

He looked surprised and with great deliberation answered, "Why, Buffalo Bill's dead. Joe Wallace lives there now."

—PATRICIA HARVEY

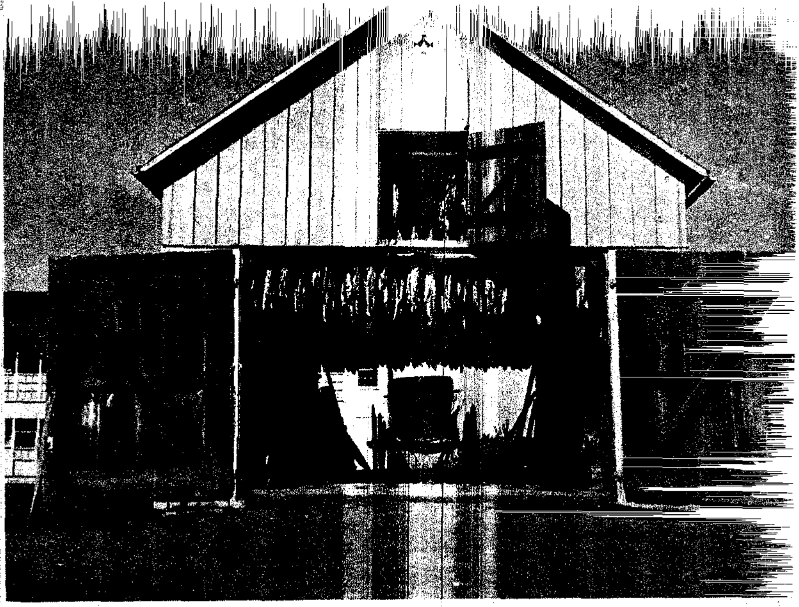

The Quiet Countryside

IN THAT AMERICA untouched by the bruising rush of this atomic age, lives a farming and peace-minded folk, the Mennonites—people who cling to forms of worship, dress, and customs centuries old. No more than 250,000 in all—among them the picturesque Amish—they live mainly in Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania. To them the Bible is not only a Holy Book, but the guide to their daily life. Descended from Swiss, Dutch and German immigrants who came originally to Quaker Pennsylvania to find religious freedom, their creed may be summed up in these three words: obedience, simplicity, love. Where they live, gentleness rules, and there men feel the healing touch of a simpler, less fevered existence. The very land they farm seems to reflect the temper of the people: trim, tranquil, harmonious, bespeaking a glory made of nature's peace, and of man's.

Photography by JANE LATTA

The People . . .

An offshoot of the Mennonites, followers of a 17th century Dutch reformer who preached against infant baptism, a paid priesthood, oath-taking and war, the Amish oppose anything "worldly." The strictest among them do not drink, dance, play cards, use telephones or electricity. Their recreation is work, a close-knit family life, community activities.

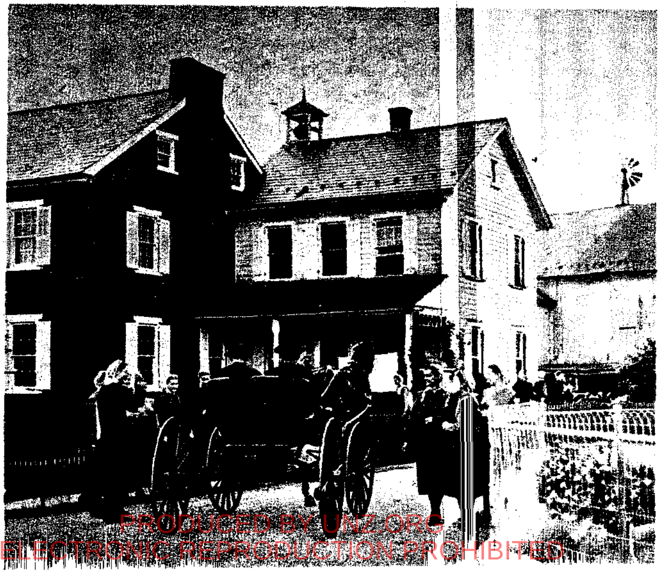


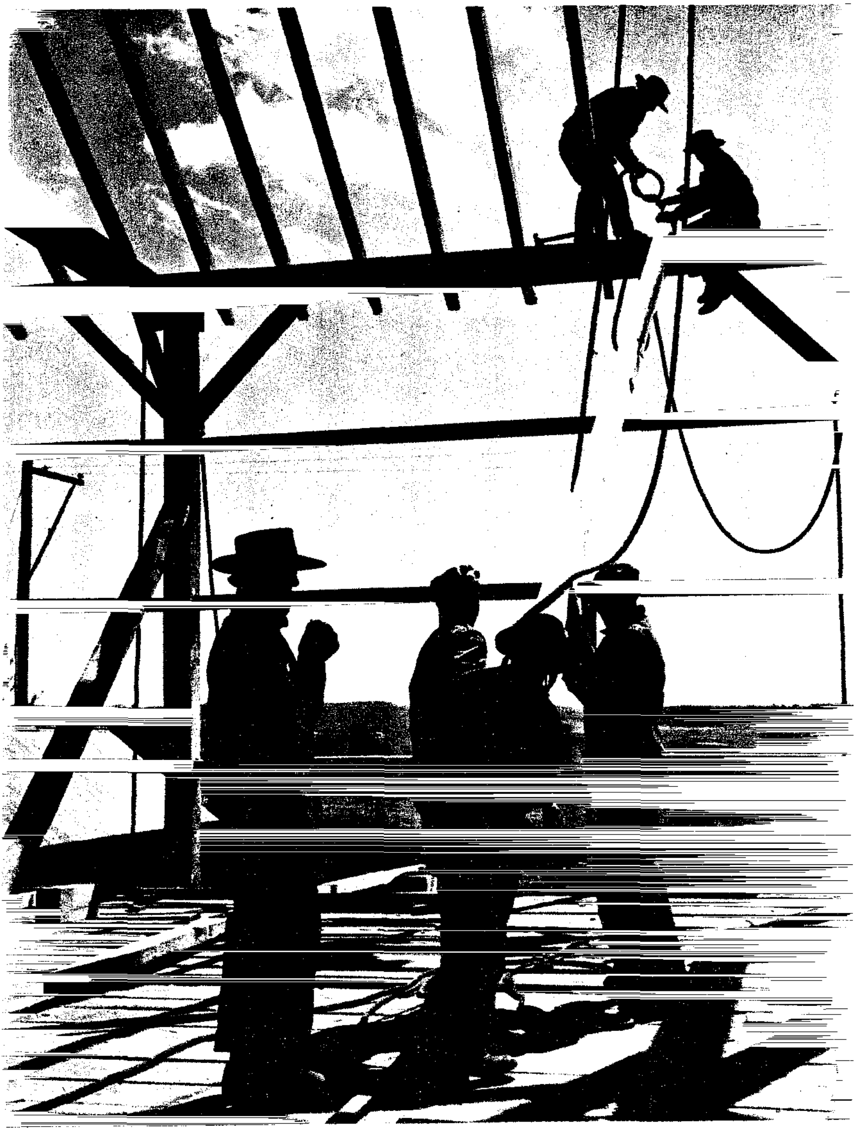
Though some Amish spurn tractors because manual toil is more godly, their farms are highly productive. Tobacco, rarely bought in stores, is raised as a family enterprise, and smoked by adult men only.

Nothing makes for a happier time than a "barn-raising"—when men gather to build a barn for a neighbor. Then the wooden dinner table literally groans with the wonders of Pennsylvania Dutch home-cooking.

e pickled cabbage, dried corn, plenty of home-cured meats—not to hoice gossip from a Mennonite "snitzing," or apple-peeling party.

Outside, in the lane, Amish teen-agers in the ever-present buggy.

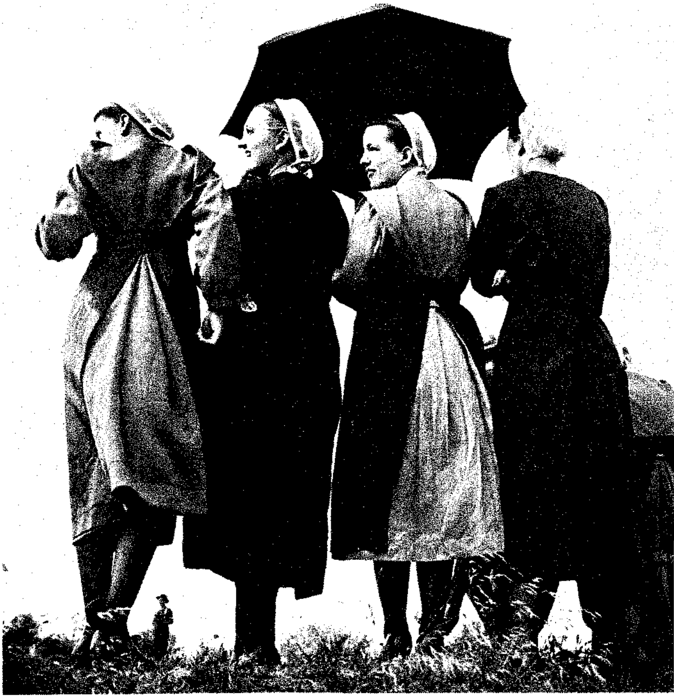




With 50 willing workers on the job, a barn can go up between dawn and sunset, e if planks are cut by hand, and framework joined with hand-hewn wooden p

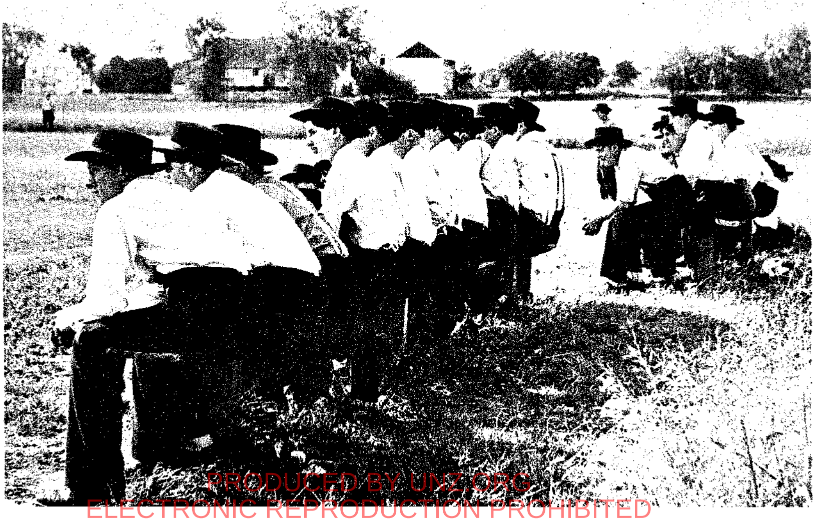
The Simple Life . . .

The Amish have preserved their forefather's industry, frugality and piety through the generations. Children attend elementary school, but after that their education usually continues in kitchen, farmyard and field. There are many branches of the Amish sect, each modifying old-time customs, but Amish life is a simple one, close to the good earth.

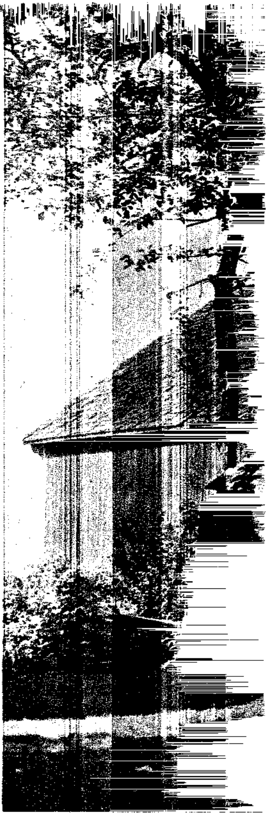


Though Amish girls wear plain colors, each has a white cap.

And watching a baseball game, the boys, all dressed alike as well.

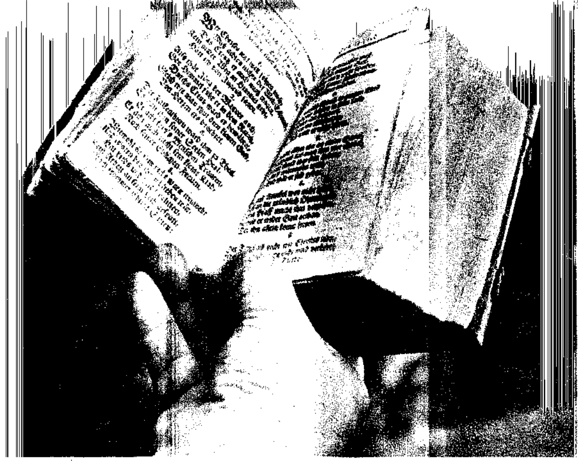


And if courting is the style among the Mennonites—one can see why.

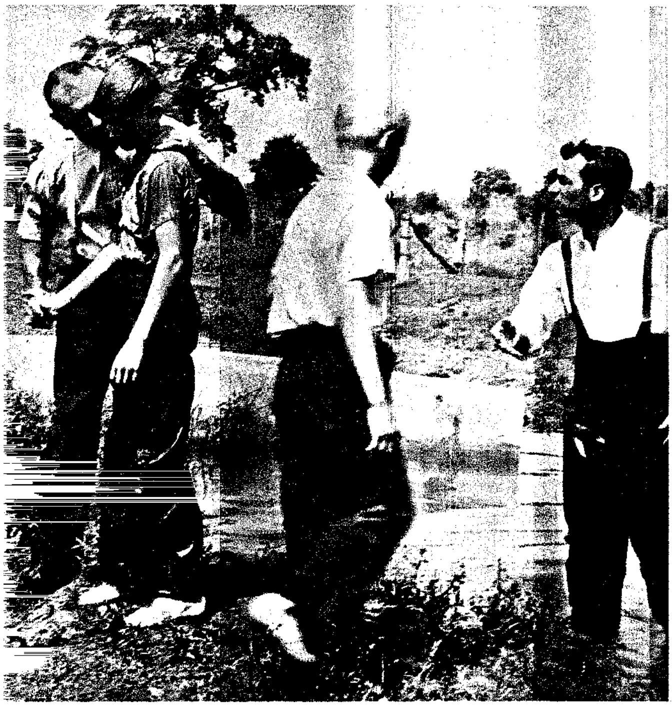


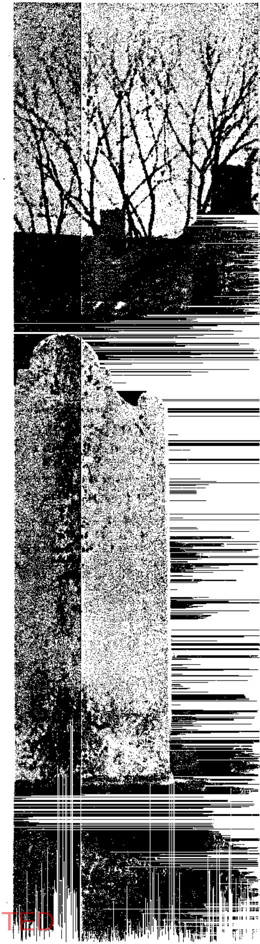
An Almost Forgotten Yesterday . . .

The tempo of an almost forgotten yesterday still marks the quiet Pennsylvania countryside. Here skill in woodwork keeps pace with skill in ancient decorative arts. The Pennsylvania-Dutch decorate their furniture, needlework and china with peacocks, goldfinches, tulips and fish. Some of these motifs are believed to symbolize fertility, others, the Resurrection. The hex marks painted on barns are believed by some to be akin to Rosicrucian symbols, designed to protect animals from the evil eye.



Youthful baptism—and the holy kiss, as demanded in the Bible.





And Unquestioned Faith . . .

In centuries past in Europe their forebears suffered cruelly for their stubborn religious beliefs. And today there are no specially-trained Amish ministers, nor any formal churches. On Sundays the faithful gather in a member's home to worship, secure in a world where religion is part of everyday living, and an unquestioned faith greets both life and death.

And as the Bible commands: "Be ye fruitful, and multiply."

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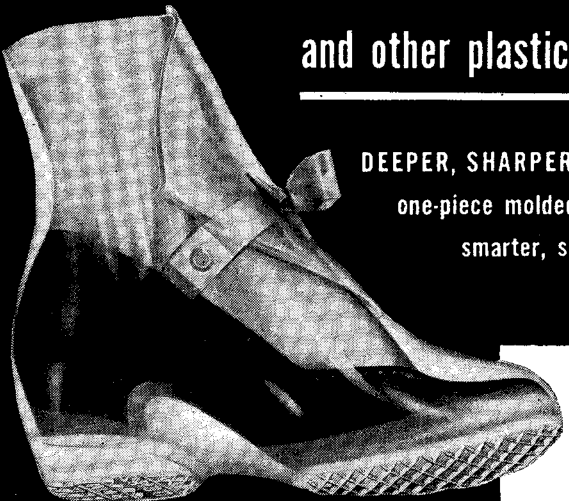

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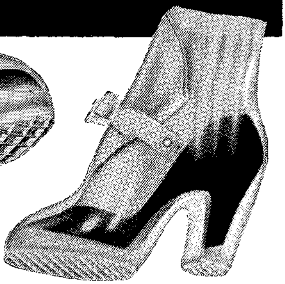

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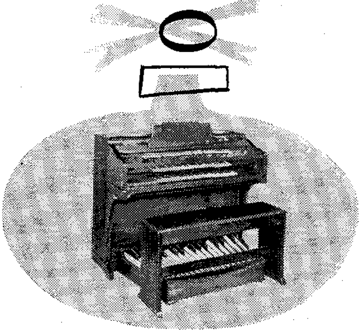

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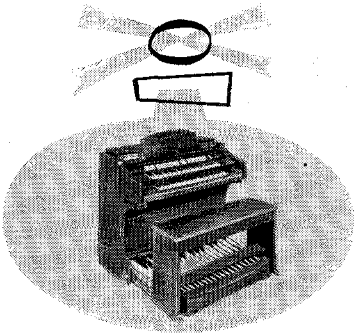

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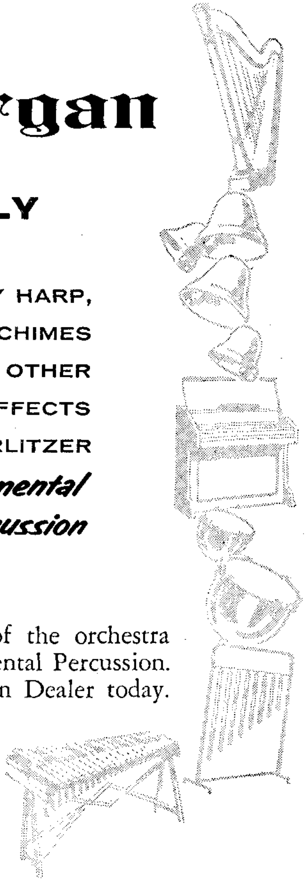

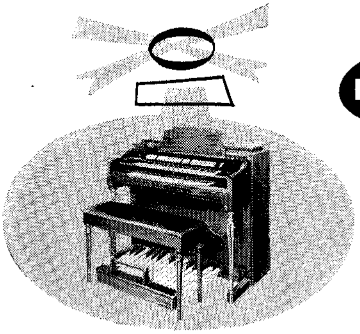

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Let's Put Napkins Under Our Chins

by LYDEL SIMS

It may be old-fashioned—
but it's safe

MISS EMILY POST was once asked whether it mattered how much a napkin is unfolded at the table.

"The only thing that matters," the noted authority on etiquette replied firmly, "is that a napkin shall stay on your lap out of sight."

Well, I had chop suey for lunch yesterday. And will anybody join me in a crusade to bring napkins out into the open? This is no hasty proposal on my part. The chop suey—or, more accurately, the sauce mark on my second best tie—simply brought it to a head.

Citizens, what this nation needs is a return to the good old days when napkins were napkins and you tucked 'em under your chin!

My favorite restaurant served split pea soup not long ago and I made some significant observations. Within the space of a quarter-hour, 32 customers ordered the soup. Each bowl contained approximately 46 spoonfuls, even without cracker-crumbling; and for the average guest the distance from bowl-tip to bottom lip was a good 12 inches.

Now, anybody knows that split pea soup is thick and sluggish, almost sullen, in its response to the spoon. It hunches up and oozes over the edges. It clings to the bottom side until it is airborne, then lets go and falls back into the bowl with a spiteful splat, or holds out even longer until it is directly over a more challenging target—a frilly blouse, say, or a shirtfront.

Yet, despite all this, each of those 32 customers was expected to transport 46 spoonfuls of this viscous liquid vertically through 12 peril-packed inches of space without free use of upper arm and elbow (it is a crowded restaurant), without unmannerly head-duckings, and without getting a drop on his clothing.

This is bad enough in itself, but infinitely worse when you consider that each guest had been provided with a napkin, an excellent safeguard against the perils of spill and splash—and then forced by custom to place it out of sight on his lap, the one spot where it would do the

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least good. Thus, while the lords and ladies of etiquette go around flinching at the sight of an exposed napkin, thousands of us are spending our lunch money on cleaning bills.

We Americans are known as a people who think things through in a reasonable fashion. Let us, then, consider the facts in the grotesque logic of napkinry:

You sit down to a table to eat. Beside your plate is a neat, decorative rectangle of linen (I ignore the paper napkin in an attempt to keep violent emotions out of this). So where do you put it? In your lap. And where is your lap? Under the table, for goodness sake! And while the lap is thus needlessly coddled, the areas that need help the most are left to fend miserably for themselves.

If the napkin were a soiled, unappealing object, one could understand fashion's horror at the sight of it. But, spotless and tastefully simple, it would adorn any bosom it covered.

Then why this morbid prejudice against napkins above lap-level? We certainly cannot blame it on our pioneer forebears. They never hesitated to tuck their napkins under their chins when the need arose.

A Frenchwoman of royal lineage who gave a dinner in a Southern country club some months ago amazed her guests by tucking her napkin under her chin. One of them followed suit, somewhat experimentally, and was delighted at the result.

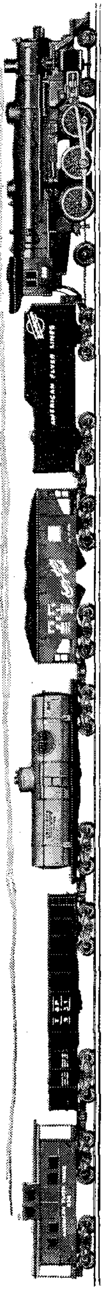
Her account of the experience pointed up reasons for napkin-tucking that might never occur to a man.

"How many women of 50 or more *have* a lap to put a napkin in?" she demanded. "If the napkin is put where the lap ought to be, onto the floor it goes, and one almost has a stroke recovering it. And some of us who do not have laps do have a sort of shelf above the table that is a catch-all for everything from soup to nuts."

It must be admitted that this is no small problem in itself, even in spite of the Dior influence. But whatever the eater's physique, this maddening business of hiding the napkin can well ruin our digestive and nervous systems, as well as our budgets. To prevent it, while there is yet time, let us shake off this meaningless inhibition, assert our rugged independence and tuck our napkins back under our chins where they belong!

To Coronet Readers: On a New Feature

On the last three pages of this issue of Coronet, you will find a new advertising feature, the CORONET FAMILY SHOPPER. Because of the interest shown in the new and unusual items suggested in the Products on Parade editorial feature, this new advertising section was designed to bring to your attention, each month, more products and services of interest and value.



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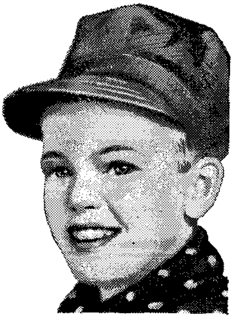

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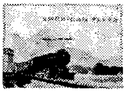

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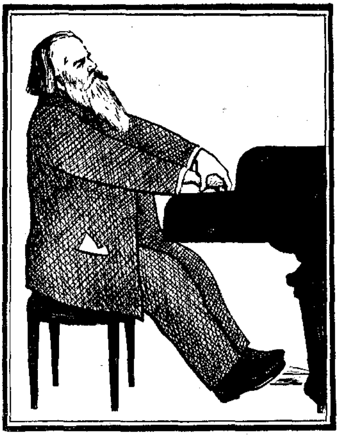

The Big Bear

The streets of Vienna lie dark and quiet. The hour is 4:30 in the morning. A hulk of man heaves his body out of a warm bed into an almost shabby room filled with antiques and the memorabilia of artistic success. He pulls on old-fashioned underwear, baggy trousers and a knitted woolen vest that have been strewn over chairs and floor. He lights a thick black cigar and while he inhales its strong flavor he starts to prepare cups of equally strong coffee. Another day has begun for Johannes Brahms, the famous composer.

"I have missed it," he wrote a friend to explain why he remained a "furnished-room bachelor" all his life. "At the time when I would have liked to get married, I felt I could not offer a wife what she had a right to expect. In the concert halls they hissed my music or greeted it with icy silence. *I* could stand it. *I* knew that some day it would be different. But going home to a wife, seeing her questioning eyes anxiously looking into mine and having to tell her, 'Again it was a failure'—that I could not bear."

Joseph Joachim, the great violin virtuoso, had listened to the blond blue-eyed youth of 20 playing Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata." The piano was a semi-tone below the pitch, but Brahms, undeterred and playing his part by heart, transposed the piece from A to B flat. Impressed by such courage and ability, Joachim introduced the struggling musician to Liszt and Schumann—and sent him on to success.

After their first meeting, Clara, Schumann's wife and Brahms' elder by 14 years, wrote in her diary: "There is One who comes sent from God." Little was she aware of the deeper meaning the words would soon gain. Only one year later, during a night when the city of Düsseldorf was filled with the turbulence of Carnival, Robert Schumann sought to flee from the terror of his disturbed mind and was rescued from the cold waters of the Rhine only to linger in restless shock until his death.

Brahms hurried to be with the wife and the many ever-ailing children of his patron and friend. All of his life he remained close to her, bound by a desire to take care of her and her family, and by a love which he beat back into the recesses of the soul whence his music came.

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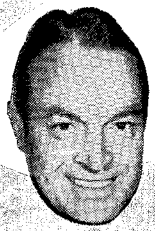

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more than anybody and anything on earth," confessed Clara Schumann many years later after Brahms, in conflict between the closeness that love brings and the freedom which the artist requires, had chosen aloneness.

"The Big Bear" and "The Silent One," he was called by his friends. Gruff, difficult and awkward with grown-ups, the man with the mighty flaxen beard ("If one is shaven people hold one either for an actor or a clergyman") reserved his rare smiles for the children of his neighborhood who picked the candies from his pockets.

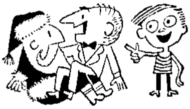
Though reticent with his emotions, he was generous to excess with his money. Often, friends in difficulties found that he had managed to slip a 1,000-shilling note into their pockets.

"Within myself I never laugh," Brahms wrote, looking back at his success after a childhood spent in depressing poverty. Jubilant joy, gracious charm and playfulness were never in his life, only in his music.

Coronet's Choice From Recent Brahms Recordings

The Orchestral Music of Johannes Brahms: Walter, New York Philharmonic, Columbia SL-200 (4 records, containing the four symphonies, Haydn Variations, Hungarian Dances, etc.)
Concerto No. 1, Piano: Rubinstein, Reiner, Chicago Symphony, RCA Victor LM-1831
Violin Concerto in D: Heifetz, Reiner, Chicago Symphony, RCA Victor LM-1903
Violin Concerto in D: David Oistrakh, State Orchestra U.S.S.R., Vanguard VRS 6018
Serenade in A Major: Zecchi, Concertgebouw, Epic LC 3116
Academic Festival Overture, Alto Rhapsody, Tragic Overture, etc.: Boult, Philharmonic Promenade, Westminster 18035
Variations On A Theme By Haydn: Klemperer, Philharmonia, Angel 35221
Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2 for Cello and Piano: De Machula, Mikkilä, Epic LC 3133
Sonatas for Clarinet and Piano, Op. 120 Nos. 1, 2: Kell, Rosen, Decca 9639
Quartet for Strings No. 3 in B-Flat Major: Quartetto Italiano, Angel 35184
String Quintet No. 1 in F; Trio for Piano and Strings in A: Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet, etc., Westminster 18063

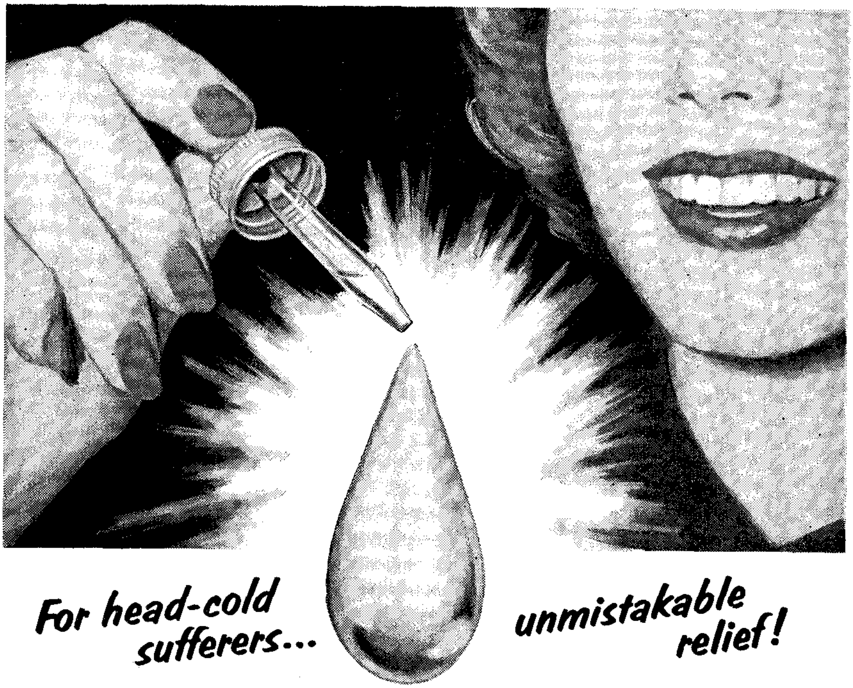
—FRED BERGER



Holiday Hodgepodge

ONE OF OUR PRESENT TROUBLES seems to be that too many adults, and not enough children, believe in Santa Claus. —*The Widen News*

ONE OF THESE DAYS we expect to see this sign in a department store: "Five Santa Clauses. No Waiting." —IRVING HOFFMAN



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You actually feel each drop working to open your nose

Imagine! Relief for head-cold stuffiness you can *feel* working in *one second!* That's famous Vicks Va-tro-nol® Nose drops!

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So don't put up with head-cold distress a minute longer! Use Vicks Va-tro-nol—the nose drop you can actually feel working to open up your nose!

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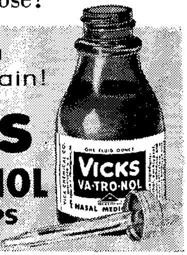
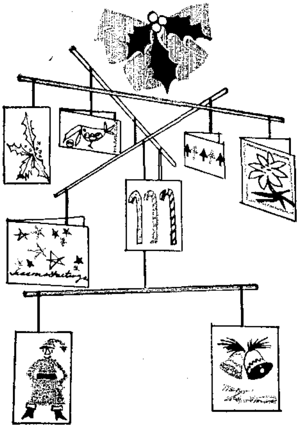


HOLIDAY HINTS

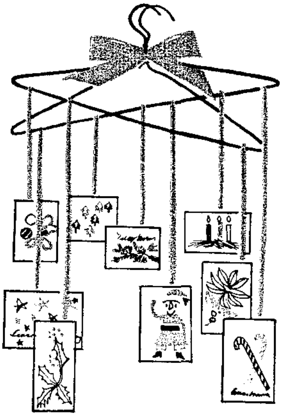
Card Carnival

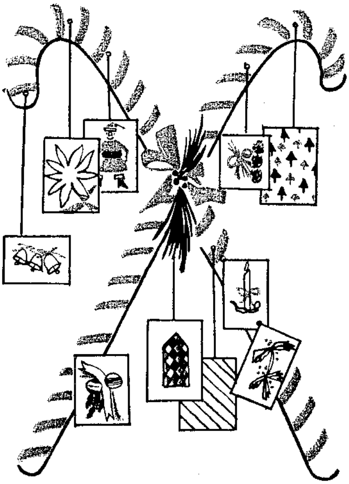
Some novel ways to display your Christmas cards

by LYNN MOEHLENBROCK



TO MAKE A cheerful Christmas mobile, use dowel sticks cut in different lengths and painted Yuletide colors. Tape or staple colored string to Christmas cards and then attach string to dowel sticks. You will have to experiment until you get equal balance, which is the secret of making a mobile work properly. Hang the mobile from a chandelier or other object in the room where it will move freely. To suspend from ceiling, use colored masking tape.





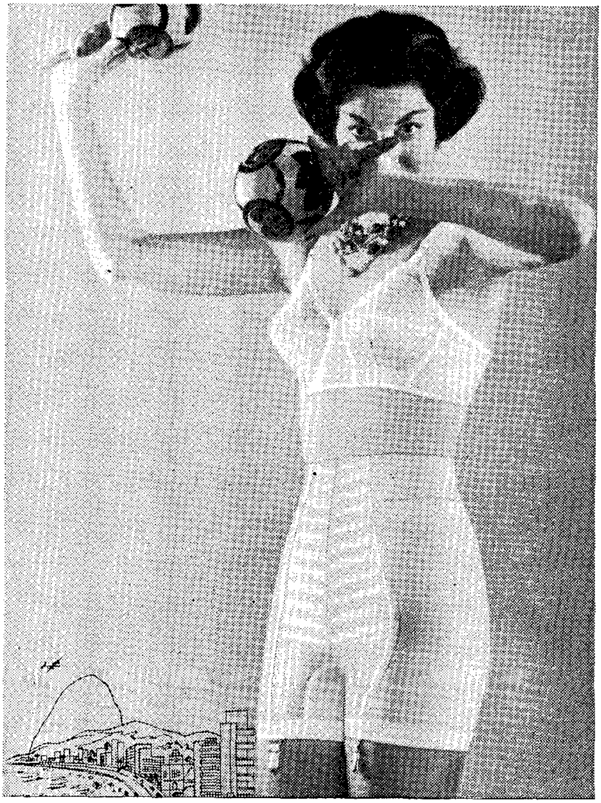
AN ATTRACTIVE card display can be made by using two of those large simulated candy canes (which you can buy) or white cardboard (which you can cut out yourself and wind with red ribbon for the stripes). Join the two with Christmas greenery, ribbon or berries, and fasten to the wall or hang from the ceiling fixture. String cards on colored yarn and attach to canes with staples or tacks. Another floating card rack can be constructed by tying two coat hangers together (left) with a large bow of red ribbon. For extra color, paint hangers red and green. Staple cards to the wide ribbon and fasten to hangers with pins or tape.

(Continued on page 148)

Now Fran chooses Skippies Pantie No. 846 . . . a shape-making success in light, *light* elastic net. Ribbon-sheer front panel and elastic back panel provide to and fro flattery. The 2½'' waistband smooths and slims midriff to hand-span littleness. *All* achieved in wonderful, action-free comfort! No. 846, S, M, L, $6.50. Also available as Skippies Girdle No. 946.

- For further figure beauty Fran is wearing the new Life Romance Bra No. 582, $3.50.

Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal ...or



American Bombshell Makes Brazil Surrender

Whee, what a flurry, my-o-me-o,
I caused in gay, romantic Rio!
I drove the natives near to frantic
In this jeweled spa by the Atlantic.
The *Lobos* named me "Top Banana"
As I tanned on the sand at Copacabana.
One said, "¡You're sweet, and pretty, too...
A '*Leetle* Sugar Loaf'... that's *you!*"
The *Carnival* took on new glamor:
'Twas all for *me*, the hue, the clamor!
What *made* my Rio holiday?
My Formfit outfit. *¡Olé! ¡¡Olé!!*

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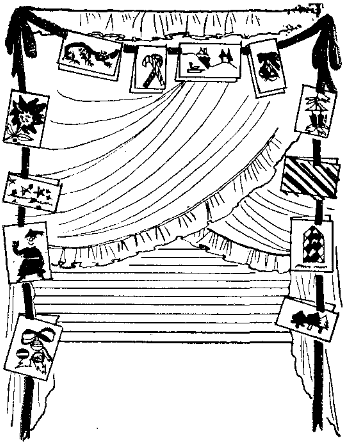
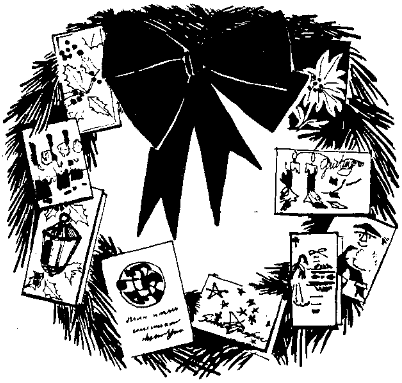
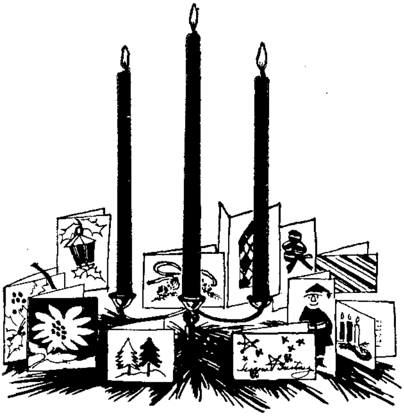


WINDOWS, TOO, can reflect the Christmas card spirit, particularly those behind the tree. Loop colored string, twine or heavy ribbon from one side of the window frame to the other, at the top. Hang greeting cards you receive over this, as you would use a clothesline. For a finishing touch, run colored ribbon down the right and left sides of the window, from the loops, and attach cards and decorations. If your mail is heavy, you may need a number of cardlines on each window, or you may want to string them between windows. This idea, of course, can be adapted for doors and the mantel over your fireplace, spreading yule cheer.

YOUR CHRISTMAS wreath will take on an out-of-the-ordinary glow if you frame it with colorful cards joined by paper clips, colored tape or staples. For added twinkle, brush tinsel, or spray colored snow, over the wreath. You can also cut a Christmas tree out of green cardboard, and loop colored string from side to side. Moisten the string slightly and sprinkle with soapflakes for a snow effect. Dangle your cards from the string. A Santa Claus, on practically the same shape cut from red cardboard, can serve a like purpose, with beard and face painted in or fashioned from cotton and gumdrops.





BRIGHTEN YOUR dining table by placing small tree branches—sprayed with color if you like—around a candle setting or a bowl filled with large Christmas tree balls. Group your cards around the centerpiece and on the branches. A door can be used attractively, too, by thumbtacking wide red ribbon in panels, across and down, and attaching cards to ribbon. If you have a glass-topped table or desk, try displaying your favorite cards under the glass. Another excellent location is the staircase. Wind inch-wide red ribbon around posts in barber-pole fashion, and on alternate posts pin Christmas cards.

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A delightful new Coronet Christmas film featuring Fran Allison, television and radio star, portrays the customs and pleasures of children around the world. A warm and colorful story unfolds as Miss Allison explains the origin of holiday legends and traditions of the new and old worlds. CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS NEAR AND FAR is a *must* in any Yule season program for young and old.

Three Coronet Christmas films, CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS NEAR AND FAR, THE LITTLEST ANGEL, and SILENT NIGHT: STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS CAROL are available in rich, natural color or black and white. These 16mm sound motion pictures are available for rental from the principal film libraries, usually at $10.00 for color or $5.00 for black and white. For further information write to:

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GRIN AND SHARE IT

A COUNTRY WOMAN had been put on a rigid reducing diet by her doctor. Shortly afterward a neighbor dropped in and was amazed to see her eating a large slab of apple pie with great relish.

"I thought you were on a diet!" the neighbor exclaimed.

"I am," replied the woman. "But I've had my diet, and now I'm having my dinner." —MARCIA DEITZ

* * *

DURING THE CHRISTMAS mailing rush a Midwest post-office clerk was checking the wrapping on a package handed him by a little old lady. "Does this contain anything breakable?" he asked.

"Nothing but the Ten Commandments," she smiled. "It's a Bible."

—MILTON WEISS

A SALESMAN who had read one of those "How to Sell" books was asked how effective it was.

"Well," he replied, "I did everything the book said. I greeted the prospect warmly, smiled at him, asked him a lot of questions about himself. Then I listened attentively and agreed with everything he said while he talked uninterruptedly for an hour. When we parted I knew that I had made a friend for life.

"But," he added, "what an enemy *he* made."

—FRANCIS LEO GOLDEN
—*Tales for Salesmen*, (Frederick Fell, Inc., Publishers)

A TEEN-AGED GIRL appeared at the haberdashery counter in a hurry to buy some gloves for her boy friend. She didn't know the size, but after a moment of fingering several pairs she said to the clerk: "May I hold your hand?"

The clerk held hands with the girl for a minute or so, and then she said: "That feels about right. Give me a pair in your size."

—*Charley Jones' Laugh Book*

* * *

THREE RABID PRO-FOOTBALL FANS went to every home game their favorite team played. One Saturday, with a crucial game scheduled, two of them showed up in their regular seats. The third was absent, for the first time in memory.

"Where's Joe?" Fan No. 1 asked.

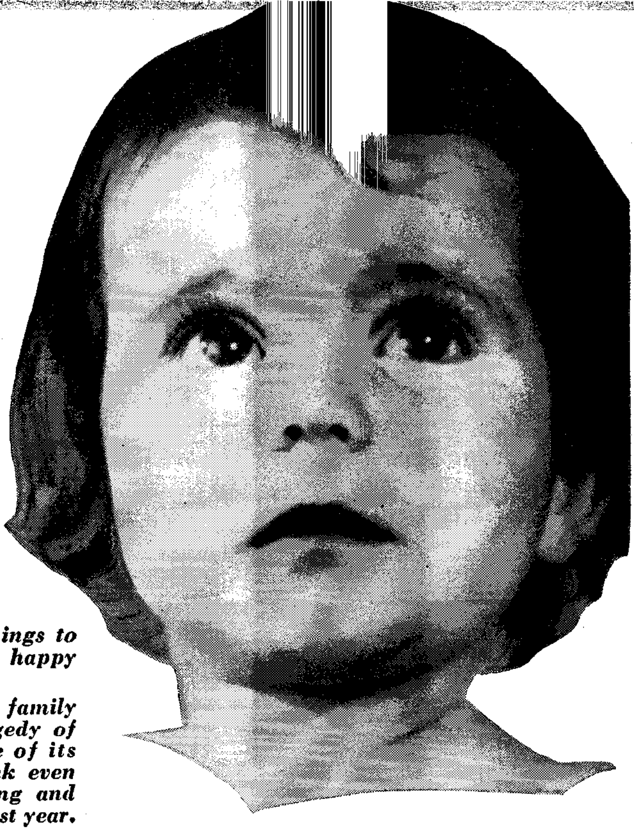
"Haven't you heard?" said No. 2. "He's getting married this afternoon. At two o'clock."

"Getting married at two o'clock!" said No. 1. "What a dope. That means he won't be here before the second half."

—*Phoenix Flame*

(*Continued on page 152*)

She might be yours..



. . . with all the good things to make her life a full and happy one . . .

Or, she might belong to a family impoverished by the tragedy of war, born in the rubble of its aftermath. She might lack even the most essential clothing and food for this formative first year.

Thousands of babies in Europe and the Far East need help *now* while they still have a chance for a healthy childhood.

It takes so little to sponsor one of these babies. For five dollars a month, you can have food and all the essential clothing needed for that first year sent to a baby in Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece or Korea. The *Save the Children Federation,* with twenty-three years of experience, will do all the buying, packaging and mailing for you. Full information, the name of the baby and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with the baby's family so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

A contribution in any amount will help

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- ● I cannot sponsor a baby, but I would like to help by enclosing my gift of $ ....

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THE GUEST had dined and wined very well indeed. When he was led down to the rumpus room, where stuffed birds, fish and animal heads testified to his host's skill with rod and gun, he looked at the collection with glazed eyes and appreciative grunts. But when he came upon an enormous sailfish in the place of honor over the mantelpiece he gaped at the monster a long time, and then snarled: "The guy who caught that fish is a damned liar!" —*Midnite Joke Book*

* * *

THE LITTLE BOY in the park was proudly showing off his shiny new watch. He admired it so many times that finally a man on the next bench remarked: "That's certainly a pretty watch. Does it tell you the time?"

"No, sir," the youngster answered, "this is an old-fashioned watch. You have to look at it!" —*Nassau*

A FRENCHMAN was bragging to a friend about the beauty of his mistress. The friend agreed to meet the lady. But when he did he discovered her face was contorted, her eyes weren't the same color and she had only one ear.

"Do you call her beautiful?" he asked, shocked.

The Frenchman, very indignant, demanded, "I suppose you don't like Picasso either?" —ART BUCHWALD

CHEROKEE BILL, a western outlaw at the turn of the century, was about to be hanged. People from all over the country had gathered to witness the event.

The sheriff, noted for his showmanship at these affairs, led the hatchet-faced Indian to the edge of the scaffold, raised his hand for silence. "Cherokee Bill," he said, holding the rope over the Indian's head, "before I place this noose around your neck, do you have any last words to say?"

The outlaw looked at the sheriff for a moment, then at the crowd. "Cherokee Bill come here to be hung," he said solemnly, "not to make a speech." —*Wall Street Journal*

HENRY WARD BEECHER was impressed by the ability of a restaurant waiter to transliterate orders into language understood only by himself and the cook. Thinking to stump him, the eminent clergyman ordered: "Two poached eggs on toast with the yolks broken."

The relay to the cook was instant: "Adam and Eve on a raft. Wreck 'em!" —CHARLES G. WILLIAMS

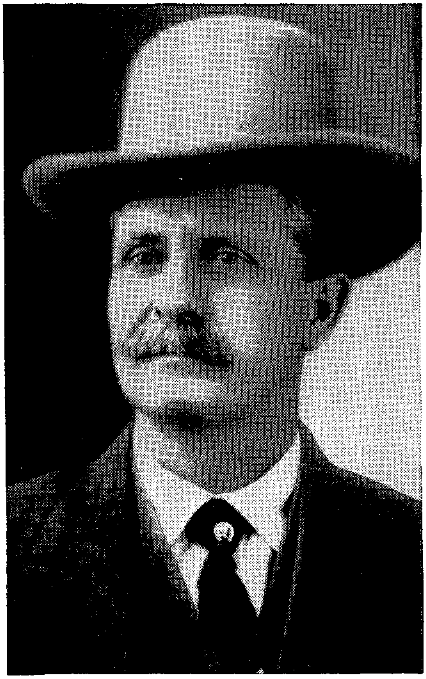
* * *

SOME YEARS AFTER he had been President, William Howard Taft had to make a sudden trip to Chicago. Only an upper was left. Taft, noticing that the lower of his section was assigned to a small, insignificant-looking man, resorted to strategy. "Last time I occupied an upper," he announced cheerfully, "it collapsed. I certainly hope this one will hold me."

Then he went off to the club car. When he returned, the little man was securely buttoned into the upper berth. —*The Milwaukee Road Magazine*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Crescent Sam had the drop on him—briefly



"I'M a she-wolf from Bitter Creek and it's my night to howl!"

Crescent Sam stepped into the biggest saloon in Perry, Oklahoma, and fired one of his six-guns in the air.

Suddenly, he spotted the man you see here. He aimed and pulled.

The next second, he lay dead. Crescent Sam, thief and killer, had made the fatal mistake of trying to outshoot Bill Tilghman.

Tilghman, who once said, "I never shot at a man in my life and missed him," was no legendary gun fighter. He was the genuine article, a fearless, honest frontier marshal described by the San Francisco Examiner as "the best peace officer the West ever knew."

His hardy spirit and resolute courage are a legacy today's 160 million Americans are proud to share. And when you consider that those Americans are the people who stand behind U. S. Savings Bonds, it's easy to see why these Bonds are regarded as one of the world's finest investments.

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This Thing Called Success

by FANNIE HURST

WHAT IS THIS THING called success?

There is the band-wagon success, which is worn on the sleeve, provided that sleeve is never threadbare. We talk a great deal about this kind of success.

Then there is that inner success, which grows out of the good life, and flowers quietly within the inner reaches of the spirit. We don't talk so much about that.

Recently an eminent artist said, "Too many celebrities grow simply great—instead of great, simply."

Success, especially that overnight brew of it which we distill in America, is a heady wine. It flushes the cheeks, causes the brain to reel and relative values to go haywire. If perchance it does not get talked about, high-powered publicity agents see to it that it does.

On the other hand, the success we do not talk about has no face. You are not likely to recognize it in a crowd. Sometimes it is anonymous, even to itself, because those who achieve this brand of success, do not even think about it as such.

It thrives in so-called little or obscure people who have never sulked in a tent or slashed a painting, thrown a tantrum or permitted the ego to swell like a penny balloon.

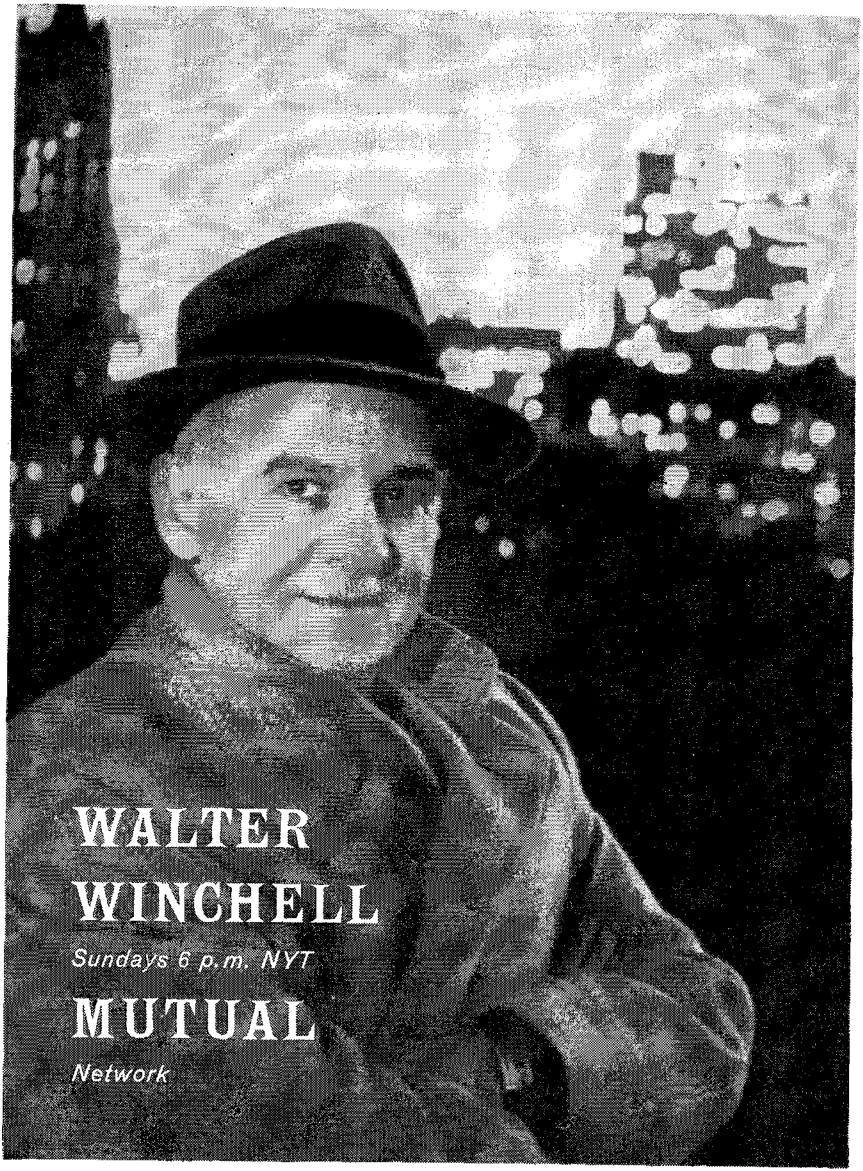
It thrived in a white-haired woman I once saw arrive at an airport where a crowd was on hand to acclaim a Hollywood starlet.

Lost in the crowd was the white-haired woman, whose hands were heavily bandaged. She was Madame Curie, the co-discoverer of radium, her hands cruelly burned from tireless experimentation with a substance destined to be of inestimable value to the human race.

Marlene Dietrich has a sense of proportion about this thing called success. She likes to recall how, several years ago, she was the center of an immense home-coming ovation in Paris. So dense were the crowds, that for two hours she was literally trapped at the top of the broad steps of the Church of the Madeleine.

A little old lady in a gray shawl made her way up the steps toward Miss Dietrich. Panting, dishevelled, she finally stood before her and thrust out a bit of paper and pencil for the coveted autograph, which Miss Dietrich graciously gave.

Clutching it, the woman turned to someone in the crowd and asked: "Who is she?"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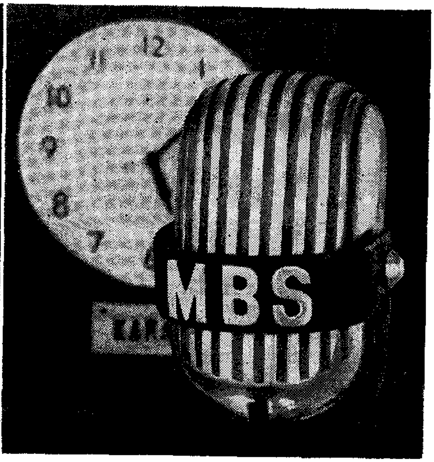

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Stepping Out In Style...
Without Your Wallet!

"Did you get that check cashed for me, Miss Allen?"

The secretary looked up, startled. "Oh my goodness!" she says, "I completely forgot. And the bank's closed now, and you're taking those Chicago people to dinner tonight. . . ."

"Now, now, don't look so stricken."

"But what will you do?" she wails.

"I'll just get along *without* money tonight." He smiles, pats her lightly on the head, and off he goes.

Miss Allen is mystified. But her boss *does* entertain entirely without money. He escorts the three Chicago buyers to New York's plush Colony restaurant, flashes a special card to the maître d'hôtel, and is shown to one of the better tables. They eat and drink leisurely—and lavishly.

When they finish, he calls for the check, shows the same special card, and merely signs his name. His signature is honored immediately, although he has never been to the Colony before.

You can do the same.

In almost any city in America, this special card entitles you to unquestioned, automatic credit—de luxe service. Maybe the restaurant of your choice is Fritzel's or the Imperial House in Chicago; the Old Original Bookbinder's in Philadelphia; or Harvey's or the Occidental in Washington, D.C. Your special card opens the door to the truly élite restaurants, shops and services throughout the nation.

At the end of the month, you'll receive just ONE complete bill, covering all your expenses—an accurate annotated record for tax purposes.

This card identifies you as a member of the new Esquire Club, an international credit and courtesy plan, sponsored by Esquire Magazine—the one magazine in America dedicated to gracious living. Esquire Magazine's Editorial Board has carefully selected America's choice restaurants and entertaining establishments. These establishments have agreed to give Esquire Club members automatic credit and the personalized service for which they are famous.

On January 1, 1956, the Esquire Club will provide its members with a Directory of fine restaurants and special services that will honor Esquire Club membership cards.

You are invited to join the Esquire Club now, as a charter member. The entire year's fee, for charter members only, is $5—a price which rises after January 1.

Send in your $5 now, or ask us to reserve your charter membership and we'll bill you. Write: Esquire Club, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

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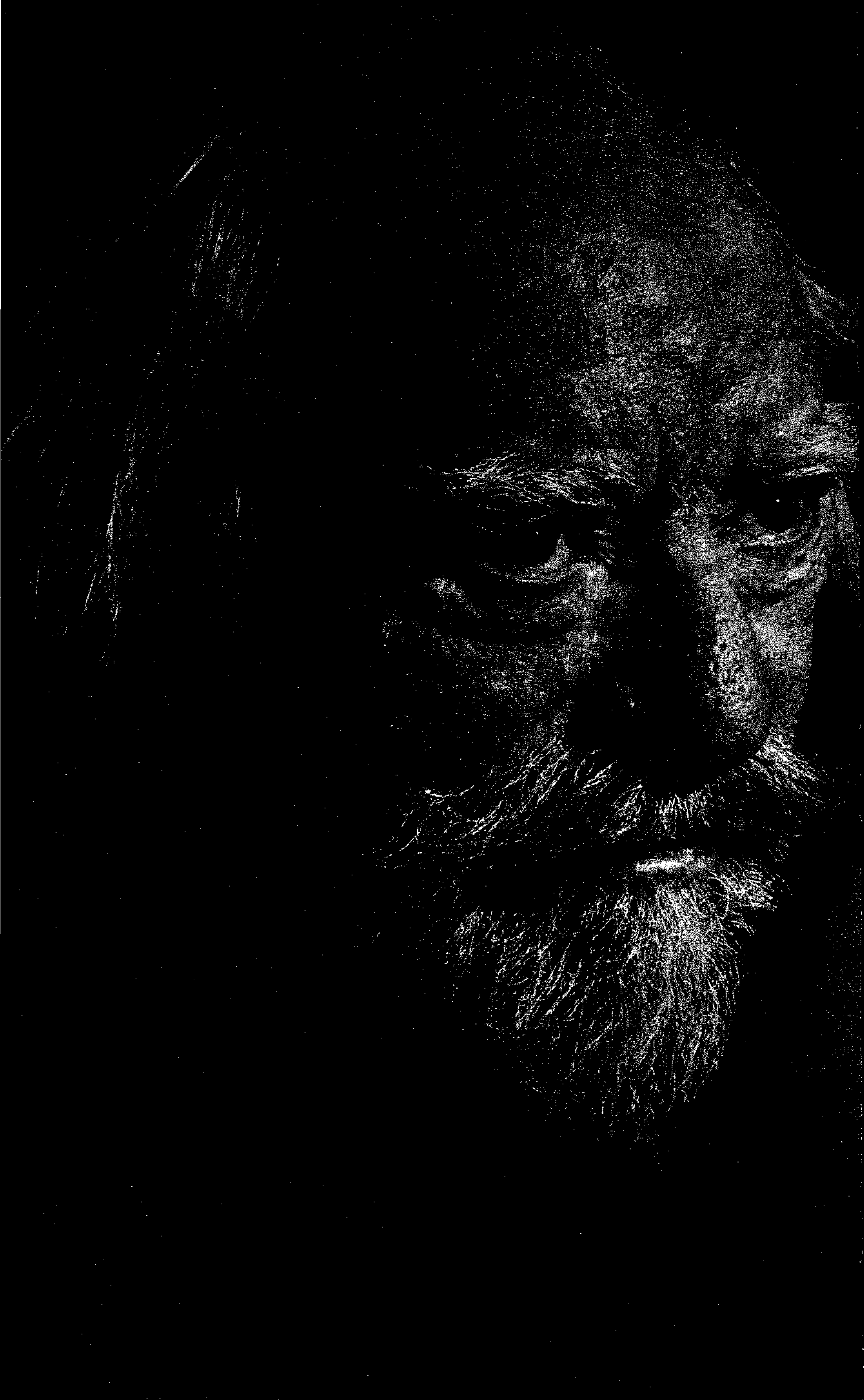


"MY MISSION," SAYS KARSH, "is to record, for history, biographies—on film—of 20th-century greats, men and women who are symbols of their times." Yet, to capture the essence of each personality, to engrave their characteristic moods and sentiments into one photograph, is an ever-challenging quest. Karsh reads about his sitters to establish a quick rapport, spends days observing them closely and experiments endlessly with lighting effects.

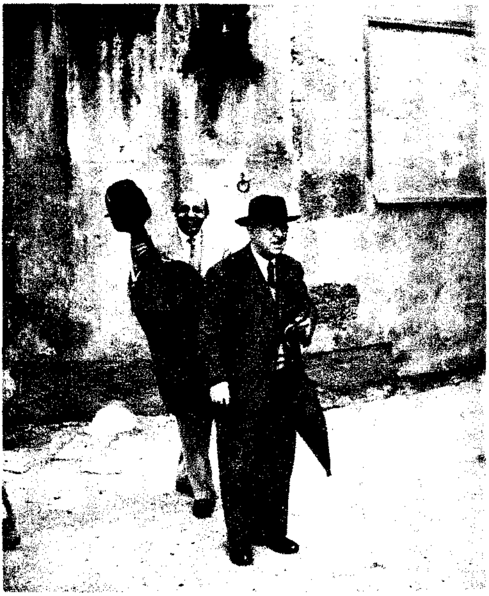
Seventy-six-year-old Augustus John, England's renowned portrait painter, also likes to study his subjects socially before painting. Asked by Karsh to compare camera and brush, John adroitly answered: "Both are capable of great things." Karsh's attempt to photograph John at his easel, in typically cluttered surroundings, did not wholly satisfy him. By substituting a dark background and subtle lighting, he achieved a portrait of "Gypsy John" which accents the Bohemian painter's alert eyes and gruff but kindly features, and conveys an aura of artistry.

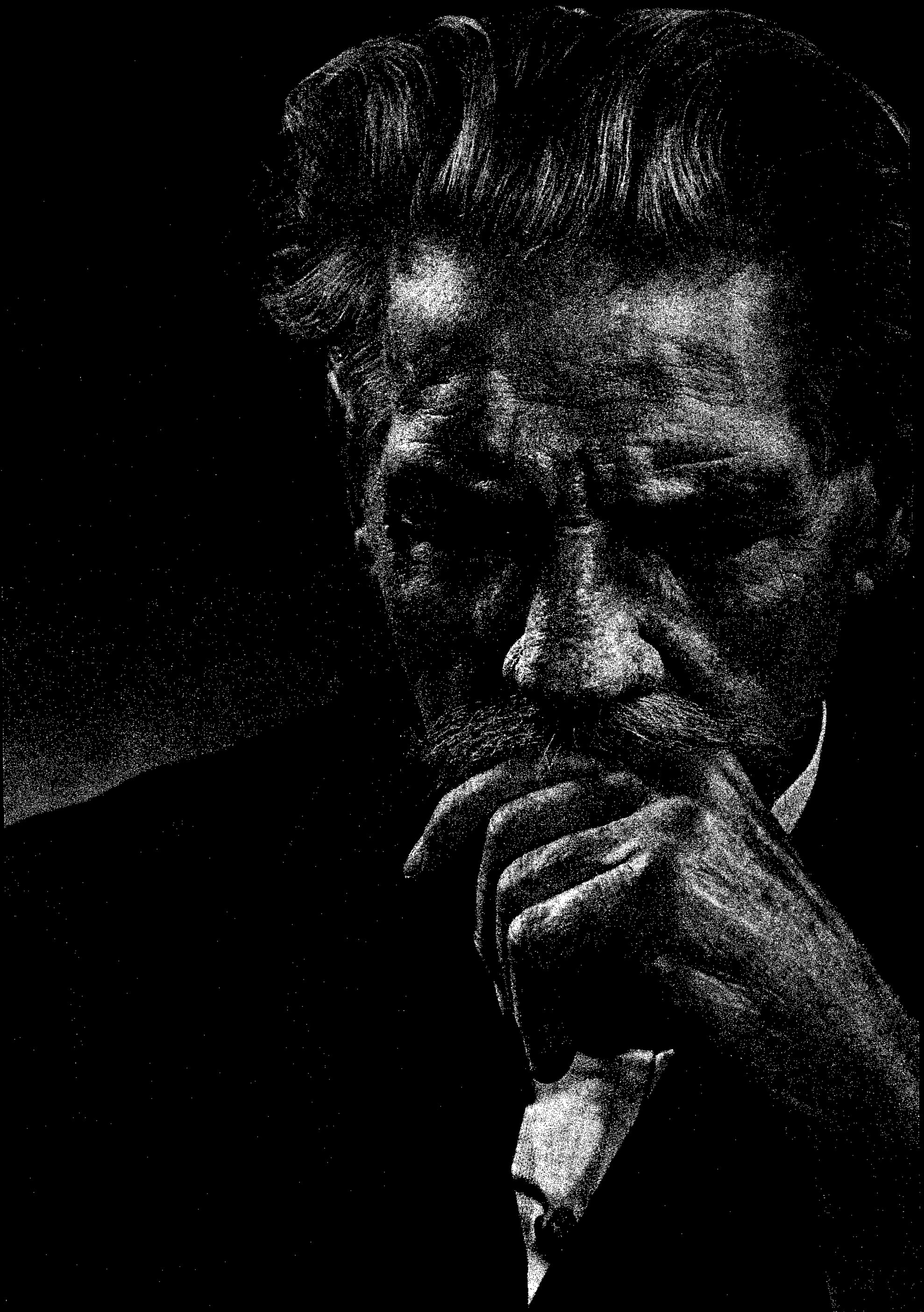
PERRY MILLER, young American student who assisted Karsh on this trip, took the pictures of the boss at work. After setting up equipment, he would leave the room; Karsh likes to be alone with his subject. An exception was Eileen Joyce, Australian pianist whose playing enhanced the British movies (*Brief Encounter* and *The Seventh Veil*), who is accustomed to audiences.

To lift their spirits, Karsh asks women to change gowns several times during a sitting. For Eileen Joyce, this is routine. She keeps concert audiences buzzing with a variety of colors and hairdos: [illegible] for Debussy, hair up for Beethoven, down for [illegible].

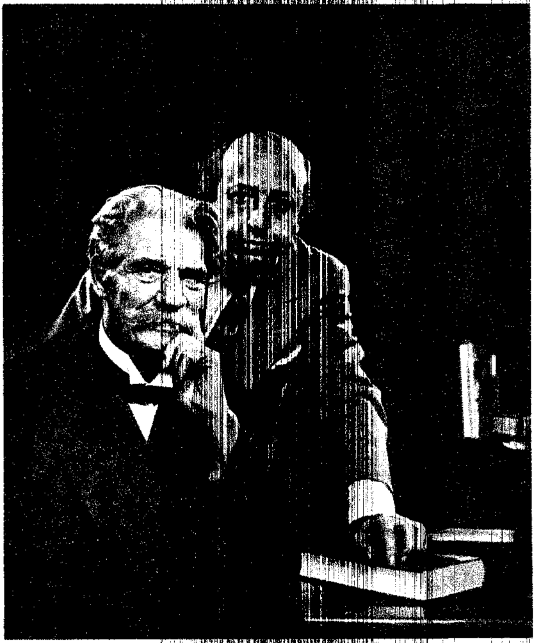
"In men's faces, elements of [illegible] express the mood," says Karsh, "but for women, the photographer must concentrate on femininity and charm as well as on character."

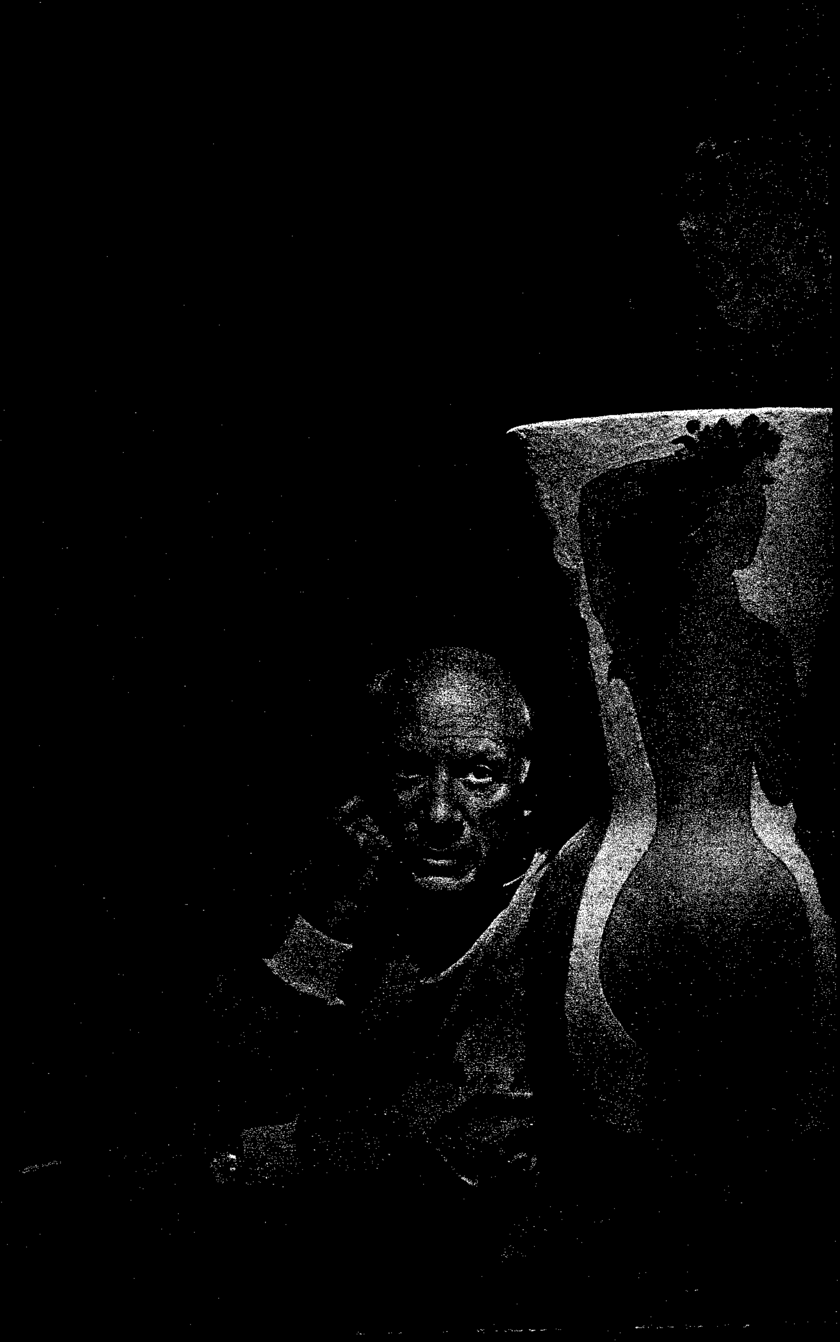
PABLO CASALS PLAYED his beloved cello with such intense concentration, eyes closed, lost in the music, that he didn't notice the fly ("It wanted to be immortalized," laughs Karsh) which lighted on his bald head during the photography session. For this picture, Karsh traveled to the ancient village of Prades in southern France—scene of the annual Casals Music Festival—where the 79-year-old maestro lives in voluntary exile from his native Spain and from Francoism ("no justice, no pity, no moral courage . . . I don't accept it"). Karsh moved Casals to an abandoned abbey for the sitting, because the cellist's apartment was so tiny, and carried his massive instrument (*below*). Casals is never without his pink umbrella to protect him from the hot sun. Karsh describes the music he heard during this portrait session as "unforgettable."





IN EUROPE TO RECEIVE the Nobel Peace Prize for his work among the lepers of French Equatorial Africa, Albert Schweitzer, the great doctor-musician-philosopher, agreed to sit for Karsh. At meals, his fare was so Spartan that Peter Miller once mistook the main course for an appetizer. Dressed in shirt sleeves, Schweitzer insisted on donning a suitcoat for the camera. Glimpsing this selfless humanitarian in a meditative gesture one day in his office, Karsh resolved to recapture the pose, which he feels symbolizes Schweitzer's intensity and profound concern for the peoples of the world. Karsh watches hand movements. "Hands," he believes, "help the face to reveal character."





LIKE CASALS, Spanish-born Pablo Picasso has made France his home. Because his house in Vallauris, near the Riviera coast, was overrun with children of visiting relatives, Karsh arranged to photograph the volatile world leader of modern art in his pottery studio.

In photographing men, Karsh generally considers clothing unimportant. But Picasso was wearing a loud, polka-dotted sport shirt. The cameraman casually pointed out that the dots would be distracting in a black-and-white picture. Picasso immediately agreed and turned up—to Karsh's amazement, exactly on time—in an informal tailored shirt.

The leathery-faced artist, his barrel-shaped, powerful body tanned by the Mediterranean sun, chain-smoked throughout the session, exhausting the cigarette supply of Karsh, his wife and Peter Miller. He declared himself impressed with Karsh's portraits of the famous, and gave that as his reason for being punctual.

Knowing that this restless, highly controversial genius has changed his mode of art as often as his mood, always refusing to pay homage to conventional approaches or limitations, Karsh was delighted to find Picasso "abnormally normal" by contrast. He submitted docilely to being photographed and personally selected the large vase of his own creation for the portrait.

Picasso, now 74, the man who at one time made blue his own special color, has lived in France since he was 18, when he went to Paris to study. He watched Karsh's preparations with avid interest, for he has, on occasion, questioned portrait art: "Who sees the human face correctly—the photographer or the painter? What are we to show: what's on the face, what's inside the face or what's behind it?" Karsh's answer: "Show all three."

A Brother's Gift of Life

by Al Hirshberg

When his twin lay dying, doctors told Ronald he, alone, might save him—by making a vital sacrifice at the risk of his own life

At precisely 8 A.M., two days before Christmas, in the amphitheater of Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, surgeons bent over the wasted form of 23-year-old Richard Herrick.

On a table in an adjacent operating room lay his twin brother, Ronald.

Richard Herrick, of Northboro, Massachusetts, was a victim of nephritis, a disease which causes inflammation of the kidneys. His had ceased functioning. Uremic poisoning coursed through his body. He was dying.

His twin brother, Ronald, on the other hand, was in perfect health—and he had two functioning kidneys.

Normal life can be maintained with one kidney. (One person in a thousand is born with a single kidney.) If one of Ronald's could be successfully transferred to Richard, Richard might live.

True, in all medical history no such transplant had ever been completely successful—but here there was a chance.

The kidneys are pink, bean-shaped organs about five inches long and three inches wide. They are located on either side of the spinal column, behind the abdominal cavity just below the center of the back.

Each kidney and its vessels is imbedded in fatty tissue and surrounded by fibrous tissue which helps to hold it in place. It is connected to the renal vein, the renal artery (a branch of the aorta, the main trunk from the heart) and the ureter (a tube that leads from the kidney to the bladder).

The kidneys are key organs in the body's waste disposal system. Urine is formed in them and sent, via the ureter, to the bladder, where it rests until ready to be eliminated.

Medical and surgical teams coordinated by Dr. John P. Merrill, head of the hospital's world-famous Kidney Research Laboratory, had studied Richard Herrick's condi-

tion thoroughly while providing him temporary respite by use of an artificial kidney.

However, his own kidney continued to deteriorate. It was finally concluded that if Richard and Ronald were identical twins, Richard would have a better chance of survival than any previous kidney transplant recipient.

But there a new problem presented itself: it is impossible to establish beyond doubt the identity of twins. Identity can only be disproved. All the doctors could hope to do was establish the probability of identity.

Through birth records, it was established that the brothers came from a single placenta, a characteristic of identical twins. Skin grafts and certain chemical tests all pointed to the probability of identity.

Although the doctors felt reasonably sure of a better-than-even chance of success, they were very mindful that not one but two lives were at stake. The element of risk is always present with major surgery. And even if Ronald's part of the operation moved smoothly, he might be sacrificing a kidney for nothing.

Ronald knew this. But he also knew that his brother had no chance whatever, otherwise.

On the morning of December 23, 1954, Richard was wheeled into the amphitheater, Room 2 of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital's operation section. Ronald was taken into Room 1, separated from the amphitheater only by a small scrub room where surgeons prepared themselves for operating.

The amphitheater had a small balcony, with seats holding about 50 spectators. Less than 25 professional persons had been invited to watch the kidney transplant.

Dr. Joseph E. Murray, specialist in plastic surgery at the hospital, was in charge of the surgical team in the amphitheater. Dr. J. Hartwell Harrison, head of the hospital's urological service, headed the team in Room 1.

Both teams worked slowly, carefully, methodically. The spectators could hear every word, but few were spoken except for an occasional low-pitched, clipped order, a brief comment or question about progress in the other room.

In the spectators' balcony, tension mounted. Medical history might be in the making.

In spite of his weakened condition—he weighed less than 100 pounds, his blood pressure was high, his heart faltering—Richard, under a local anesthetic, was standing his ordeal remarkably well. In Room 1, Ronald lay on the table, his kidney exposed and ready to be taken out.

At 10:15 A.M., two hours and fifteen minutes after the double operation started, a surgeon in the amphitheater asked, "Are they ready?"

"Yes," one of the others nodded.

"So are we," said the surgeon. "Will you tell them in the other room, please?"

A surgeon in Room 1 began the removal of Ronald's kidney. He clipped off blood vessels, cut the connections which led to the renal vein, the renal artery and the ureter. He lifted the kidney from Ronald's body and wrapped it in sterile gauze. Then he placed it on a sterile sheet on a surgical tray.

Another doctor wheeled the tray through the scrub room and into the amphitheater.

The kidney, pink when first removed from Ronald's body, began to lose color as the blood drained from it. Even as the surgeon in the amphitheater picked it up to study it, the kidney took on a bluish tinge, like the lips of a child who has been in cold water too long.

The operating surgeon had to decide exactly at what angle to place it in Richard's body, exactly how it should be attached, exactly which vessels to tie off and which to connect.

The kidney was to be placed within Richard's abdominal cavity—just below and behind the appendix—instead of where his diseased kidneys were. It was a natural enough location. There was room, and connections to artery, vein and ureter could all be made from there. The diseased kidneys would be removed later.

For 15 breathless minutes the surgeon studied the kidney. Then he nodded his head. He had decided.

"All right," he said quietly.

For the next 45 minutes, the team in the amphitheater worked on the grim jig-saw puzzle, following the plan that had been formulated in the previous 15 minutes.

BEHIND THEM was the research in kidney transplants that had been going on for years, the failures and frustrations in the laboratory, the endless transplants planned and theorized on paper, the transplants made on animals, the previous 13 transplant attempts on humans made at the hospital and those attempted elsewhere—all the work and study and experimenting that had been going on for years.

If Ronald's kidney would properly function in Richard's body and give solid indication that it would continue to do so indefinitely, great impetus would be given to research in kidney diseases. Success would prove beyond doubt what had only been theory before—that a kidney transplant would work when it involved identical twins.

During the 45 minutes it took to connect Ronald's kidney to Richard's body, the only sounds in the amphitheater were the gentle hum of the electric clock on the wall, the brief, calm instructions of the operating surgeon, the occasional clicking of instruments.

Then the surgeon straightened wearily. He was done. "Now you're going to see this pink up," he said.

As he spoke, the kidney, now receiving blood from Richard's heart through the newly connected renal artery, began to lose its blue tinge. Seconds later, it was a healthy pink. The tension relaxed.

From the depths of the operating table, in a startlingly clear voice, Richard said, "I knew it was going to help."

At just past 11 o'clock, the surgeon bent over to sew the ureter of the transplanted kidney to the opened urinary bladder. This would guarantee normal function. It was the final major connecting link. (A plastic tube passed from the kidney down the ureter and out of the bladder in order to collect the urine separately from the transplanted kidney.)

Forty-five more minutes went by. Then, without straightening up, he commented, "It looks all right."

Observers waited tensely for the clinching evidence of success. The kidney had been placed in Richard's body, it was connected in all the necessary places, it looked a natural pink, but would it function?

As they watched, urine formed in the new kidney, moved through the ureter and was collected through the plastic tube which emptied into a small bottle . . . a truly exciting moment for all. The five and a half hour operation was over. Richard had a kidney that worked.

As the weeks passed, Richard grew stronger every day. All evidence of uremic poisoning and heart failure disappeared. His blood pressure dropped dramatically.

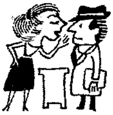
He left the hospital on January 29 and returned in April for the removal of one of the two diseased kidneys still in his body. Two weeks later, he was back home in Northboro, well on the way to recovery.

The final step in the series of operations that saved Richard Herrick from certain death was taken last June, when the other diseased kidney was removed. Only after that had been accomplished did the doctors concede that the twin transplant was a complete success.

Today, Ronald and Richard, now identical to the point where each has only one kidney, are normal, healthy young men. Inseparable, devoted, they find it unnecessary to put their feelings into words.

Perhaps doctors at Peter Bent Brigham expressed it for them when they released a statement last December 25th which read: "The Herrick twins have been an inspiration to us all in their unflinching willingness to share their lives in such a vital way. No better example of the spirit of Christmas can be found."

Exchanges



A HUSBAND, commissioned by his wife to exchange some knitting yarn, bravely made his way to the wool counter deep in the heart of the department store's no man's land and performed his errand, even managing to remark jokingly to the salesgirl that there was "no place for a man in this department."

"No, sir!" she agreed sympathetically. Then, leaning toward him, she whispered, "But downstairs next to the pet department, you'll find a men's room."

—MILTON WEISS

AT A VERDI festival during which Arturo Toscanini was scheduled to conduct several of the concerts, an envious rival was approached to take one of the other performances.

"I will," he agreed, "on condition that you pay me one lira more than Toscanini receives."

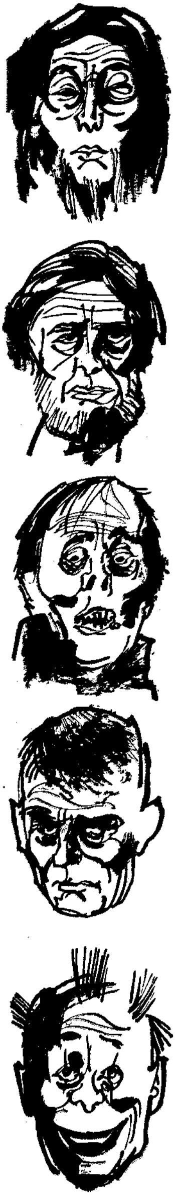
His request was granted and after the concert this conductor received his check—for one lira!

Toscanini had conducted without charge in homage to Verdi.

LEWIS C. HENRY, *Humorous Anecdotes About Famous People* (Garden City Publ. Co.)

The Man With a Thousand Faces

by ALEX HALEY



THE BIRTH OF A BOY in Colorado Springs on April Fool's Day, 1883, occasioned the usual congratulatory visits from neighbors and friends of the new parents. But few of these visitors could say what he felt. For the mother and father were both deaf mutes.

The child, naturally, first learned to talk with his fingers. Later, he picked up oral words. His father worked as a barber. When the boy was nine years old, his mother became an invalid, and he was continually seeking ways to bring pleasure into her life. Soon he discovered that contorting his face helped to enliven things he would describe to her. In time, he became more eloquent with his silent repertoire than most people with spoken words.

Later, the boy worked as a paperhanger, carpet-layer and a Pike's Peak guide for tourists, but at night he studied acting, and worked before his mirror for hours producing startling effects on his face with grease paint.

Finally, he struck out for Hollywood and, by 1912, he was playing occasional slapstick novelty roles. But, as for serious parts, he was told bluntly, "You're too short to be paid attention to!"

But the famous William S. "Bill" Hart encouraged the young man to concentrate on wordless eloquence with his face, which he did.

Then the script of a picture required an actor to appear as if he had been physically malformed from birth. The young man's portrayal of a little gnome of a man with a crooked spine was a master characterization.

In some 15 major films thereafter, he became internationally famous as Lon Chaney, "The Man with a Thousand Faces."

The Prison They Hate to Escape From

by SETH KANTOR

"GUARD!" the prisoner called, his face distorted with anguish. He rattled the barred door of the solitary confinement cell, unable to take it any longer. "Guard!"

The guard came quickly.

"Are you sure you want out?" he asked. "You've still got to face the music, you know."

"I'm ready to," the prisoner agreed with desperate eagerness, "real ready."

"All right. Maybe you've had enough."

The prisoner was released from the solitary confinement cell where he had been placed eight days before for stealing.

The cell was clean and airy. Nothing about it seemed in the least like a "torture" cell. In fact, there even was a large window at shoulder level which overlooked a pond with willow trees around it, a miniature golf course, rolling pastures and athletic fields.

The prisoner had had nothing to do for a week except be drawn with helpless fascination to that window and its view of everyone else enjoying the outside. That was where the "torture" came in.

At first, he hadn't minded solitary. He had endured weeks of it in other prisons, in miserable cells. But eight days of this kind of punishment was all he could stand.

Now he was ready to face the music—in his case shaking hands with, and treating as a friend, the officer who caught him stealing.

Punishment, like everything else, is unusual at the government's penal experiment at Seagoville, Texas. This experiment in Federal correctional institutions, ten years old this year, has been carried on so quietly that people in Dallas, 13 miles away, know practically nothing about it.

Yet, it houses nearly 500 convicts from all walks of crime: armed robbers, kidnappers, dope peddlers, murderers; some with records of past jail breaks; all able to escape any time they choose.

Seagoville has no tower guards, no weapons, no wall around it. Instead of cells there are dormitories with decent private rooms. Inmates carry their own door keys.

At Seagoville, Texas, convicts play tennis, saunter around the grounds during off-hours and pick their own jobs—a startling idea that works

Every man, no matter what his crime, no matter how rotten his reputation, is a trusty. Yet, less than 60 of more than 5,200 convicts sent there have escaped, and nearly all have been recaptured.

WHAT HOLDS THEM at Seagoville? One answer was supplied a visitor recently by one of the toughest thugs ever received in the prison.

"At another place," he said, naming a Southern penitentiary where he'd had a record as a constant trouble maker, "they stretched me out on the stairs one morning. They pulled my handcuffs so tight my wrists bled and a 200-pound guard stood on me until I blacked out. For a whole year I lived in solitary. The harder they leaned on me, the worse I got. They made me either feel like dirt or else want to stand up big and tough and show them they don't worry me. Either way, I lost."

"But you like Seagoville?" he was asked.

"No," he said after some thought. "Nobody likes being here. Prison is prison, and this place isn't easy. It's just that the officers trust you to begin with, and don't heave you around like a sack of garbage when they talk to you. You don't get threats. You get facts.

"Fact one they hand you when you arrive. They tell you it's easy to escape, but when you're caught you'll be sent to a tougher pen, with possibly five years added to your sentence. Fact two is that they've caught nearly every man who's escaped. They leave it up to you."

The convict grinned. "When I got here two years ago, I figured the place for a pushover. Only one thing stopped me—they had dumb faith in me."

Men resist the temptation to escape from Seagoville because they are never marched or given mass commands. There are no hard punishments, no useless or privileged jobs. "Hot tools," like ladders, rope and files are hidden from no one.

Prisoners can talk in the dining hall, saunter about wherever they wish in off-hours, make open suggestions on bettering the institution. They can apply for the jobs they want in Seagoville's factories, offices and farmlands. The guards are actually highly-trained foremen, teachers and advisors. The ten solitary confinement cells are rarely used.

Last year, a prisoner named Curley received a letter that his child was sick and his wife destitute.

Curley was due for parole in three months, but the letter drove him to a rash decision to escape.

A fellow inmate learned of it and turned him in to Warden Herbert Cox—out of friendship.

Curley was questioned by custodial officers and finally showed them the letter from his wife. The officers contributed money from their own pockets and sent it to his wife. He went back to his regular place in Seagoville's population and was paroled on schedule, a pretty grateful man.

Three years ago, a prisoner named Whitey arrived at the experiment, sullen, mean, and refusing to answer even the simplest questions.

He picked a job which allowed him to work alone on a mimeograph machine, with no doors locking him in. Nobody was fooled. But before he could perfect an escape route, an older prisoner got him interested in Seagoville's program of sports, clubs and education.

Over 80 per cent of the inmates spend their own time on the education program alone, teaching and studying courses from grade school to university levels. They can play tennis on the courts within the grounds, with no one directly watching over them.

Whitey didn't realize he was being talked out of escape. "By the time I caught on," he recalls now, "I was too busy doing what I liked to get mad."

Up for discharge this Fall, he has a good job—his first honest one—waiting for him. He has completed four years of high school and has worked up to the position of chief clerk. In three other prisons, his record was spotted with words like "vicious" and "incorrigible."

In the average year, only three or four men choose to escape. Few long-termers, such as murderers, try it. A possible five years added to a life sentence doesn't sound like much. But what it means is as much as five years added onto their first chance at parole. (All Federal lifers face the parole board after 15 years if their conduct is perfect.)

Seagoville considers many murderers safer risks than, for instance, auto thieves. An automobile thief is considered unsteady, emotional, often more likely to create problems and to attempt escape.

Seagoville doesn't lean on psychiatrists and social workers, either. Prisoners are not allowed to use such excuses as, "I grew up in a crumby neighborhood," or, "my mother and father were slobs." They are expected to stand on their own feet, work hard and use their spare time wisely.

Often, Seagoville works best on convicts who were previously given up on in tough prisons as trouble makers or "psychos." Herbert Cox, warden at Seagoville until a year ago and now in Washington, D.C., with the federal Bureau of Prisons, explains:

"Tough prisons cage a man like a bad dog. It's cheap that way. Taxpayers save money. But when he's released, he's as much a misfit as ever and the chances are he'll be back in trouble, costing the taxpayer more money for another trial and a new sentence.

"Meanwhile, Seagoville's expenses run a little heavier, creating good working conditions and healthy incentives. *Common sense* is used. Prisoners are treated like men. They learn to take on some responsibilities and, in the long run, most are fit for discharge. The taxpayer doesn't have to send them back."

It costs $4 per inmate, per day, at Seagoville, which is only 45 cents over the average cost at all Federal prisons, and which is less than half the cost at Alcatraz. According to government figures, at least 75 per cent of the men discharged from Seagoville are permanently rehabilitated.

Common sense, as Mr. Cox puts it, is the essential difference between Seagoville and tough prisons. A good example of this was when a tobacco black market broke out.

Inmates were receiving a regular once-a-week Federal prison tobacco ration and using it as a medium for gambling and bartering among themselves. Weaker prisoners were being intimidated while stronger ones built up fortunes in tobacco.

Custodial officers did not issue the usual prison edict: "No more smokes for anyone!" Instead, they installed machines dispensing free cigarettes. Prisoners were flooded with tobacco and it no longer had any value.

"Funny thing about those free cigarette machines," a Seagoville officer smiles. "The men are taking less from them than they were being given under the ration system."

And so the experiment in common-sense treatment of prisoners goes on. No one is ever sure what may happen next at Seagoville, but meanwhile it is making prison history.

Keeping Christmas

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think of what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are and try to look behind their faces to their hearts; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life but what you are going to give to life—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem some 1,900 years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

—Henry Van Dyke, *The American Citizens' Handbook*

The Wreck on the Spokane Run

by NORMAN CARLISLE

In the towering Cascades, American railroading suffered its worst disaster

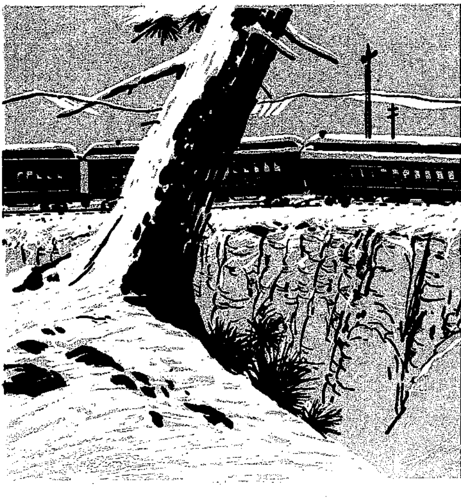
THE PASSENGERS and crewmen who went aboard the Great Northern's *Train No. 25*, going from Spokane to Seattle, on February 22, 1910, had no premonition that they were embarking on the most terrible run in the history of American railroading.

True, a few of those new to the West were a little uncomfortable over disquieting reports in the Spokane newspapers. In the mighty Cascade Mountains ahead there had been unusual snowfall, and officials of various mountain towns were expressing fears of avalanches. Minor slides had already taken some lives.

But any who expressed fear were quickly reassured by veteran travelers who had made this run to Seattle many times. The roadbed over which they would ride was a sheer marvel of engineering, protected by snowsheds and walls of rock. The great Cascade Tunnel, a wonder in itself, had been cut through the mountains, it was said, at the fantastic cost of a life for every 50 feet. And there was the solid security of the modern coaches pulled by powerful locomotives.

As the train with its 6 cars rolled smoothly westward and began the long climb, cloud masses boiled above the mountains and the rain came down. Through the night, the train crept on up the steep grade until it reached the eastern portal of the Cascade Tunnel, which saved the climb over the tops of the mountains towering thousands of feet above. Here the puffing steam locomotive ground to a shuddering stop. Then, forty-five minutes later, a mail train arrived.

When morning came, the two trains still sat there, under the brow of a great white slope that seemed to climb away until it was lost in



the clouds that tumbled wildly around the peaks.

To the passengers who inquired the reason for the delay, the conductors announced, "Slide on the line up ahead."

In mid-morning, a big, broad-shouldered man with deep furrows of worry etched on his face came through the tunnel on a speeder. He was J. H. O'Neill, superintendent of the Cascade Division of the Great Northern.

Nervously he paced the tracks behind the train, looking up at the slopes above. Then he strode back to the engineer. "May be a slide here," he said, tight-lipped.

O'Neill was all too right. A few hours later, a huge mass of snow came tumbling down onto the tracks just behind the train. Two men sleeping in a bunkhouse nearby were killed.

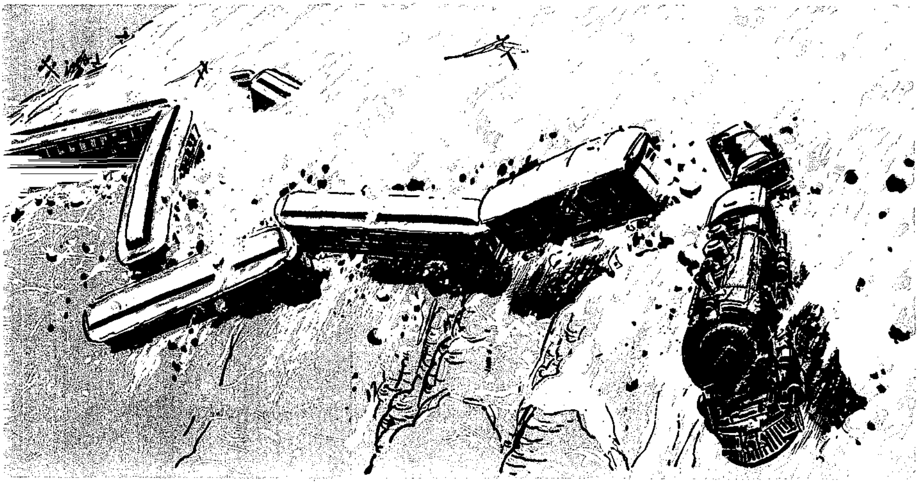
O'Neill walked through the train reassuring the passengers, but actually he could not conceal from them the chilling fact that they were trapped. The slide now blocked the tracks behind them. There was no turning back and no going ahead. Yet, surprisingly, there was little hysteria.

The train sat for a day, and then suddenly there was a rumbling sound and a mass of snow came piling down onto the tracks at the western end of the tunnel. Men swarmed out with shovels, and the snow was quickly removed, for the slide had been a small one. Nevertheless, the passengers were now near panic and a delegation of them confronted O'Neill with an ultimatum.

"We won't stay here, trapped like rats," they told him. "You've got to move the train."

O'Neill was plainly worried over the alternatives which confronted him. He could leave the train where it was—and deal somehow with the terrified passengers. Or he could move it to a spot where, he felt, the risk was even greater.

He promised a quick answer and



went to look the situation over at the western portal. What he saw was disturbing.

There the town of Wellington, little more than a tiny hotel, a railroad bunkhouse, a store and a string of houses, was perched on a shelf of rock only several hundred feet wide. Above it, for 3,000 feet, the heavily-snowclad slopes seemed to lean out over the town. Below was a steep drop, almost straight down, into the raging, rock-snarled waters of Tye Creek. Beyond Wellington the right of way was completely blocked.

After studying the slopes, O'Neill ordered the *Train No. 25* pulled through the tunnel to a point about one-quarter of a mile beyond Wellington Station, on the second track nearest the mountainside. The mail train was put on the third track, almost opposite it. Passengers cheered as it was pulled into place.

Two days the trains sat there . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . in a nightmare of waiting. Men who knew the mountains found it hard to keep the tension from showing on their faces. What was happening to the great white masses of snow above them under the bombardment of the continued, unseasonable downpour?

A haggard O'Neill kept handing frantic messages to his telegrapher. When would the plows break through to get the beleaguered trains out? It had to be soon, he wired; there was barely enough coal to keep the coaches warm enough for the huddled passengers, some of whom were now ill.

Always the messages came back the same. The crews fighting their way in from east and west through tremendous masses of rock and snow were doing their best—but new slides kept holding them up. The call had gone out all over the Great Northern system for more men, more plows. It would take time.

Time, O'Neill felt desperately, was running out. It was even too late to move the train back into the tunnel, for slides had now blocked the tracks behind it. Moreover, there wasn't enough coal left to fire the locomotives.

On the morning of the 27th, when O'Neill walked in with his sheaf of messages, the telegraph operator stood up white-faced. "It's dead, sir," he said. "The wires are down."

Aboard the train, some of the passengers simply waited in numb hopelessness. Some tried to sleep in the improvised beds that had been rigged up in the coaches; others paced the corridors endlessly. Some stoically played cards and told jokes in an effort to keep up the courage of their companions.

The morning of the 28th was more terrifying than the other grim dawns. The violence of the storm had increased to a frightful crescendo. Small avalanches darted down the slopes, ominously, like scouts sent out before the main mass of an army.

Early the next morning, Charles Andrews, an engineer sleeping in the bunkhouse, had his strange dream. In it he thought he heard a voice crying, "The train . . . the train . . . hurry!"

It was vivid enough to make him spring from his bed, throw on some clothes and run out into the tormented darkness that fell back every few seconds before the blazing blue glare of the storm's lightning.

The trains sat solidly on their tracks, he saw with relief; but, still drawn by that strange voice of warning, he moved toward them. Then, suddenly he stopped and stared upward toward the slope. In a blinding flash of lightning he saw something that brought a cry of horror to his lips. *The whole mountainside seemed to be moving!*

WANTED:
The funniest stories you've heard lately. Accepted stories paid for on publication. Address them to: Humor Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

The lightning died and the sight was blotted out. Was he dreaming? The next flash showed that what he had seen was no hallucination. An immense slide—acres upon acres of trees, snow, rocks—was moving slowly, majestically downwards. For a few seconds it was soundless in its motion, then a mighty whisper grew into a thundering roar.

Before the eyes of the watching man, the incredible mass picked up speed, leaped out over both trains. Like a mighty hand it picked them up and tossed them into the air. For a frightful moment they seemed to hang suspended above the abyss, then were swallowed in the roaring river of snow. Along with them went the railroad station, the power house and a number of other buildings.

Andrews rushed back to the bunkhouse shouting insanely, "It's gone . . . it's gone . . ."

Trainmen who had been sleeping there poured out into the darkness and peered down into the canyon, above which rose a dusty white cloud. The trains had disappeared, but up from the canyon came muffled human cries, as if from some lost place far away. Through the cloud they saw hands thrust up out of the snow, clutching at nothingness.

It was nearly six hours before they could gather equipment and descend to the wreckage. They dug in the swirling rain, hardly able to see. They had to be careful lest their shovels hit the victims, so the work was maddeningly slow.

They reached one coach and hauled out a man babbling incoherently. Beside him was his wife and in her arms a child. Both were dead. Only three people emerged from that coach alive.

They moved on to where heaped snow seemed to indicate the outlines of another coach. From it, hours later, they pulled six living people.

Twelve hours after the trains had been swept away, they reached one of the last cars, and astonishingly found one woman still living. Unconscious most of the time, she had somehow survived the incredible ordeal of being buried alive.

To the rescuers it seemed a sheer miracle that even 17 of the 118 human beings who had been swept into the canyon actually survived. Amazingly enough, some of them were uninjured, although they had been sitting next to passengers who were killed.

In many cases the violence of the crash had hurled the victims through the windows. So great was the force that it had performed such strange feats as twisting an iron pipe around the bodies of a three-year-old girl and her father, fastening them bolt upright to a tree.

The survivors spoke with numbed horror of the strange sensation of being swept out into space. One trainman, who was awake when the avalanche came, said that the train moved even before the mass of snow struck.

"The car was illuminated by a great flash of lightning," he remembered, "and before the racket of thunder stopped, our car leaned far out from the hillside as though drawn by a giant hand. A roaring came from above us and while we strained back against the inner car side, we heard the sucking wind which precedes the coming of an avalanche. My feelings were so acute that those seconds were drawn into hours. Yet there was only time for someone to scream, 'Oh, God!' when she hit us. Then it seemed as though we were being flipped over in the air like a tossed coin."

Today no monument marks the lonely spot in Tye Canyon. Indeed, the very name of Wellington has been erased from the map, for the Great Northern gave up its high tunnel and built another, lower down, that there might never be a repetition of that ghastly disaster.

Only the few mountaineers who have climbed that way have seen the great blank scar on the mountainside where trees do not grow, and which stands as the sole grim marker to America's most destructive avalanche.

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), showing the ownership, management, and circulation of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1955. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Gordon Carroll; Editor, Fritz Bamberger; Managing Editor, Lewis W. Gillenson; Business Manager, A. L. Blinder, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. The owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock are: The Smart Family Foundation, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart Trust, c/o City National Bank & Trust Company, 208 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago and Gaby Dure Smart, Executors of the Estate of David A. Smart, Deceased, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York; Edgar Richards, 2754 Monte Mar Terrace, Los Angeles, California; Florence Richards, 2754 Monte Mar Terrace, Los Angeles, California; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago Illinois; Northern Trust Company, John Smart and Edgar Richards as successor trustees (Sue Smart Trust, Joan Elden Trust, and Richard Elden Trust), 50 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; A. L. Blinder, 5 Horseguard Lane, Scarsdale, New York; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, Trust Under Trust Agreement dated 8/30/45 with Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich "T," 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. Stock to the extent of more than 1 per cent is registered in the names of the following company, but the company is a nominee for a number of stockholders, no one of whom is known to own more than 1 per cent: Wood Walker & Company, 63 Wall Street, New York 5, New York. 3. The known bondholders, *mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages*, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity *other than that of a bona fide owner. A. L. Blinder, Business Manager.* Sworn to and *subscribed before me this* twenty-ninth day of September, 1955. (SEAL) Dorothy R. Stella. (My commission expires March 30, 1956.)

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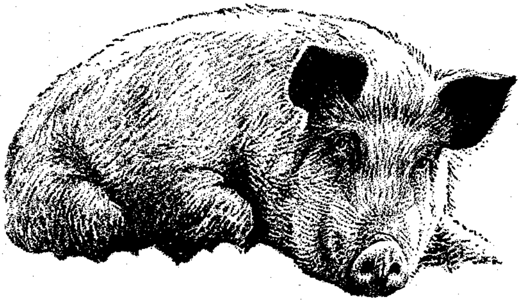
A HYMN TO HAWGS



by LOUIS BROMFIELD

A famous author-farmer sees in the sow many qualities that few of its companions in the barnyard can equal

PIGS HAVE COST ME more time than fishing or golf or any of the usual activities in which most men find amusement and exasperation.

When I am really busy, I dare not visit the pig lots, for inevitably I find myself standing for indefinite amounts of time watching the little pigs horsing about with their own games; listening to the gossip of old sows; watching a litter arrive, and get immediately on their feet.

Had I ever doubted a pig's capacity to think things out, I lost it when I discovered one pig's trick of escaping through a thoroughly pig-tight fence. He was one of some 200 half-grown pigs enclosed in a ten-acre lot. Every day he got outside the fence and no one was able to discover how, until late one day I saw him actually climb the fence.

The fence was a typical hog fence with graduated openings from those too small for even the smallest pig at the very bottom to openings at the top that were reasonably large. This special pig had discovered that the higher the openings were from the ground the larger they were and he managed to climb to an opening big enough to slip through.

With the greatest dexterity he worked his way upward and then slipped down on the opposite side. I watched the whole operation, even to his scuttling into a cornfield where he was able to reach up and drag down the ears of corn.

So great was my admiration for this particular pig that I never betrayed his secret.

And there was the mentally-handicapped pig who never did learn to use the self-feeder and who, as a consequence, developed a psychopathic disposition. A self-feeder

From the book *From My Experience* by Louis Bromfield. Copyright, 1955, by Louis Bromfield. Published by Harper & Brothers.

is constructed with a kind of trap door which the average pig learns to raise by putting his snout beneath it and forcing it upward. Once he has his snout inside the feeder, the trap door rests on his forehead until he has eaten his fill.

This backward pig never learned to raise the trap door with his snout. He always took the lid between his teeth and raised it, and always as he let loose of it the trap door fell shut again before he could get his snout under it.

In order to get his fill he turned into a bully. He would allow some innocent fellow pig to open the trap door with his snout. Then, with a shouldering movement, the backward pig would shove the innocent aside and thrust his snout into the opening to feed his fill.

He was the dumbest pig I have ever known and in fact the only "dumb" pig with whom I have ever been acquainted.

I believe there are few experts nowadays who doubt that animals have means of communication. Waste your time as I do, leaning on the fence, and you will see among the pigs everything from a director's meeting to a ladies' discussion of the attractions of the visiting boar.

I once assisted at a gathering of sows who came to give advice at the birth of a new litter. The sow who was brought to bed was either taken unexpectedly in labor or was a plain fool. Like a woman giving birth in a taxi, she failed to start in time and had her litter in the middle of the hog lot on a blazing hot day.

The family came rapidly, all ten of them going around at once to feed at the cafeteria. The spectacle attracted several other sows who stood about very clearly making comments of a disapproving nature.

When the last of the pigs had entered this world, the sow stood up and either became aware of her foolishness or heeded the reproaches of the surrounding sows. She tried to induce the pigs to follow her toward the shade with no success.

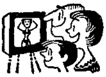
She made an astonishing variety of sounds, in which her friends joined . . . sounds that were now cajoling, now scolding. But the tiny shaky pink pigs merely wobbled about, aimlessly.

Then, abandoning all hope of getting them into the barn, she relaxed and held what was clearly a discussion of her labor pains and prenatal condition with her friends.

Few animals and few people have such a remarkable natural instinct as a sow . . . instinct with regard to what to eat and how much, how to forage off the countryside, how to find shelter for herself and her young. No animal has a diet so varied and so closely resembling that of man.

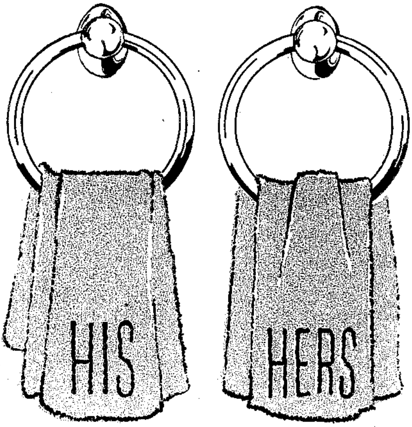
The reader has perhaps gathered that I have a higher opinion of some hogs than I have of some people, and in this I am compelled to say he would be right.

TV or not TV



BY THE TIME parents decide a television program is something the children shouldn't see, they're too interested in it themselves to shut it off. —*Pipe Dreams*

PET PEEVES



by LESTER and IRENE DAVID

She complains of male thoughtlessness and he of female nagging—but this is only the beginning

WHAT DO WIVES AND HUSBANDS COMPLAIN ABOUT MOST? What, in the opinion of half the married population, are the worst faults of the other half? Here is the box-score to date in the battle of the sexes—and it may strike pretty close to home. Your home, that is.

This bill of domestic particulars is based on a study of public opinion polls on husband-wife problems; sociologists' reports on marital happiness undertaken at leading universities; interviews with divorce lawyers, family court judges, social service agencies, marriage counselors, and psychiatrists. The result is the most representative collection of marital gripes, groans and grievances ever compiled.

So let's take a look at the nine worst faults of husbands and wives.

What Men Say About Women

▶ **They nag, nag, nag.** This is the most frequent complaint heard by marital experts and pollsters.

Daniel M. Eisenberg, head of the Tracers Company of America which locates missing persons, finds nagging one of the prime causes of family desertions by husbands.

Curiously, one poll discovered that husbands between 21 and 29 complained more on this score than older men. A Los Angeles baker commented: "I went on a business trip a month ago and even heard her nagging in my sleep."

▶ **They worry too much.** Women, the men say, are constantly upset about things—the children, the house, their husband's success or lack of it, the family's health. This complaint has come to the fore only in the past few years.

"Women," explains New York psychotherapist Dr. Harold Kenneth Fink, "are acutely aware that they can influence their children's entire futures. They are constantly reminded that they can affect their husbands' health, success or failure. Thus women worry, because their entire security is wrapped up in their homes."

▶ **She goes out too much.** Ten years ago, a typical gripe was: "My wife wants to drag me out to dance joints practically every night." Times have changed, and more women are active these days in church, club and organizational work than ever before.

A New York dentist complained: "I've practically got to make an appointment just to take her to a movie."

▶ **She's too selfish.** This is a catch-all category covering a number of grievances, including varying degrees of insensitivity, indifference to a husband's wishes and general lack of consideration.

Sometimes, selfishness can be fairly obvious. Frequently, though, men complain of a more subtle kind of selfishness, like the New York businessman who explained: "My business is just getting started and I should put most of the profits back into it. But my wife wants to refurnish the apartment. She doesn't insist, of course, but I know she *wants* to and, oh well—she's getting the money."

▶ **She spends too much.** Female extravagance still bothers the boys, who throw harpoons at wives for everything from buying useless gadgets and silly hats to poor management of household allowances and trying to keep up with the Joneses.

"She can throw away more with a teaspoon than I can bring in with a shovel," grumbled an Iowa farmer to a Gallup poll-taker.

▶ **All she does is gossip.** "Don't they realize how stupid all that prattle sounds?" asked a disgusted Long Island druggist. (Curiously, male indignation on this subject was not lessened by the fact that a recent survey actually revealed that *men do more gossiping than women!*)

▶ **She's personally untidy.** When we were courting—the men said—she was the picture of neatness, the dress just right and every hair in place. Now she slops around the house all the time.

Psychologists point out that many women feel that, after marriage, there is no longer any important reason to remain attractive to their husbands. One says, "Wives too often feel they can let themselves go because the 'fish is hooked.' But the fish can, and too often does, slip off the hook."

▶ **She's a poor homemaker.** The loudest squawks here centered around meals. They "are slapped together"; they "are never ready on time"; they "aren't like mother used to make"; they "are all turned out with monotonous sameness."

Next came complaints about poor scheduling. Said the men: women start their cleaning when husbands want to rest; socks and shirts aren't washed or back from the laundry when needed; preparations for company are left for the last minute, then a mad rush begins.

▶ **She's too romantic.** This was stressed often and heavily by younger husbands, who claimed wives demand the same romantic attentions of courtship days and sulk when they are not forthcoming. One young man put it this way: "We're married now and I have to earn a living for us. There isn't time for cocktail dancing and all the hearts, flowers and fancy stuff she wants."

Psychiatrists point out that this romantic illusion, carried into marriage, is dangerous and causes more trouble than most persons realize. Dr. Lee E. Deets, sociology professor at Hunter College in New York, says that too many women, especially younger ones, believe in the "cardiac-respiratory definition of love—the attitude that the heart must flutter and the breath come fast or it isn't the real thing." Thus women insist on maintaining the honeymoon aspects of marriage long after they should be replaced by a deeper, more satisfying kind of love relationship.

Help Fight TB
1955 CHRISTMAS GREETINGS 1955
Buy Christmas Seals

What Women Say About Men

▶ **He's too inconsiderate.** This is the primary complaint everywhere. It is described in a variety of ways, including thoughtlessness, selfishness, impatience, even laziness.

Many types of indictments are involved, like: he won't take care of the baby; he refuses to do the marketing; he runs off to play golf leaving important weekend chores undone; he wants his own way in deciding which movie to see or whom to visit; he expects to be treated as a sort of guest in the house.

"These husbands, and there are a great many," explains Dr. Fink, "are actually immature. They haven't adjusted well to marriage. They want the advantages of being married but are unwilling to accept the responsibilities. They should grow up."

▶ **He doesn't talk to me.** Sidonie M. Gruenberg, well known psychologist and Special Consultant of the Child Study Association of America, says women complain that lack of adult companionship is what they find hardest to bear.

Jane Whitbread and Vivian Cadden, authors of "An Intelligent Man's Guide to Women," charge that at the end of five years of marriage, the average man uses five words an evening—"no," "hmmm?" "oh" and "what's cooking?" They say that many wives try to ask questions about the man's business but are patted on the head and told the answers would bore them. This makes a woman feel "like a child, hustled off to play with dolls because the grownups are talking about sex or divorce."

▶ **He has bad personal habits.** The list is long. Among the most frequently mentioned are: late for meals, leaving clothing strewn around the house, use of profanity, messing up the bathroom, telling smutty stories in the wife's presence, failure to shave on weekends, poor table manners, tracking in dirt, putting off important jobs around home.

▶ **He's too domineering.** The head-of-the-house type of marriage went out with high-button shoes and has been replaced by a democratic type of union with each partner having a more or less equal voice in the management of home, children, income and lives. Nevertheless, many husbands want to dominate.

A Newark woman commented: "He's got to be the captain or he won't play. He wants to boss me, the children and the house. He even had to have the last word over what kind of vegetables to grow in the garden."

▶ **He drinks too much.** Twenty years ago, drinking wasn't a major complaint; ten years ago it led all the rest; now it's in the middle. The objection here is against social tippling carried to annoying extremes.

One woman said: "He's always taking a few too many at parties and making a darn fool of himself. At a dance last week, he began tossing pretzels down the front of ladies' dresses. It embarrassed me to death."

Wives complain further about the practice of stopping at the corner tavern for a few drinks after work; the amount of money spent for liquor, and the habit of some men of going on all-night drinking bouts with the boys.

▶ **He complains too much.** This is the opposite number of female nagging. Men, replied the girls, can do some plain and fancy griping of their own. They complain about the food and the way it's served, the children's manners, the running of the house, the way the toothpaste is squeezed and their shirts are ironed, among other things.

▶ **He's not affectionate enough.** Women, it seemed, long for the unexpected compliment, the flower offered for no special reason and the impulsive squeeze of the hand.

Says one observer: "Too soon after the honeymoon, a wife is just something a man takes for granted, like what he's going to have for dinner—and too often he's more interested in the latter."

An oft-repeated complaint was: "He never kisses me except when he's amorous."

▶ **He goes out too much.** The weekly bowling leagues, fishing trips, regular poker sessions, night work, and just plain traipsing off in the evening bothered the girls.

"I never see him except on Sundays, and then he's sleeping most of the time," said a machinist's wife. The consensus: "I make a lovely home, it's pleasant and comfortable —why doesn't he stay in it more?"

▶ **He doesn't handle money well.** Spendthrift husbands and those who insist on sole control of the purse strings came in for a drubbing.

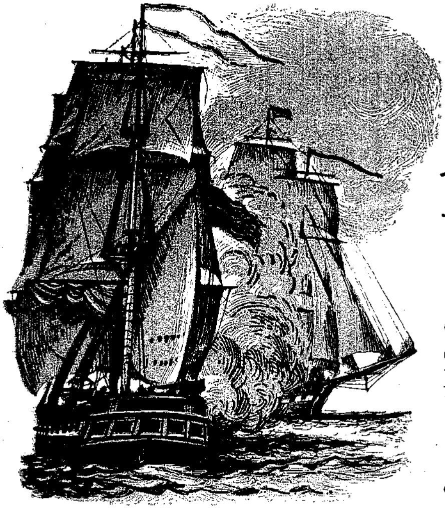
Many housewives, while admitting their men were reasonably generous with their money, objected to being completely dependent on their husbands for every penny they needed. "Before I was married," said one, "I made as much money as he did. Now I have to ask him every time the baby needs a shirt."

There you have it—the latest report on the war between the sexes.

Figures of Speech

(Answers to quiz on page 49)

1. a; 2. b; 3. a; 4. c; 5. b; 6. b; 7. a; 8. b; 9. c; 10. b; 11. a; 12. c; 13. b; 14. c; 15. a; 16. b; 17. c; 18. b; 19. a; 20. c.



JUSTICE — 140 Years Later

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

FROM THE TIME he was a boy, Electus D. Litchfield had been hearing about his great-grandfather, William S. Cox, whose naval career had ended at 24 when a courtmartial branded him a coward forever.

As Litchfield grew older, he began to search out for himself the tangled story of Lieutenant Cox. Delving into dusty records of the War of 1812, he uncovered one of America's great injustices.

Cox's moment of crisis, Litchfield learned, came aboard Capt. James Lawrence's famed *Chesapeake*, where, as Acting Third Lieutenant, he fought bravely during the bloody battle with the British frigate, *Shannon*.

When Lawrence fell, mortally wounded, Cox helped carry his stricken commander below and heard him utter the immortal words: "Don't give up the ship!"

At the time, unknown to Cox, every senior officer aboard the *Chesapeake* was out of action. He was in command—and he had left the deck! As he rushed topside, the British were swarming aboard. The battle was over.

In the courtmartial that followed, Cox was adjudged guilty of neglect of duty for not "staying on deck to direct the crew in repelling the boarding of the enemy."

Armed with the full story, Electus Litchfield set out to clear his great-grandfather's name. He wrote to Congressmen and petitioned Presidents, enclosing documents of proof.

In 1941, he received a heartening reply from President Roosevelt. But the Executive was powerless to revise the courtmartial's action. Congress would have to pass a bill.

There were more letters, more documents, more explanations. In the summer of 1952, Litchfield, now 80, and sick and weary, was admitted to a New York hospital. It was there he learned that Congress had passed the Cox bill at last. Litchfield was given a certificate restoring Cox to his rank—and the thanks of a grateful government for righting a 140-year-old wrong.

A few months later, Litchfield was dead. But his job was done. And somewhere in the vast beyond, we can be sure that another fighting man awaited him with a grateful welcome.

Who Killed Charles Mattson?

by Norman Sklarewitz

Somewhere in the United States at this moment, a vicious killer walks the streets—a free man. When he is finally caught and convicted, he faces almost certain hanging in the State Penitentiary in Walla Walla, Washington.

But until that happens, the abductor and murderer of ten-year-old Charles Mattson remains at large. It has been almost 20 years since the cold-blooded kidnapper pulled the brown-haired, serious little Charles into the night and ruthlessly murdered him.

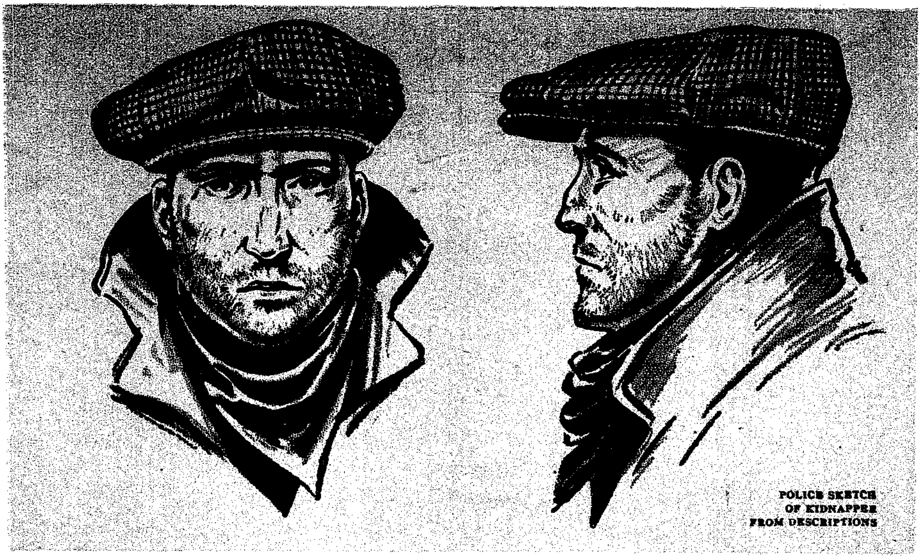
Since then, the public has all but forgotten the crime and the manhunt that followed. Thousands of police officers, FBI agents and rural deputies vainly scoured the Western half of the nation in the chase. Yet today, the Mattson Case is still "open" in the FBI files.

Frequently, the teletype in a quiet field office of the Bureau clatters into life with a new report on the case. Special agents swing into action, checking the tip. But each time their laconic report ends: "Investigation completed. Case still pending." The intervening years, however, have not softened the brutal facts of the 1936 crime.

Its setting was ironically gay—the brightly lighted living room of Dr. and Mrs. William W. Mattson in the residential section of Point Defiance, Tacoma, Washington. It was early in the evening of December 27. The Christmas tree glistened with tinsel and lights.

Beside the tree, little Charles excitedly tried on his new slippers. On the sofa near by was his brother, Billy, 16, his 14-year-old sister, Muriel, and her vacation guest, Virginia Chatfield from Seattle.

Dr. Mattson, well-known physi-



cian, and his wife had left home after dinner to attend a holiday party. For these few happy moments, the bright-eyed youngsters were no different than thousands of other American boys and girls. Then their world of holiday festivities exploded in a burst of terror.

Muriel happened to walk past the large French doors and, as she glanced out, saw the masked face of a stranger. She screamed.

The man pounded at the glass door. Then he smashed in the panes with his revolver and opened the door. Seized with horror, the four young people could only stare wide-eyed as he entered. Calmly he waved his revolver and warned them against making any outcry.

First he demanded money from the frightened children. When told they had none, he grabbed Charles by the arm. Backing towards the door, he said: "I've put a lot of money into this house and I want to get some of it back." Then, dropping a crumpled note onto the floor, he vanished into the night.

Billy leaped for the phone and notified the Tacoma police and his parents. An alarm was sent out immediately. Dr. and Mrs. Mattson rushed home and were there shortly after the first squad cars arrived.

The two girls and Billy were able to describe the abductor because the scarf tied across his face had slipped as he spoke. No one could make sense out of the warning he muttered. But the ransom note spoke bluntly enough. It demanded $28,000 in cash for the safe return of Charles.

In the nightmare of the next 36 hours, Dr. Mattson prepared to comply with the directions given in the note. After specifying the denominations of the bills to be paid, it said:

> When you are ready, insert in personal column of the Seattle times—"Mable, please give us your address—Ann."

The note was crudely printed on a child's rubber printing outfit and was signed "Tim."

On the morning of December 29, Dr. Mattson ran the ad in the newspaper as directed. By this time, the FBI had flown in its assistant director, Harold Nathan, to take charge. Despite the meager clues, every possible step was being taken to track down the kidnapper.

Next day, Mattson received a letter from his kidnapped son. It was neatly penned in longhand and obviously dictated by the kidnapper. The note warned the doctor against taking the police into his confidence and gave detailed instructions on how to make the pay-off.

A second coded ad was placed in the *Times* the following morning.

> Mable. We are ready. Everything entirely in accordance with your desires. Ann.

The hours dragged on after the newspaper came out. Still no word from the kidnapper. The year drew to a close and, while the nation rang out 1936 amid toasting and cheers, the Mattson house remained still. The lights that burned in the windows were not those of holiday revelers but of two lonely parents, mute with fear and emptiness.

New Year's Day came and went, and still no word. Absence of new developments in the kidnapping, however, failed to dampen the enthusiasm of Washington newspapers. Stories ran in each edition, along with extras, shouting each clue or contact, real or fanciful.

Wild rumors and chases kept police racing across town and into the surrounding countryside on futile raids. First, a former demented patient of the doctor's was sought because of the strange remark made by the kidnapper at the time of the abduction. Then the papers speculated that Mattson knew the identity of the kidnapper and would meet him personally. Reporters followed the Mattsons everywhere.

On January 3, a third ransom note was received by Mattson. The envelope was postmarked early the previous evening from Tacoma. The kidnapper hinted that he would kill his captive if he did not see sufficient indication that the police had been "called off." Desperate, Dr. Mattson ran another ad:

> Mable. We have received your communications. Police have not intercepted them. Channels are entirely clear. Your instructions will be followed. We are ready. Ann.

When nothing was heard from the kidnapper next day, Mattson issued a statement to the press. He asked that all law-enforcement agencies "abstain from any action which would in any manner interfere with the full and free opportunity which I wish the kidnapper to have to return the child."

Ten days had passed. A gnawing fear grew in the hearts of the Mattsons. The weather around Tacoma grew cold. Charles had been dressed only in a light jacket and knickers. His frail body could not withstand exposure to sub-freezing temperature.

Dr. Mattson continued his practice in Tacoma. But with him always was the nagging, unanswerable question: "Is Charles alive?"

The days dragged on. Still no word or sign. On January 7, the doctor placed still another ad:

> Mable. I am getting the notes. Police are not intercepting them. I accept your message of identification. All requests have been carried out. I will do as instructed without anyone knowing. Ann.

The city editions of the Seattle *Times* came off the presses at 12:53 P.M. that day. Somewhere in the crowded city, a man nervously turned to the classified ads and ran a finger down the small lines of type. There he found the Mattson ad.

Well after midnight, he left his hiding place and drove to a closed filling station in South Seattle. He jimmied the door open and groped his way to the phone booth. It was 3:22 A.M. when the harsh jangling of the phone awakened Dr. Mattson. For the first time, he found himself talking to the kidnapper.

Quickly the voice at the other end gave curt instructions. The doctor was to drive, alone, to Seattle and prepare to make the payoff. The exact spot where the money was to be handed over wasn't revealed. The kidnapper said that he could find specific instructions "at the bottom of a street sign" on Stevens Street and Beacon Avenue.

Mattson got into his car and began the 30-mile trip from Tacoma to Seattle. He arrived about 6 A.M. He found the designated intersection and searched the area for instructions. None were found. Broken-hearted, he drove home.

Upon his return, he called the *Times* and inserted the last ad in an attempt to reassure the kidnapper:

> Mable. We are still waiting. All arrangements have been carried out in accordance with instructions contained in notes received. Be certain to give me information so that I may guard against impostors and hijackers. Be more specific in your instructions. Ann.

Two days passed. No word. The same ad was repeated with the cryptic additional line: "In view of lapse of time, also desire new proof my son is still alive and well."

Early next morning, 19-year-old Gordon Morrow was hunting rabbits near his home, six miles south of Everett, Washington. As he ran into a clump of pine trees, he stumbled over something and fell sprawling. There at his feet lay the pitiful and frozen body of Charles Fletcher Mattson.

A temporary FBI office had been set up at Tacoma and, with the discovery of the frozen body, one of the greatest manhunts in the history of the West was launched. The terrain within 1,500 square miles of the point where Charles had been found was searched.

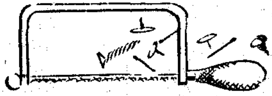
Thousands of suspects were questioned. Exhaustive house-to-house neighborhood inquiries were conducted. But to no avail.

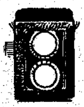
At no time since the kidnapping took place has the FBI ceased its investigation. More than 25,000 suspects have been eliminated.

So today there remains still at large the heartless killer of the ten-year-old boy. He may be a handyman in the factory in your town . . . a dock worker in Seattle . . . even a small-town businessman. But whoever and wherever he is, he remains the wanted murderer in the greatest unsolved kidnapping mystery of this generation.

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to shop comfortably and profitably in the columns below. Each month you will find here listings of mail order products and services that may be of interest and value to you.





GIFT SPECIALTIES

GOLD dinner ring. Stunning 10K solid gold with small, genuine cut diamond in lovely filigree setting. Compare it anywhere with $20-$25 rings! $10.00 ppd (tax included) no c.o.d.'s. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. Standard size only. Makes wonderful gift. Certified Products, Dept. C, 126 Brandon Dr., East, San Antonio, Texas.

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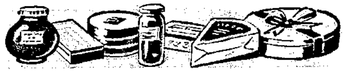

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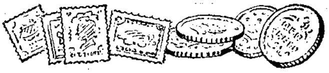

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(Continued on next page)

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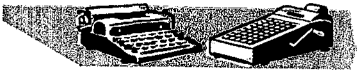

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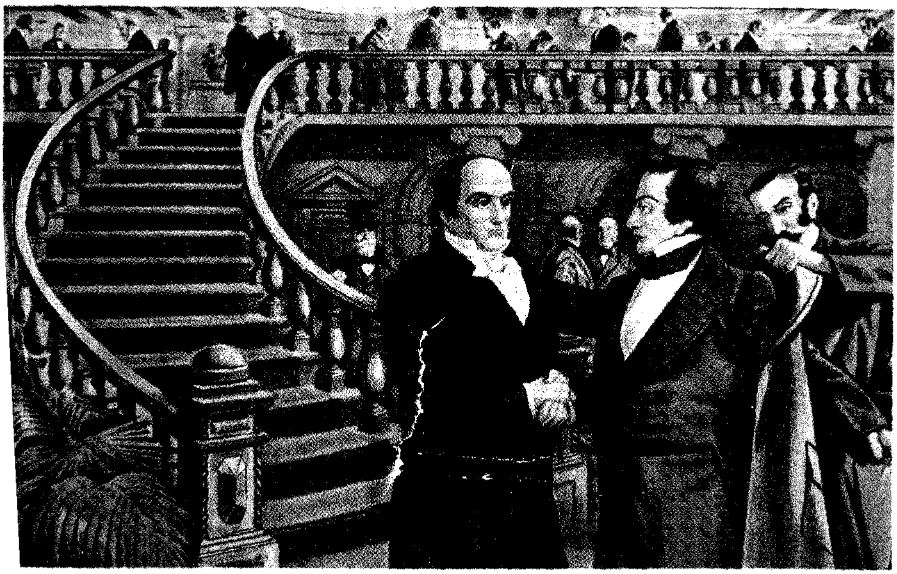

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